# FORUM

*The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.*

**HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor***

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

## Editorial FOREWORD

Many who read this issue of The Forum will exclaim, "At last they have something about Russia." We have been waiting for the homecoming of Mr. William C. White, who has spent the better part of three years studying economic conditions among the Bolsheviks, in the belief that Forum readers will find in his account a vivid and unusual contribution to our knowledge of the Russians. In our next issue Mr. White will take you into the home of a Russian priest. The tragedy behind the conversations which he has recorded there ought to arouse the sympathy of Atheist and Fundamentalist alike.

Mr. White does not take sides. His articles depict the perplexities of average Russian citizens surviving, eating, talking, sometimes even laughing, under the Red Terror. Mr. White speaks Russian. Unlike the nervous, casual visitor to Russia he has lived patiently with these people, he has washed dishes and made beds with the housewife, talked with the physician, breakfasted with the schoolmaster, lunched with the priest, drunk tea with the laborer, and dined with the ex-capitalist.

Russians are still human beings, and the problem of political recognition will some day be acute with us again. Official relations have not advanced for more than six years since the statement of Secretary Hughes in December 1923. In that month President Coolidge in his first message to Congress admitted that trade relations had already been resumed. "Our Government," he said, "offers no objection to the carrying on of commerce by our citizens with the people of Russia. Our Government does not propose, however, to enter into relations with another régime which refuses to recognize the sanctity of international obligations." To this Moscow replied, "It has been the constant endeavor of the Soviet Government to bring about a resumption of friendly relations with the United States." The message expressed a willingness to

## Contents for MAY

These Russians
*Marfousha, the Housewife* . . . . . . . . . . . WILLIAM C. WHITE 257
Preachers in Politics. *A Debate*
*I — The Modern Prophet* . . . . . . . . . . JAMES CANNON, JR. 264
*II — God's Proxies* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . HEYWOOD BROUN 268
Polygamous Women . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . V. F. CALVERTON 272
Common Sense in Eating . . . . . . . . LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D. 277
Death on High
*Everyday Adventures in the Andes* . . . ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK 283
Two Lithographs . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . WANDA GA'G 288
The U. S. of Europe . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . FRANK BOHN 290
Why Be Good? *Living Philosophies IX* . . . JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS 294
Let's Work in the Country . . . . . . . . . . . . . STUART CHASE 302
Death's Dolls Are We. *A Poem* . . . . . . . . . . CHARLES NORMAN 306
Day. *A Poem* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ELEANOR BALDWIN 307
The Critical Circus . . . . . . . . . . . . . . GEORGE JEAN NATHAN 308
Why People Read . . . . . . . . . . . . CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE 310
The Human Crucible
*Francis Bacon Award for the Humanizing of Knowledge* . BERNARD JAFFE 316
Opinions about Books. *Reviews by Herbert Gorman, R. L. Duffus, Hiram Motherwell, William C. White* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . VI
Women's Club Bureau . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . XVIII
Forum Definitions. *What is Sentimentality?* . . . . . . . . . . . . . XXI
Travel. *The Pageantry of India* . . . . . . . . HUBBARD HUTCHINSON XXII
Our Rostrum . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . XXX
Downtown. *Choosing an Investment Banker* . . DONALD REA HANSON XXXVIII
Toasts . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . XLVIII

**VOL. LXXXIII — No. 5**

The Forum is published monthly by the Forum Printing Corporation. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1930, in the United States and Great Britain. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission from the editors.

# FORUM

## *Next Month*

### SCIENCE AND GOD

*Albert Einstein*

An important and easily understandable conversation with the world's greatest living genius. It is amusing to record the fact that this distinguished German Jew spoke in Italian, and his words were taken down on the spot in English by the versatile Irishman, Dr. James Murphy.

### THE SUPREME COURT AND THE PUBLIC

*Felix Frankfurter*

When the Senate debated the appointment of Chief Justice Hughes, it was evident that a movement was afoot to "liberalize the Supreme Court." To the ordinary citizen it was something of a shock to be told that the Supreme Court needed liberalizing. In this article a professor of the Harvard Law School explains how, under the guise of legal form, our highest court has come to exercise vast political and economic control.

### THE PRIEST IN COMMUNIST RUSSIA

*William C. White*

A realistic picture of what is happening to religion in Russia — by an eyewitness who has just returned from a three-years' visit to that astounding country.

### THE HALO OF HEROIN

*Lyman Beecher Stowe*

"Narcotic Squad Makes Big Drug Haul on Liner." How many times, of late, have you noticed such headlines in the papers and wondered what it was all about? This article gives the answer by telling how drug addicts are "hooked," how narcotics are smuggled into the country, and how giant drug rings are organized to peddle the stuff through every city in the land.

### HOW BE GOOD?

*James Truslow Adams*

Having determined, in his article in this issue, that some code of morals is necessary for civilization, Mr. Adams will tell you next month how to go about living the good life when the old moral codes are crumbling and no longer command obedience.

### STAGGERED HOLIDAYS

*Henry Kittredge Norton*

Many of our great business executives are beginning to follow the lead of Henry Ford in endorsing the five-day working week. The ordinary man will not be slow to give the plan his approval when he sees the prospect of gaining two full days off in every seven without a reduction in his wages. But what will he do with his extra holiday? Motoring has become our national pastime; but even under the present system the roads are already so jammed with traffic on Sundays that motoring is no longer an unmixed pleasure. If the five-day week is universally adopted, won't it merely increase the congestion? Not necessarily, says Mr. Norton; and he outlines a novel plan of staggered holidays that ought to recommend itself to executives and workers alike.

### DEADLY CARBON MONOXIDE

*E. E. Free*

Carbon monoxide is the oldest poison known to mankind, but the automobile has made it a new peril. It is all the more deadly because this vicious gas has no odor to give warning of its presence. How, then, are we to guard against it?

## FOREWORD

***Continued***

discuss the question of claims. Two days later Secretary Hughes made a definitive statement declaring that Russia must take the initiative and laying down three conditions: compensation for confiscated American property, recognition of external loans, and abandonment of propaganda in the United States.

The menace of Russian propaganda is a very real menace and will grow with the coming years if education in Communism succeeds in permeating the minds of a younger Russian generation burning with zeal to convert the world. Communism is the antithesis of that Americanism which inherits capitalism from Hamilton and individualism from Jefferson and welds the two into a national concept. Thomas Jefferson is alleged to have declared, "I have sworn on the altar of God Eternal, hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." American ideals are based on the principle that a man's opinions are his own and not the property of church, state, or any other collective society. Our Constitution more than any other human document seeks to insure the free development of personality and individuality. Communism denies all this. The Communists are the Jesuits of our day, demanding absolute loyalty and submergence of the individual in the mass. At the same time their ideal of working for the joy of the work and for humanity at large without any compensation except the satisfaction of helping oneself to whatever one wants from the common grab bag, is a doctrine calculated to fascinate those Americans who are trained in the self-effacing loyalty of fraternities or the cheering sections of college football stands.

Obviously Communist propaganda will have freer access to America under recognition than now. But is recognition not a safer condition? It lifts the lid off the boiling kettle. If capitalistic France can worry along with official relations with Communism, should not the lusty giant of the West be a little braver? We Americans, like the Russians, are a proseletizing people. We send our missionaries to the forests of Africa, to the jungles of India, to the very walls of Thibet. With open relations we will be as free to propagandize Russia in the interests of Capitalism and Religion as Russia will be to hypnotize us with the lure of Communism. Recognition would seem at least a good sporting proposition.

FORUM READERS at any rate will not flinch from facing the Russian question without prejudice. To-day we no longer approach controversial propositions with the simple statement "Wrong is not Right." Wrong in this age of relativity is both Right and not-Right. The measure of our intelligence is our ability to estimate the extent of overlapping.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

# An Investment In

# NELSON'S PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF ENCYCLOPAEDIA

## *Will Pay Dividends for a Lifetime*

### NELSON'S CANNOT GROW OLD

Nelson's 24 years ago recognized that an Encyclopaedia bound, stitched, and glued in the ordinary way is inevitably out of date soon after it is published — because of the constant development of NEW KNOWLEDGE and the rapid changes going on every day. So Nelson's originated the loose-leaf reference system that keeps the Encyclopaedia always up-to-date. The Nelson Loose-Leaf Binder and the Renewal Pages issued every six months, insure every Nelson owner against old, out-of-date facts and figures. Simply unlock the binding, take out the old pages, and insert the new ones — a matter of a few moments — and you have an Encyclopaedia that is new, reliable, and dependable.

### *NELSON'S Is Always New*

Purchasers of NELSON'S do not worry about new editions. No matter when you buy NELSON'S it is up-to-date, and it will stay up-to-date. NELSON'S replacement pages are a guarantee to you that you will have a new Encyclopaedia every six months — that it will be always ready to meet every need for the very latest information.

### FREE Question and Answer Service Through NELSON'S Research Bureau

When in need of information, old or new, you can write to this Bureau and receive without charge the latest and most dependable data.

### TO EVERY FAMILY CIRCLE

NELSON'S is an educational and cultural necessity that will pay for itself over and over again in business, social, and school success.

### TO THE MAN IN BUSINESS

NELSON'S Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia keeps him abreast of the times — supplies him quickly with the answers to questions that confront him daily, without waste of precious moments, and with the assurance that his information is always accurate and up-to-date.

### TO THE HOME KEEPER

— the wife and mother who knows she must keep up with husband and children — NELSON'S offers the quickest, easiest, surest way to keep abreast of modern knowledge.

### TO THE PROFESSIONAL MAN

For the lawyer to help him in the preparation of briefs — for the doctor, — for the engineer, — for the scientist engaged in research — for the public speaker who seeks authoritative reference material — NELSON'S always supplies the latest, most dependable information.

### TO THE MAN PLANNING AHEAD OF HIS JOB

To the ambitious young man who wants to get ahead but who lacks the advantages of a higher education, NELSON'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA and the NELSON'S HOME STUDY READING COURSES supply that broad background of cultural and practical knowledge that will win for him leadership and advancement in business.

### TO THE STUDENT

To the young man or woman attending school or college, NELSON'S is an invaluable aid in the writing of themes, in the preparation for examinations, and in the explanation of unfamiliar facts encountered in reading and in all branches of study.

### TO THE FORWARD-LOOKING PARENT

To answer the questions of the growing child, to cultivate his desire for knowledge, to breed in him the qualities of self-reliance and accuracy of thought during his formative years, NELSON'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA is an indispensable equipment for every home.

### THE GREAT AMERICAN ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Nelson's is the work of American authorities, founded upon American ideals, conforming with American principles of education, edited by John H. Finley, former Commissioner of Education and President of the University of the State of New York.

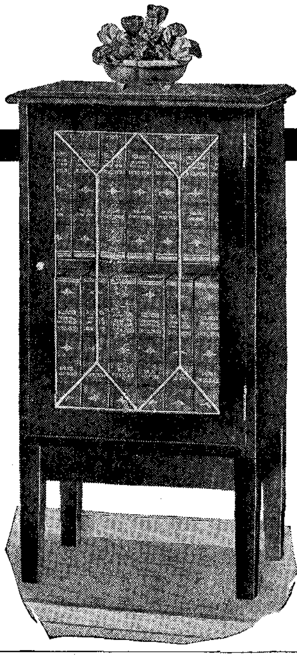
### NELSON'S Perpetual Loose-Leaf ENCYCLOPAEDIA

So vast a store of knowledge is contained in Nelson's Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia, that it would take over a thousand ordinary books to cover the same ground. And in Nelson's you have the advantage of convenient accessibility, an immense saving in cost, reliable authority, and the assurance that your information is ALWAYS up-to-date.

Thousands of illustrations add to the practical value of Nelson's Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia. There is a profusion of photographs, covering every phase of human activity; maps of all kinds; portraits of famous people, famous works of art; charts and diagrams of graphic value.

### FREE To Readers of FORUM *This Handsome* BOOKCASE

You will be delighted with this convenient bookcase. It is richly designed and dust-proof, with a leaded-glass single door, an unusually handsome piece of furniture. We are offering it now at no additional cost to readers of FORUM.



### 33 Educational Reading Courses

from Aeronautics to Zoology, given without extra charge to every subscriber.

"Immense Range of Topics . . .
And Everything Is Up-to-Date"
— *J. G. Schurman, formerly President Cornell University*

"My children use it in their school-work and find the answers to their questions readily." — *G. W. Evans, Seattle, Wash.*

"In the daily practice of law . . . we find it of inestimable value." — *Geo. I. Haight, Chicago, Ill.*

"Scientific and reliable." — *Paul J. Foik, Librarian University of Notre Dame.*

Nelson's is an authority in the Library of Congress, U. S. Senate, U. S. Supreme Court and in Libraries and schools throughout the country.

### Send for Illustrated Booklet

It tells the whole story of Nelson's Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia and gives you information about our FREE BOOKCASE offer.

*Mail This Coupon Today*

**THOMAS NELSON & SONS,**
**381 Fourth Avenue, New York.**
**Originators of the Loose-Leaf Reference System,**
**Publishers for Over 130 Years.**

Please mail me FREE your portfolio of sample pages, full information about the FREE bookcase, and how, by the budget easy-payment plan, I can own Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia, with Free Membership in Nelson's Research Library Service Bureau for Special Information, and Nelson's Reader's Guide Free.
(Forum 5-30)

Name..........................................

Address.......................................

City........................State...............

OPINIONS
about BOOKS
JOHAN BULL

*They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.* — Keats

# Reviews by

**HERBERT GORMAN**
**R. L. DUFFUS**
**HIRAM MOTHERWELL**
**WILLIAM C. WHITE**

## Realistic Romance

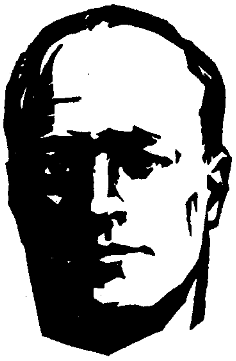
Rogue Herries, by Hugh Walpole; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.
Reviewed by Herbert Gorman.

It would, perhaps, be saying too much to insist that Mr. Hugh Walpole has blessedly enjoyed a literary regeneration; but the full-blooded, lusty quality of *Rogue Herries* assuredly indicates a profounder and braver searching in the depths of human passions than has been perceptible in the English novelist's recent work. One must go back to *The Duchess of Wrexe* to find a similar completeness; yet *Rogue Herries* is not at all comparable to that earlier achievement. This new novel is not important because of its length (and it is an extremely long one) but because of its meticulous and uncompromising creation of an exceptional and exceedingly intricate character. It is, in fact, romance turned inside out. The properties of the romantic novel are there but the development is realistic and modern.

Francis Herries, who eventually achieves the dubious nickname of Rogue, is all that the old romantic novel might desire, handsome, fiery-tempered, Byronic in temperament, devil-may-care, regardless of conventions, agnostic if not atheistical, and troubled by disaffection with the smaller world about him. He could be faithful if he found something worth his faith; he could worship if he could discover the one compelling altar. Because he cannot he fritters away most of his life in the dismal surroundings of Borrowdale, indulging in furious tempers and creating the legend that he is in league with the devil.

It is impossible to comment on Francis Herries without mentioning the background through which he moves. This background is a part of him; it is the atmospheric essence through which we see him; he is the Satanic figure in the fog and rain. Yet he enlists our sympathies always. Mr. Walpole, surely. fastidiously, and with a high degree of strength, convinces us of the complex nature of this man and we see him much as we might see some proud Lucifer who is seeking for the road returning to Heaven. The wealth of detail that has gone into this creation makes up a novel of major elements.

It is a novel not of days but of decades for it is well under way in the 1730's and it does not terminate until the restless American colonies are about to break the umbilical cord that ties them to England. Through these years we see two figures, Francis Herries and his son David, growing older in time, fighting against fortune as best they may with their disparate temperaments. It is not an historical novel although a vivid picture is given of besieged Carlisle during the Rebellion of 1745 when the Pretender, Charles Edward, made his hopeless gesture toward the English crown. It is mainly the story of Francis Herries. And of Mirabel. Though David plays an important part in the novel, at the end it is the obsessive love of Francis Herries for the vagrant child, Mirabel, that we remember. This enduring passion becomes a painful and thorough cleansing of the spirit for Francis Herries. The tragedy of it all is implicit in the situation that Francis, seeking all his wild life for someone worthy of worship, should find her in Mirabel only to find his worship unreturned until it is too late for happiness. This might have been handled in an unconvincing manner and it is proof of Mr. Walpole's skill as a constructive novelist that he makes us believe in this passion and suffer with the man.


Hugh Walpole

It is a large canvas that the novelist sets before his readers, a canvas that covers years and varying territories and a large cast of characters; but it never seems to lose its intensity. Francis Herries is always the focal point of the book. We return to him time and again. Even the other characters who have lives of their own to live and problems of their own to solve but serve as figures for comparison beside which Francis Herries looms all the greater. Mr. Walpole's method may be described as a psychological rationalization of romantic elements. Though the color and peculiar movement and essentially unique atmosphere of an early eighteenth century England are here, the final effect is of modernity, of living figures struggling in a real world with their passions. Yes, it may be said that Mr. Walpole has enjoyed a regeneration.

## High Adventure

The Crusades, by Harold Lamb; Doubleday, Doran, $3.00.
Reviewed by R. L. Duffus.

Mr. Lamb's title is misleading, since the bulk of his book deals with the first crusade. But with that remark, and with the further comment that Mr. Lamb is a little sketchy, a little too romantic, and a little too much inclined to generalize in the preliminary chapters in which he sets his stage for the great adventure, the reviewer has said all that the strictest conscience demands in the way of disparagement. Those stubbornly curious readers who insist upon turning the last stone and poking into the last crevice in order to understand the remotest causes of the crusades will not go to Mr. Lamb. The truth probably is that the crusades

*"A Gorgeous Tale of Old Mandalay"*

## The Lacquer Lady

*By F. Tennyson Jesse*

"A corking good story, full of humor, irony, pity and romance. The peculiar fascination of a colorful and romantic, if barbarous civilization."—*Baltimore Sun.* $2.50

## Guests of Summer

*By Paul M. Fulcher*

The story of a mother separated from her son at his birth, and of his idyllic romance with a French girl. $2.50

●

### ADVENTURE

## The Great White Silence

*By L. F. Rouquette*

A story of adventures in Alaska, comparable to Jack London's best work in its setting and rugged strength. $2.50

## Death Valley

*By Bourke Lee*

One of the magnetic spots in America is described in this book, which is enlivened with many strange tales. *Illustrated* $4.00

## Jungle Portraits

*By Delia J. Akeley*

Thrilling and exciting adventures in the Congo jungle with Carl Akeley's first wife, who accompanied him on the expeditions which this book describes. *Illustrated* $3.50

●

### BUSINESS BOOKS

## The Stock Market Crash and After

*By Irving Fisher*

A book for every business man and investor looking to the future of business. $2.50

## John Wanamaker

*By Joseph H. Appel*

The business biography of a great merchant, whose methods and principles, fully disclosed here, will be of large value to any business man. $5.00

## The Federal Reserve System

*By Paul M. Warburg*

A study of our central banking system by a financier who played an important role in its establishment. 2 vols. $15.00

## A Humorous Chronicle of Creation

# BLACK GENESIS

***By SAMUEL GAILLARD STONEY and GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY***

This is a new chronicle of creation, spun out of the primitive imagination of the Gullah Negro of South Carolina and transcribed in a dialect which retains all of the rich flavor and robust humor of the traditional tales transmitted through many generations. Eve and Adam, Br' Rabbit, Br' Fox, Br' Alligator, Cain and Satan and other familiar characters from the Garden of Eden appear in explanation of how animals and humans got this way. *Illustrated.* $5.00

# JOHNSON of the MOHAWKS

***By ARTHUR POUND***

**In Collaboration with Richard E. Day**

No man in the early days of America lived a more curious and exciting life than Sir William Johnson — Mohawk war chief, British baronet, American empire builder. His active role in opening the way to the West filled his days with as many exciting events as he had children — and he was reputed to be the father of a hundred. *Illustrated.* $5.00

# NUMBER

## THE LANGUAGE OF SCIENCE

***By TOBIAS DANTZIG***

The story of Number is the story of the human mind groping for permanence in the chaotic universe of impressions. Dr. Dantzig tells that fascinating story in this book, beginning with primitive finger-counting and ending with the involved concepts underlying modern science. *Illustrated.* $3.50

# THE LAST FRONTIER

***By ZACK T. SUTLEY***

An old frontiersman who knew Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, General Custer, Jesse James and other worthies of the old wild West, tells his own story in these pages, which recapture the spirit and atmosphere of those bygone days. $4.00

## The Later Years of

# THOMAS HARDY

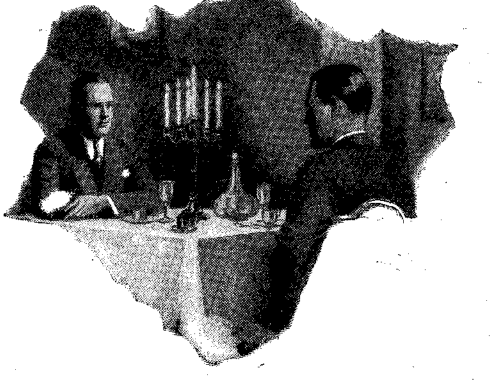
***By FLORENCE EMILY HARDY***

With this second volume, Mrs. Hardy completes her biography of the great English poet and novelist. She has again drawn largely on his diaries, papers and conversations for her facts, which are integrated in an unusual study of the man and his work. *Illustrated.* $5.00

*All Prices Subject to Change on Publication*

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ▪ 60 Fifth Avenue ▪ NEW YORK**

# What's wrong with you?



*Why aren't you making more money?*

THAT'S not a new question. You've asked yourself that a hundred times or more.

But most men don't get ahead because they stop with asking the question—make no real effort to answer it—let "I'm unlucky" or "just not getting the breaks" take the place of any real plan for progress.

Here's what's wrong with the majority. Judge for yourself whether or not it fits your case.

Most men—and women—are getting what their services are worth. They're in the kind of jobs where a dozen applicants are available for every vacancy.

Is that what's wrong with you—is that why you're not getting ahead?

The remedy is simple. Train yourself for the specialized fields where rewards are large and certain and where the number of men available fall far short of the requirements of business.

You can train at home—and—doubled and tripled incomes are not unusual rewards for serious, earnest effort.

The rewards will come to you as they have come to hundreds and thousands of others—just as they came to these four typical cases from our files.

*Stenographer becomes Comptroller*
*Retail clerk becomes Assistant Comptroller*

Just a few years ago, F. R. Griffiths was a stenographer and D. F. Crammond a retail clerk. Neither knew more than the simplest elements of bookkeeping.

Today, Mr. Griffiths as Comptroller and Mr. Crammond as Assistant Comptroller of the Rainier National Park Company in Washington supervise the multitudes of accounting records necessitated by the varied activities of this large company—operating the hotels, camps, inns, transportation facilities, garages, guide service, etc., within this national park.

"LaSalle training in Higher Accounting," write both, "was the important factor in our rapid climb. *It helped us make more money.*"

*600 per cent increase in income— in three years*

When our representative first met Albert L. Russell three years ago, he was a clerk in a radio store in Victoria, B. C., Canada—working on a small salary. Three months after starting our spare time training in Modern Salesmanship, he had increased his earning by more than 100 per cent and had become an outside salesman. A bigger house, attracted by his sales record, hired him and inside of a year he was their head salesman with another increase of 100 per cent.

Today, he is an outstandingly successful salesman and his income is about 600 per cent larger than when he started training—*he has solved the problem of making more money.*

*Traffic clerk moves up to traffic manager*

"How can I stick to my present job and still advance to a responsible executive position?"

That was Walter Baker's problem when, as traffic clerk with one of the largest wholesale grocers in New England, he enrolled for home study training in Traffic Management.

"I had been handling traffic work for two years," writes Mr. Baker, "but I really had very little knowledge of what it was all about. Within one month after receiving the first lesson, I learned more about traffic management than I had picked up in two years' experience.

"As I progressed, my training in scientific traffic management enabled me to make a complete study of the firm's transportation methods and policies, and I was able to make certain modifications which increased our selling area. Later I had opportunity to make an important study of warehousing and refrigeration.

"Since taking LaSalle training, *I can claim entrance to the '100% Club'*—and what is probably of even more value, an acquaintance with numerous executives in the traffic field that I prize highly."

*Do you really want to make more money?*

Then why not stop wishing and begin acting?

If there is a training that will help you make more money, you want it, of course. But how can you be sure unless you have full information? Our new 64-page illustrated booklet will give you complete details about the training that helped Griffiths, Crammond, Russell, Baker and thousands of others speed up their progress and insure larger success.

Getting the booklet will cost you two minutes and two cents—will you spend that much to find out what LaSalle training can do for you?

# LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

*Find Yourself Through LaSalle*

Ten years' promotion in one

**LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 596-R CHICAGO**

I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Executive positions
☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Paper Salesman's Training
☐ Railway Station Management
☐ Railway Accounting
☐ Modern Business Correspondence
☐ Stenography: Training in the new, superior Stenotypy
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Law: LL.B. Degree
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Personnel Management
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
☐ Business English
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Stenotypy
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial

**Free! mail coupon now**

Name ____ Present Position ____ Address ____

were no more and no less spiritual in their origin than the Hundred Years' War or the World War. Wars in which whole peoples take part are always and everywhere crusades. One of the nicest things one can say about the human race is that it does not collectively kill, burn, maim, and rob except in what it has persuaded itself is a good cause.

But this is a digression. Mr. Lamb's book does not pretend to be a philosophy of crusading. It is a superb story of one of the great adventures of all history — indeed, one can think of but one other of its kind, the war against Troy, which can be compared with it. Mr. Lamb has gone over the ground, literally and figuratively, until he has secured a sure grasp of every detail. There is never any fuzziness, no labored exercise of an overworked imagination — one feels that the author has been there and knows. And what richness he had to deal with! The great Pope Urban, using the crusading spirit as a weapon by which to rise above his rival, Guibert; the aging Raymond of Toulouse, "impulsive and swift to anger, and at the same time canny and covetous as his own Gascons and Catalans"; Godfrey of Bouillon and his two brothers, "three gray-eyed youths, laughing for the gladness in them"; the fiery-tongued Peter the Hermit, who led so many thousands to their doom but who certainly was not the leading spirit in the first crusade; the canny Alexis of Byzantium, clothed in cloth of gold, surrounded by eunuchs, outwitting and betraying both Turks and Christians; Adhemar, the papal legate, whose wise and conciliatory counsel held the crusaders together while he lived; Bohemund the raw-boned and turbulent; debonair young Tancred, riding with a handful of men into astounded Bethelehem — these are Mr. Lamb's characters, and under his gifted touch the ghosts of many centuries ago walk like living and fleshy men.

The narrative never halts or falters, but moves on with a suspense and tension that few historians — and certainly none of the historians of the once esteemed Germanic school — have been able to attain. But Mr. Lamb is less a historian than a favored correspondent who has marched and bivouacked with the troops and sat in the councils of the leaders. The march of the different contingents to Constantinople, the dreadful campaign which resulted in the capture of Antioch and finally of Jerusalem itself, at a cost of perhaps 270,000 men — and women! — out of the 300,000 who set out, become quite as vivid as the story of Gallipoli or the Somme. The modern reader can have very little sympathy with these first crusaders. They plundered even their friends, and when they captured pagan cities they butchered men, women, and chil-

*THIS IS THE BOOK!*

## *Clemenceau's*

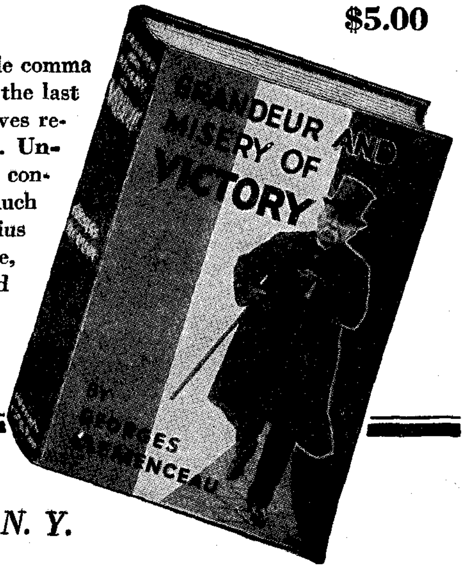
# GRANDEUR AND MISERY OF VICTORY

*UNCENSORED AND UNABRIDGED—THE ELOQUENT AND MOVING LAST MESSAGE OF THE LEADING STATESMAN OF THE MOST EVENTFUL PERIOD OF MODERN TIMES.*

**THIS is the book—the last will and testament of the Tiger, which he kept himself alive to finish—whose contents the entire international press has been attempting to guess for months. This is a book which will settle some controversies and stir up others for a generation. "It will be part of the essential material of modern history", says the *London Observer*. NOW . . . here it is, the one post-war revelation that has caught the imagination of the world. And the dynamite is here!**

**$5.00**

"I AM not disposed to withdraw so much as a single comma from what I have said," writes Clemenceau in the last chapter. His executors and publishers hold themselves responsible that his last wish has been carried out. Uncensored and unabridged, this is not only the conclusive book on the War and the years after—it is much more. For, with the same brilliant flashes of genius which made him the greatest statesman of our time, he leaves many hints as to the future of Europe, and the part that America will play in world politics.



**HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY**
*383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

# Right here, they are!

## The very words I've always wanted

MARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY

NEVER again will I grope around or search aimlessly through a dictionary. No, and I'll never have to be satisfied with mediocre substitutes that must have made people wonder if I knew what I was talking and writing about.

I have ideas, and now I have words to visualize them. Not unusual words or stilted expressions — I'm not seeking a reputation for priggishness. Just those common words that are so easy to forget, and once forgotten, so impossible to find. Now they are mine! I have them, right at my fingertips — and I don't have to guess because I have their meaning also — in

## MARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY

No matter what your business, or how you use your leisure hours, you need words. Give a thought for a moment to the importance of their *choice*. You may be the best-dressed man in your circle, and your words betray you. You may be bubbling over with ideas and yet be wholly incoherent because the words you use do not clearly express your thoughts.

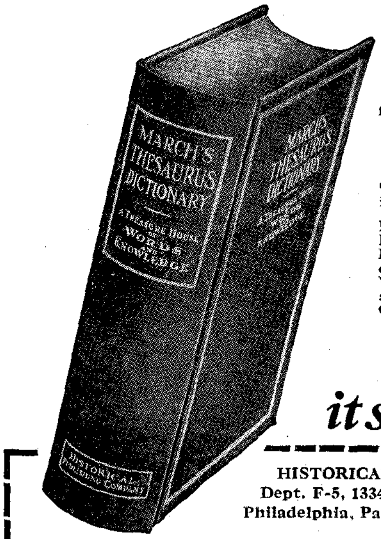
March gives you a complete command of the language. The exact word, the one you may have forgotten, or perchance a new word to add to your vocabulary. And in addition to *choice*, it gives you exact meanings so that you can be sure you are using the word correctly.

Its 1,462 pages form a great storehouse of words, expressions, phrases, facts, instantly available, which opens up new vistas of thought and presentation.

It is valuable in every field. "I used to wonder how the 'best-seller' writers found the words that painted such beautiful pictures, and dramatized their scenes," says a young writer.

"It is a vade mecum to those who use words, particularly valuable to those selling persons, like myself, whose livelihood depends on how well we use them," writes an advertising manager.

## *Exactly what March does for you!*


MARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY
A TREASURE HOUSE OF WORDS & KNOWLEDGE
MARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY
HISTORICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

**1.** Gives you the exact word or phrase to express your idea. Goes further. Groups by ideas, classifies by parts of speech, enabling you to develop versatility of style.

**2.** Fulfills the ordinary purpose of a dictionary, defining over 100,000 words and phrases. Differentiates between established words and those new words which have not yet found their true place in the language.

**3.** Gives you a complete mastery of the English language in writing and speaking.

**4.** Supplies in the Appendix the following usually hard-to-find facts, which make March a constantly satisfactory reference, in itself a liberal education:

English Composition and Rhetoric. Wrong Uses of Words. The History of Writing, History of the English Language. Building of English Words. Word Roots and Derivations. Famous Characters of Literature. Notable American Sobriquets. Literary Pseudonyms. Word Abbreviations. Business Words. Legal Words and Expressions. Biblical References. Words from the Arts and Sciences. Geographic Facts. Americana.

## *Let the book prove itself—AT OUR RISK*

**HISTORICAL PUB. CO.**
**Dept. F-5, 1334 Cherry St.,**
**Philadelphia, Pa.**

Please send me (postpaid in U. S.; express paid in Canada) the New Amplified Edition of March's Thesaurus Dictionary. I will pay $3.75 on delivery and if I keep the book will pay you $2.00 per month for three months. (Canada, *duty extra*; Foreign, $10.00, cash with order.)

If for any reason I do not wish to keep it, I will return it in good condition within 10 days and you are to refund my $3.75.

*Name*.............................................

*Address*.........................................

**You'll find it authoritative, complete, and eminently practical — remarkable in its varied usefulness. It is bound in handsome buckram, printed on thin, opaque paper — a worthy addition to any library.**

**Send the coupon and judge March in actual use. Keep it for 10 days, examine it, test it with every word problem you can think of. Then if you do not find it indispensable in your office or home, you have but to return it, and the examination has cost you nothing.**

## Books

dren indiscriminately, even in cases where they had promised protection. They quarreled incessantly about the spoils and were gnawed by undying jealousy. The meanest thieves and murderers marched in their ranks. They were in reality barbarians invading a country which had a far gentler and more refined civilization than their own. One is a little ashamed to be pro-Crusader. And yet one almost is, under the spell of Mr. Lamb's story. These men were brutes and bigots, yet they were splendidly heroic. They were the stuff, indeed, out of which a European civilization was to be constructed which would soon outdo and outshine that of the Moslems.

### Economic Drama

AMERICA CONQUERS BRITAIN, by Ludwell Denny; Knopf, $4.00.

Reviewed by HIRAM MOTHERWELL.

ONCE, within the lifetime of all who are old enough to read this, Great Britain was mistress of all the seas and of a third of the inhabitants of the globe. To-day her power is slipping from her. The fortress wall of water which for centuries protected her is now starving her. She has lost the power of absolute command because she has lost the ability to feed her own sons and daughters. She has lost that ability because it depends on her foreign markets, and these markets America is fast taking away from her.

This is the process which Mr. Denny describes with a fullness and clarity which have never been bestowed upon the subject before. It is a process which should be understood by every American who pretends to have an opinion of foreign affairs. It is, together with the growth of Soviet Russia, the major fact of the present-day world.

Unless one understands this fact, world politics are a Chinese puzzle. Once it is understood, most of the pieces jump into their proper places. The Washington Conference and the London Conference, the Four-Power Pact and the Kellogg Pact, all become organic parts of the post-war world. America, because of her superior industrial, commercial, and financial strength, has usurped the position held by England since the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Mr. Denny traces step by step the road which America has trod in these past fifteen *anni mirabili* — the seizure of British markets, the commercial invasion of British dominions, the penetration of American capital to all corners of the globe, the capture of raw materials, the building of a huge merchant marine, the bitter drawn battles in oil and rubber, the conquest of the air, the mastery of news and opinion, and the forging of

# THIS *Balanced* LIBRARY PLAN Sends YOU the BEST *NEW* BOOK *EACH MONTH* and 12 GREAT LITERARY CLASSICS

### *Can You Afford 5c a Day for the World's Finest Books?*

THINK of receiving every month a special edition of the best new book published, selected for you by a distinguished board of famous literary men and women like Eugene O'Neill, Alice Longworth, Gamaliel Bradford—and, in addition, receiving your choice of twelve of a long list of great literary classics, beautifully illustrated and handsomely bound, by such standard authors—the best writers of all times and all countries—as Dumas, Thackeray, Anatole France, Henrik Ibsen, Dostoevsky and scores of others, equally famous. Think of receiving these 24 books, *plus* 12 monthly reviews of current literature written by leading critics, all for a nominal sum, less than you pay for newspapers during the year. Consider the satisfaction of knowing you are well-read, both in modern literature and in the great books of all ages!

### *Children's Books, too, If You Want Them*

PARENTS know how difficult it is to find clean, wholesome, well illustrated books for children, without paying fancy prices. So, at the request of a vast number of our members, we offer you the right to substitute famous children's books, illustrated by some of the finest modern artists, for the classic works. Our list includes books for children from three to sixteen, graded according to age—sponsored by Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

### *Free Literary Advice Included*

THE Book League of America was founded by literary men who sincerely wished to make literature and literary knowledge available at lowest cost. Therefore, they incorporated in the plan a *free* consultation service. Suppose you want books about some particular subject for business or other reasons, or wish to present a friend with books about his profession or hobby. Write us and we will send you, *gratis*, a list of the most authoritative books on the subject. Our board of literary men and women is always at your service.

### *Write At Once for Illustrated Booklet Describing Plan*

JUST what the Book League of America is, and what it does, is a fascinating story. We offer you an interesting booklet that contains it—a clear, brightly told description interlarded with photographs of the famous literary men and women, like Eugene O'Neill and Alice Longworth, who compose our board of book selection. Knowing the great pleasure you and your family can derive from good reading, knowing its cultural value, can you say, "No, I am not interested"? Take the first step toward a balanced library, at a nominal price, through this one unique plan. Mail the coupon, or write a letter, for further information. Make us prove that the Book League of America can fill two great needs in your household. We promise you a prompt reply.

Eugene O'Neill

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

Edwin Arlington Robinson

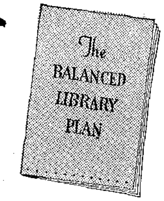
Hamilton Holt

Gamaliel Bradford

Van Wyck Brooks

*AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED LITERARY JURY*

**TEAR OFF—FILL IN—MAIL TODAY**



The Book League of America, Inc.
100 Fifth Avenue, New York. F. 5-30

Please mail me your *free* book describing The Book League of America and tell me how I can become a member. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.................................................
Address................................................
City........................ State................

THE URGE
irresistible —
the URGE to write!

HAVE you ever asked yourself why you feel that persistant urge to write — why you can't escape it? Is it desire for glory? Or money? Or is it fundamentally something else.

Have you ever thought that it might be an instinctive yearning to find a sympathetic audience — an understanding brother with whom you may share your inmost thoughts? Too often the men and women with whom you are thrown into closest contact fail to give you this sympathetic comprehension — they are busy with their own concerns and ambitions. And you find yourself longing to turn from their indifference to a warmer, friendlier world.

Whatever you do, don't try to stifle this urge. Don't let a discouraging sense of inferiority hold you back. You don't know — and no one else knows — what your possibilities are until you have given them a fair chance to express themselves. *You owe it to yourself to make a real effort to complete that story or article.* If you do not, you will go through life feeling frustrated — disappointed — embittered.

Mr. F. J. Wade, Box 505, Sullivan, Mo., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. He writes: *"After only a few months of training, I am in receipt of two checks so far this month. One was for an article for the* American Machinist: *the other was for a humorous story in the* American Merchant Magazine."

Another of our student-members who tried is Mrs. Drusilla Crankshaw, 28 Irving St., Cambridge, Mass. She writes: *"You can imagine how thrilled your over-fifty-year-old cub was when she opened her mail early this week to find a fifty dollar check for a description of a trip she took last August. I am very much pleased with the training your copy desk has given me.*

*Perhaps this is what you have been looking for*

HUNDREDS of men and women who feel that they have something to say have come to the Newspaper Institute of America *to learn how to say it.* About half of these people are considering journalism as a career. The others see in journalism the ideal training for other types of commercial writing.

"The feature of N. I. A. instruction that has been of the greatest value to me," one student writes, "is the discipline. I needed to have my vague literary ambitions focused on a definite objective. I needed one outside influence which would make me *stick at it* — which would keep my interest at the boiling point. Your specific assignments mailed to me each week solved both these difficulties. I enjoyed covering those assignments — they made me feel as if I were the star reporter on an important newspaper. Finally, the knowledge that every word I wrote was going to come under the critical eyes of the editors at your copy desk made me exert myself to the utmost. After one month of writing under their supervision, I felt that I had learned more than in an entire year of Advanced English Composition at college."

*This test will help you make up your mind*

It is a Writing Aptitude Test — cleverly framed to separate people with natural talent that can be developed from those who will not get anywhere no matter how hard they try. This test will tell you much about yourself — and about us. It is yours for the asking. Just mail the coupon. NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in Forum — May.

*Mr.*
*Mrs.* ..................................
*Miss*

*Address*..................................

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.)
64E290

# Books

the golden chains which bind half the earth to Wall Street. In nearly every department America has conquered Britain. The reader's brain becomes numb at the impact of Mr. Denny's avalanche of facts. Billions of dollars piled on other billions. Chemical trusts, oil trusts, electrical trusts! And somehow, the wires being ever magically concentrated in the dingy barrack opposite the White House or in the narrow lane leading down from Trinity. Whether by political or by financial power, it is America which has the final word.

This all sounds very melodramatic. But no writer has yet made it melodramatic enough — not even Mr. Denny, whose swift, journalistic style leaves the reader breathless. For the world transformation that is going on under our own sleepy eyes has hardly a parallel in history.

And what of old England? After reading this book, one admires the more the silent courage, the placid flexibility of mind with which she has endeavored to adjust herself to the new era. Farewell to memories of world dominion! Her future lies only in friendly co-operation with the United States. War with America is not, as Mr. Denny eloquently demonstrates, "unthinkable." But it would be disastrous. A truce, then, to the Anglo-American struggle — a naval, industrial, commercial truce. Perhaps it can be done. Great Britain, for the most part, understands the absolute necessity of it.

Does America?

## America and Russia

TWO FRONTIERS, by John Gould Fletcher; Coward, McCann, $3.00.
Reviewed by WILLIAM C. WHITE

MR. FLETCHER holds that certain factors in America and Russia — two lands alike in many physical characteristics, often paralleling each other in their development — have none the less produced a "democratic and egalitarian land" on one side of Europe and "an autocratic and despotic land" on the other side. The author compares their history down to the rise of the new American religion of "prosperity" with Ford as its model and the rise of the religion of the Proletariat with Lenin as its teacher. He strongly dislikes both of them.

To illuminate the picture of the lands behind the two frontiers the author calls on all he has ever read or heard of — Osiris, Isis, and Horus, the Babylonian ziggurat, Savonarola, the Virginia tobacco monopoly, *Typee* and *Omoo* to serve as allusions; he includes Russian and American art and literature; he attempts to sum up the religiousness of the well known Russian soul — ever pressing the comparison or contrast (sometimes a bit too close) as he seeks similar or dissimilar shades of the two cultures which he believes are doomed to clash. Thus a good magazine article becomes a long book.

In all this impersonal and serious study the author is urging "every intelligent American and intelligent Russian" to find a solution for his problem. It is based on swallowing one axiom — that Europe, from which America and Russia have drawn much, has now passed its maximum, can no longer create anything, and is headed for the decline; and he sees America at one end of the pole and Bolshevik Russia at the other end, headed eventually for war and "leading the world rapidly back to a state of sheer anarchy." This is one aspect of his problem. The other is deeper; he must feel, with so many liberal intelligentsia in all lands, the repellent force of much of our American civilization and then, facing the other way, the equally repellent force of so many features of the Communist civilization. If the author's axiom is true, and if these two are to emerge as the two remaining civilizations, then where shall the liberal intelligentsia stand?

Mr. Fletcher demands support of "the values of an ideal and superphysical unity of spirit . . . and of a world outlook that reconciles both man's desire to achieve the good life for himself and his overwhelming sense of awe and wonder at the superhuman processes of the universe." To which the good American replies, "Aw, whatcher gettin' at?" and the Communist sneers, "Bourgeois ideology." The author should have added a method of appealing to "the intelligent Russian" over the present Soviet censorship.

In surveying such a wide field Mr. Fletcher has discovered nothing new. That the Communist system and the American system are irreconcilable and may some day clash, has been stated before. At the same time the book suffers in accuracy from the constant necessity to talk in generalization. What is needed is more concise writing on both lands — "truth lies in fine distinctions." *Middletown* has helped for America — someone should do a "Stalinsk" for Russia.

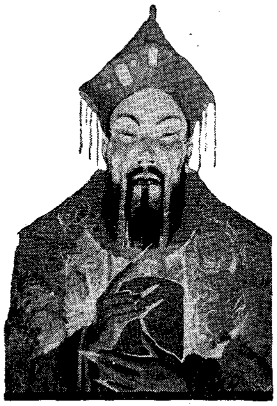
Although the author's comments and comparisons on the two literatures are most valuable, his understanding of present-day Russia seems drawn from reading rather than from observation. Ever hunting for symbols and generalizations he says, "The specific symbol of present-day Russia is probably the samovar," meaning it as the great inducement to endless talking. In the cities to-day the samovar is seldom used except at parties and in restaurants; in the village it must be used to boil the water. Better would be the symbol of the "Primus" kerosene stove — the sign of a busy, nervous people, crowded together, lacking ease and permanence. Or, better still, the symbol of the ash trays, full of nervously chewed cigarette butts that are left in meeting halls after every discussion of

# Mohammed–Buddha–Confucius

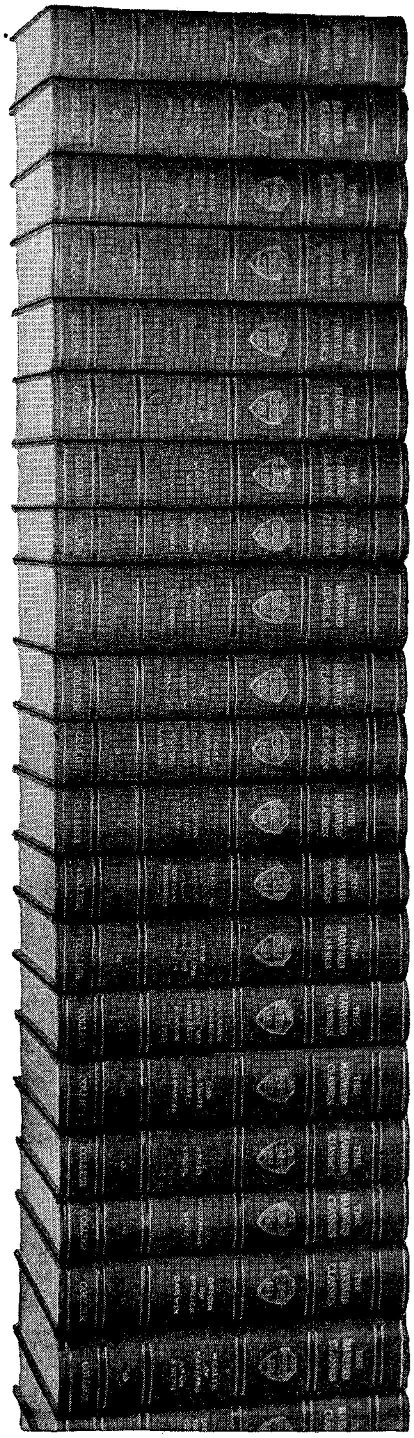
## *—their priceless writings are in the Harvard Classics*

**A Priest of Buddha**

**Buddha**



**Confucius**



Over thirteen hundred years ago an orphan lad lived in Arabia. His life was a series of striking events. As camel driver, merchant and soldier he dreamed divine dreams and had a small following of admirers. He taught meekness.

At the age of forty he changed his teaching to a doctrine of violence. He conquered and won an entire people, reigning with dazzling glory till a woman, testing his immortality, poisoned him with drugged mutton.

No one can be called well read who does not know about Mohammed, founder of a great religion which has over 175 million followers today. The writings of this great prophet are in the Harvard Classics.

### A Liberal Education

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for forty years president of Harvard, assembled in one remarkable set *all* the worth-while writings of the ages. The great and stirring works of history, the monuments of biography, the humor, the tragedy, the vital thought of all times; the books that have come down through the ages, influencing, teaching and delighting mankind with their indomitable power; these are yours in the Five-Foot Shelf.

It was Carlyle who said, "If time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all." Never was time more precious than today! The Harvard Classics form a vital part of the well-filled lives of thousands of modern men and women. You will find this library within easy reach of you. It will bring you endless delight. It is not a rich man's library, as far as its cost is concerned. P. F. Collier and Son Company, publishers of good books since 1875, have made it possible for everyone to own good books by offering the Collier plan which enables you to pay for the books in small monthly sums while you are reading and enjoying them.

### DR. ELIOT'S OWN PLAN OF READING *FREE!*

Before you spend another penny for books, clip and mail this coupon. It will bring you the free booklet containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading and specimen pages of the Daily Reading Guide, as well as further information on the scope and contents of the Harvard Classics. *There is no obligation.* You owe it to yourself to act promptly.

## DR. ELIOT'S
## FIVE-FOOT SHELF
## OF BOOKS

*(The Harvard Classics)*

15 MINUTES A DAY

Since 1875
COLLIER
Good Books

**P. F. Collier & Son Dist. Corp.**
**250 Park Avenue, New York City**

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name *Mr.* / *Mrs.* / *Miss* ..............................................

Address ..............................................

..............................................

8097 HCU

**Now** you can read her *whole* story (including portions omitted from The FORUM) in book form

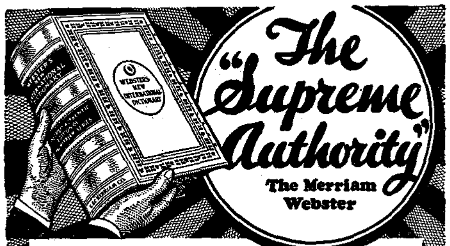
**MATA HARI**

**Courtesan and Spy**

By MAJOR THOMAS COULSON

**The true story of Mata Hari, the mystery woman of the war who sent 50,000 men to their death. A British Intelligence Officer reveals for the first time the thrilling secrets of the German spy system. Illustrated $3.00**

**HARPER'S**



Universally accepted and used in courts, colleges, schools, business offices, and among government officials.

**WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY**

***"The Supreme Authority"***

**A Library in One Volume**

— its type matter is equivalent to a 15-volume encyclopedia. In its **2,700** pages there are **452,000** entries, including thousands of NEW WORDS, 12,000 **biographical** entries, 32,000 **geographical** subjects, **100** valuable **tables**, over **6,000 illustrations.** Its encyclopedic information makes it a general question-answerer on every subject.

***Get The Best***

See it at any bookstore, or send for new richly illustrated pamphlet containing sample pages of the New International, FREE, if you mention this magazine.

**G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY**
Springfield, Mass.

## Books

"Tractors for the Village," "Subways for Moscow," or "The Progress of the Communist Movement in Java." Dostoievsky, his characters and his methods — which the author takes as another symbol — are not popular in present-day Russia. The new generation is talking, often vapidly, but talking about the objective world and not the subjective. Out of all this talk about building and "overtaking America" is it not possible that there may arise so close an imitation of America in Russia that the Russian world philosophy will undergo tremendous changes — and thus affect the inevitability of Mr. Fletcher's conclusions?

## Books in Brief

**Stephen Escott**, by Ludwig Lewisohn; Harper, $2.50.

As a treatise on modern marriage there is much to be said for *Stephen Escott.* As a novel, there is less. The shadow of psychoanalysis lies heavy upon it and its characters come too obviously from the pages of a case-book. Stephen Escott and his dull, inhibited wife are flesh and blood creatures. So, to a certain extent, is David the Jew, who alone achieves completion in marriage. But the story of the young poet who murders his wife's lover, and whose mental states David and Stephen probe minutely in order that they may defend him in court, merely offers an excuse for Mr. Lewisohn to mount the lecture platform and expound his views on marriage. His style, as usual, is seductive. His ideas are subtle and challenging. But he has chosen the wrong form in which to express them. In *The Island Within* he was able to subordinate his thesis to purely fictional values. In *Stephen Escott* he has failed.

**None so Pretty**, by Margaret Irwin; Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

Although it won a prize in an Historical Novel Contest, *None so Pretty* is a charming tale in its own right which merely happens to be placed in the setting of Restoration England. As an innocent tomboy of seventeen, Nan Ingleby, nicknamed Nancy Pretty, is married off to a sodden country squire with a lust for strong drink and low women. Frustrated in her marriage, she turns confidingly to an austere but passionate chaplain, and then to a young cavalier who gives her at last a little happiness before her pitiful death. Miss Irwin writes with simplicity and grace. She pictures freshly the coarse and lonely life of a country household of the period. But her principal achievement is the tenderness and pathos with which she invests the meagre drama of Nancy Pretty. This is an unpretentious book but a thoroughly disarming one.

**Censored**, by Pare Lorentz and Morris Ernst; Cape and Smith, $2.75.

If you are curious about "the private life of the movie," turn to Pare Lorentz and Morris Ernst. In *Censored* they offer an unflattering portrait of the ladies and gentlemen whose official shears curtail kisses and purify oaths. This is grand behind-the-scenes stuff. It is fair guessing that the average Garbo fan has no notion of how he is being cheated of spinal thrills by the state censorship boards, the women's clubs, the National Board of Review, and other guardians of our morals. Mr. Ernst and Mr. Lorentz give a diverting account of the follies of censorship, but an account that is spiced with anger. They resent the prudes who prevent the movies from becoming adult. They dread the influence of the utilities who control the industry and who have the power to muzzle free speech. In their own lively way Mr. Ernst and Mr. Lorentz are, themselves, crusaders.

**Eroica**, by Samuel Chotzinoff; Simon and Schuster, $2.50.

The chief shortcoming of Samuel Chotzinoff's *Eroica* (Simon and Schuster, $2.50) is that it arouses no special interest in or feeling toward Beethoven. If the protagonist of Mr. Chotzinoff's novel were a purely fictional character to whom outstanding creative and artistic genius were ascribed, this failure might be excused. It cannot be excused, however, when the character is an historical personage, a Titan like Beethoven, a man whose immortal sonatas and symphonies enable any of us to have personal knowledge of his superb gifts. There is, moreover, a serious lack of action in the book; the story does not have any appreciable dimension in time; Beethoven does not grow and develop before the reader's eyes as he should or, we believe, as Mr. Chotzinoff intended that he should. In short, although *Eroica* may have a certain value as a biography it is inadequate as a novel, the form which it purports to take.

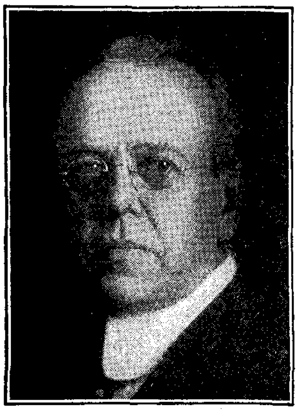
**Clemenceau**, by Jean Martet; Longmans, Green, $5.00.

As secretary to Clemenceau, Martet was in close association with him during the most vital and trying period of his tempestuous career. Comparative inactivity during the last years of his life enabled the Tiger to discuss in retrospect with his biographer all the highlights of his life. The book consists chiefly of dialogues, with Martet acting as prompter. Wars, treaties, cabinets, famous contemporaries all pass in review. Martet has brought out admirably the vigorous bulldog force in Clemenceau's

# "An Authoritative Discussion of a Vital Question"

## Some of This Book's Valuable Chapters and the Subjects Handled by Dr. Stemmerman in His Personal Teachings

**More and Happier Years**
**The Nature and Significance of Constipation**
**Preventing Constipation**
**Germ-Life in the Intestines**
**Encouraging Good Germs to Supplant Bad Germs**
**Flatulence . . . Acidosis . . . Heartburn**
**Three Myths: Liver Disease, Stomach Trouble and Biliousness**
**Bad Breath and Body Odors. Their Meaning and Correction**
**Hemorrhoids or "Piles"**
**The Treatment for Hemorrhoids**
***Insomnia; Nervousness***
**Constipation and Its Effects on the Sexual Functions**
**Constipation and Skin Troubles**
**Constipation and the Prostate**
**Personal Beauty Depends on Correct Elimination**
**Dangers of Fasting**
**New Drugless Way to Cause Bowel Action**
**Headache — Chronic and Occasional**
**Rheumatism and Arthritis**
**Colitis and Other Results of Constipation**
**Is the Enema a Friend?**
**Is Exercise Worth While?**
**Exercises That Benefit, Especially in Constipation**
**The Ideal Weight for Height**
**The Technique of Defecation**
**Internal Visceral Auto-Massage**
**Relief by Lubrication**
***The Cure by Relaxation and Milk Diet***
***Why Are Drugs in Disfavor?***
**Reviewing Some Drugs Used in Constipation**
**Yeast — A Great Hoax**
**Furnishing the Body With Heat, Energy and Repair**
***When Do We Eat?***
**Weakening the Staff of Life**
**Baking Powder, the Sinner**
**Food Idiosyncrasies**
***What Will You Have to Drink?***
**Shall We Eat Fruits and Vegetables?**
**Husband in the Kitchen**
**We Survey Certain Foods**
**The Beneficial Necessary Soup**
**Spinach, Lettuce, Liver and other Pleasantries**
**Too Much Sugar Will Shorten Your Life**
**Food for the Aged**
**The Management of Constipation**


**Wm. H. Stemmerman, M. D.**
*— New York University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College*

## Dr. Stemmerman's Great New Book

# INTESTINAL MANAGEMENT

## Will Bring You Longer and Happier Life

THERE is an easy, rational and helpful way of directing the behavior of your intestinal system, and thus becoming the master of your health. Put your intestines under control, and gain a life of longer years and happy well-being. Relieve the strain upon all your vital organs — heart, liver, kidneys, lungs and brain — by making *your intestines do their daily duty of assimilation and elimination.*

A large percentage of the American people, young, middle-aged and elderly, suffer from constipation, occasional or chronic, and very frequently in entire ignorance of this cause of their troubles. From this almost universal disease many other diseases result. Constipation is in fact a great destroyer, whose toll of breakdowns and suffering, inefficiency and tragedy no man can measure.

Dr. Stemmerman's new book is the result of thirty years of intensive study and practical experience. It is scientifically correct, by the best modern medical precepts and authorities. It is comprehensive, easily understood and downright interesting. You need this book, if you choose to win more abundant virility and long life.

You owe yourself a knowledge of the latest accomplishments of modern science in the treatment of that most prevalent disease, constipation. Therefore WE HAVE PREPARED AN ENTERTAININGLY WRITTEN AND EASILY UNDERSTANDABLE BROCHURE, which contains, for young or old, man or woman, valuable information regarding constipation. This information is ordinarily not readily available to the average person nor is it to be found in such clear, every-day language as we present it in this brochure. For example, it contains THREE COMPLETE CHAPTERS, namely, "Insomnia," "Is Exercise Worth While?" and "Shall We Eat Fruits and Vegetables?" from "Intestinal Management." All this is in addition to a full review of Dr. Stemmerman's great new book which is now being used by hundreds of people throughout this country as a complete guide to health.

It is vitally interesting and extremely important, to you, to read in this brochure the facts regarding the ultimate evil effects of neglected or improperly treated constipation.

On the other hand, it is comforting to know that Dr. Stemmerman has perfected easy, harmless, but positively effective methods for *quickly relieving the disagreeable symptoms of constipation and for* permanently causing this real disease to disappear.

"INTESTINAL MANAGEMENT," so fully described in this brochure, actually shows the means of acquiring real happiness, increased business efficiency and all the practical, material advantages, as well as spiritual uplift, which naturally follow the acquisition of good health. Dr. Stemmerman's book shows how good health and clear brain come promptly to a toxin-free and normally acting bodily mechanism.

If you are truly interested in gaining and retaining health, send the attached coupon without delay; clip it NOW before you mislay or forget it.

## A Simple Test of the Intestinal Functions

After luncheon chew and swallow about six ordinary charcoal tablets, obtainable at any drug store. Next morning note the color of the evacuation. If the color inclines toward black, and the blackness has disappeared by next day, elimination is good. If not, then your elimination is delayed and faulty. Try this easy test and it may point out the cause of your headaches, dizziness and those dull and dreary days that lower your resistance and efficiency.

**ARDEN PUBLISHERS, Dept. 211**
**Highland Park,**
**Los Angeles, California.**

Send me your brochure at once, without cost to me. It is understood that this does not involve me in any obligation whatsoever.

Name..........................................
(Write very plainly)
Address..........................................
City..............................State..........

AS IF LASALLE STREET WERE WALL STREET

If The Chicago Daily News were published in New York City . . . Wall Street would rank it as one of its favorite evening newspapers.

For The Daily News is equipped to serve its financial readers in the New York tempo. Its market tables are set in wide legible columns by the accurate, speedy Hi-lo system. Its final markets edition is on sale within ten minutes after the ticker closes.

But in Chicago The Daily News is even more definitely identified as the newspaper of the financial and business reader.

For here The Daily News is the ONLY evening newspaper covering the story of the markets in the fashion the age demands and in the way Chicago deserves. It is the only Chicago evening newspaper presenting on the same trading day the complete and accurate New York and Chicago exchange and curb bond and stock tables with the volume of sales, yearly range, opening prices and dividend in each stock issue.

This financial service — made possible by a costly and elaborate development of newsgathering and composition methods — is important in itself. It explains in part the keen interest in The Daily News by the business interests of Chicago. It is more important as a criterion of newspaper enterprise. As in finance, so in every department, every day, The Daily News endeavors to issue the most accurate, the most timely, the most complete daily newspaper in Chicago. The increasing support The Daily News receives from its readers and from advertisers both local and national is the measure of its success in this endeavor.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
*Chicago's Home Newspaper*

Advertising Representatives:

NEW YORK
John B. Woodward, Inc.
110 E. 42d St.

SAN FRANCISCO
C. Geo. Krogness
303 Crocker 1st
Nat'l Bank Bldg.

DETROIT
Joseph R. Scolaro
3-241 General
Motors Bldg.

ATLANTA
A. D. Grant
711-712 Glenn Bldg.

Member of The 100,000 Group of
American Cities

## Books in Brief

personality — a ruthlessness which embittered his opponents and even repelled those disposed to be friendly. The book makes thrilling and fascinating reading.

**Cimarron**, by Edna Ferber; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

Anything that Edna Ferber writes is entertaining, and *Cimarron* is no exception. True, its pattern is a trifle close to those of *Show Boat* and *So Big*, but it is enlivened by a colorful scene and period. The story deals with the lives of Yancey Cravat and his wife, Sabra, from the day when Yancey makes the Run which opened the Cimarron country of what is now Oklahoma (and these chapters are as fine as anything Miss Ferber has done) down to the present. The canvas is large and detailed, the action swift and sure. If there is any fault in the book, it is to be found in the latter half: here the action is perhaps *too* swift. However, *Cimarron* is an excellent piece of work. It should — and probably will — make admirable material for Mr. Ziegfeld's particular genius.

**Vagabond Dreams Come True**, by Rudy Vallée; Dutton, $2.50.

Rudy Vallée has gone and written a little book about himself. In his simple way he has chosen to call it *Vagabond Dreams Come True*, and we say it is a good title. Because the boys have got to calling "Rudy" the "Vagabond Lover" for short — in a kidding way, you understand — and somehow the name has sort of stuck, and so now quite a lot of people know about him and his little band and all. This book tells the story of his rise. It begins back in Westbrook, Maine. Westbrook Boy Big Saxaphone Man At Yale. Yale Boy Makes Good On Great White Way. Radio Romeo Flutters Feminine Fancies. "I love an industrious woman, one who enjoys housework and likes to cook," says Vallée. Vagabond Lover Deserts Ether For Hollywood. Wives Leave Homes In Droves. "While a brunette does quicken my heart more than a blonde, yet I have cared deeply for several blondes and still enjoy their company greatly," says Vallée. Handsome tributes to Mother, Ben Bernie, Mary Brian, William Lyon Phelps. "I do not seek the publicity I receive," says Vallée. You get the idea.

**Gallows Orchard**, by Claire Spencer; Cape and Smith, $2.50.

One rarely encounters a novel, and especially a first novel, which is cut to no established pattern. In a sense *Gallows Orchard* is unique, though its originality lies less in the tale itself than in the telling.

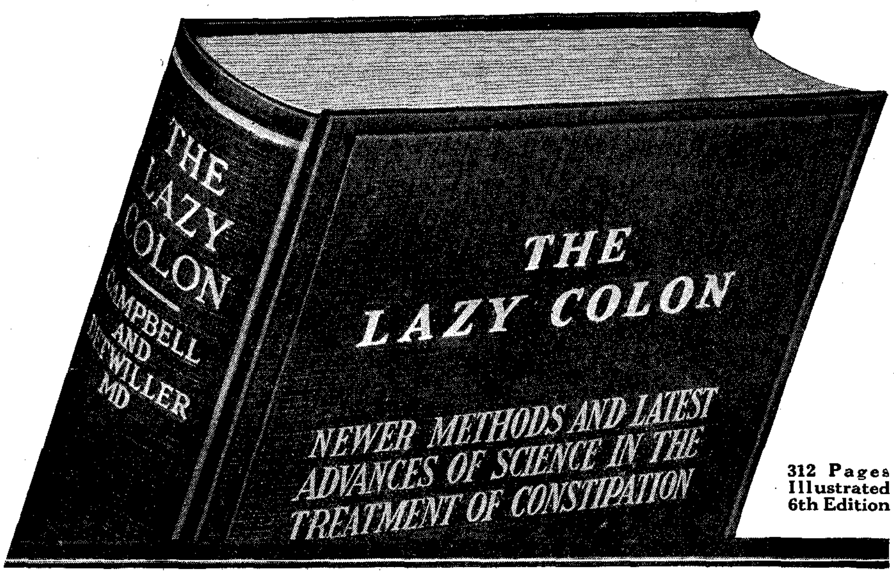
The mouthpiece for this story of a strangely magical girl who outrages the moral feelings of a small Scotch village is a weakling of a schoolmaster, one of Effie's three ill-fated lovers. He writes in a stylized, freshly poetic vein which can hardly be considered in character but which adds immensely to the effectiveness of the book. As a character, Effie is glamorous but, in her perverse fearlessness, not always quite real. Her tragedy has a quality of unearthly remoteness despite the sharpness of Miss Spencer's homely details. The book is so felicitously written that it gives one the same pleasure as a haunting romantic poem.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, by Osbert Sitwell; Coward, McCann, $2.50.

POSSIBLY certain readers will turn from this book, growling sullenly that it can hardly be called a novel. Maybe not — but despite the scarcity of action and the length of its digressions into pure (and superb) description, Osbert Sitwell has written a work of distinguished prose. He builds his story around the spiritual decay of a brilliant, fastidious young poet whose whole nature is warped and transmuted by an unfortunate love affair. Tristram Orlander's degeneration begins in Granada and it is there, forty years later, that he faces what he has become and meets his mysterious and foredoomed death. (Just as an aside, Mr. Sitwell's exquisite portrait of Granada strikes one as being nearly a masterpiece.) The book is constructed with calculated and intricate care. It is as highly organized as a first-rate symphony. For those who care for that sort of thing, it offers genuine intellectual satisfaction.

OL' KING DAVID AN' THE PHILISTINE BOYS, by Roark Bradford; Harper, $2.50.

THE SENSATIONAL success in New York of Marc Connelly's play "The Green Pastures" has called attention to the book of negro stories by Roark Bradford upon which the play was based. A new volume of these stories, *Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys*, has just been published. They are Old Testament tales re-told by a negro preacher who realizes that he must modernize the metaphors and parables and relate them to the limited experiences of his flock in order to make them intelligible. The result is the combination of reverence and ludicrous humor that so enchanted the critics on the opening night of the play. Readers will find in the book some of the charm of the Uncle Remus stories, though the similarity is in the point of view rather than the material. It may seem gratuitous, but we cannot refrain from commenting on the utter inappropriateness of the illustrations with which the book is burdened. The artist seems altogether to have misunderstood the author's conception.


THE LAZY COLON
CAMPBELL AND STILLER MD
THE LAZY COLON
NEWER METHODS AND LATEST ADVANCES OF SCIENCE IN THE TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION

312 Pages
Illustrated
6th Edition

Greatest Single Cause of Ill Health

*Sir Arbuthnot Lane, famous King's Surgeon, of London, wrote in the New York Times, Jan. 6, 1929:* "The material which accumulates, decomposing beyond what is normal, infects the mucous membrane of the colon and appendix. Organisms extend into the dammed up and stagnating contents, infecting the food supply.

"The absorption of these toxins and organisms by the blood vessels and lymphatics, being in excess of what the liver, kidneys and ductless organs can deal with, circulate through the entire body, *lowering the vitality of every cell and causing their degeneration. In consequence, the whole gamut of disease as known to us in civilization appears.*"

**Judge Green of the U. S. Court of Claims** wrote: "A good title for this fine book would be *How to Add 20 Years to Your Life.*"

**Prof. John Dewey, Columbia University:** "You have rendered us all a service by making this material available."

**Martin W. Barr, M.D., Noted Physician and Author:** "Sat up most of last night reading this delightful and masterly book."

**Edgar T. Welch, Pres., Welch Grape Juice Co.:** "Several of our executives should read it. I enclose check for two additional copies."

**Lewis J. Belknap, M.D., Pres., Garden City Sanitarium, San Jose, Calif.:** "I consider it the best book in my library."

**Prof. E. V. McCollum, Johns Hopkins University:** "It is very well written and should accomplish much good."

**Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek Sanitarium:** "An excellent work."

**Rev. J. V. Sweeney, Point Pleasant, N. J.:** "'The Lazy Colon' was a Godsend to me after an operation for appendicitis."

**Lloyd H. Wright, San Gabriel, Calif.:** "Send by return mail one copy of 'The Lazy Colon,' recommended to me by my physician Dr. Olson of Los Angeles."

Some Chapter Titles

Biggest Dividends in Life Paid by a Healthy Colon; Contrary to General Belief, There Is Little Digestion in the Stomach; Surprising Theories of Water Drinking; Mysteries of the Intestine Revealed by X-Ray; Causes of Intestinal Stasis; Spastic Constipation; Commonest Form of Stasis; The Greedy Colon; Poor Appetite a Cause of Stasis; Startling Theories of Self-Poisoning; Story the Urine Tells; Coarse Food in Its Relation to Colon Output; Hardening of the Arteries and Blood Pressure; Purgatives — Their Proper and Improper Use; Infection of the Small Intestine From Colon; Mineral Oil as a Laxative; Agar or Bran. Which? Vitamin Knowledge; Effects of Tobacco on Longevity; What Is the Truth About Alcohol? The Real Facts About Good Complexions; Prominent Authorities on Loss of Hair; A Bad Colon and Bad Teeth; Starting Right with Children; Some Interesting Facts About Food; New Light on Longevity; The Ounce of Prevention; The Greatest Menace of All; Intelligent Use of the Enema; Abdominal Exercises a Vital Requirement; The Coated Tongue — Its Cause and Meaning: Is Sugar of Milk the Long Sought Remedy?

NOT a health book in the usual sense nor given to fads or theories. Derived from investigations and discoveries of 300 Physicians and Scientists of international reputation in studying the 28 feet of human intestine. *This tract, says Foges of Vienna, is the most prolific source of dangerous disease.* Presents in simple, non-technical language the *newer* methods of treating Intestinal Stasis (Constipation). Sixth revised edition recently published. Over 37,000 copies sold. Price $3.00 *postpaid.* Money refunded if desired, on return of book. Educational Press, 8 East 12th St., Dept.H9, New York, N. Y.

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

EDUCATIONAL PRESS, Dept. H 9
8 East 12th Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me **The Lazy Colon** for the enclosed $3.00. If I do not find that it is a book of extraordinary interest and value, I may return it for refund of my money.

Name........................................................

Address........................................................

City..............................State..............

**IF** YOU ARE FOLLOWING THE ARTICLES ON

**RUSSIA**

*by*

WILLIAM C. WHITE

Why not arrange for him to lecture on your program now or next season? He is an excellent speaker with the best account ever of Russia.

He is but one of many fine Pond Speakers. Send for Catalogue of program suggestions to
THE POND BUREAU, 25 W. 43d St., New York

**CULTURED SPEECH**

**AT LAST! Something New!**

Learn Cultured Speech and Correct Pronunciation quickly from phonograph records. Also increase your vocabulary this new easy way. Be a fluent talker—cultivated speech is a social and business asset of the first importance. This new "learn by listening" method highly recommended by leading educators. Records sent on free trial. Write for information and free Self Test. No obligation.

**THE PRONUNCIPHONE INSTITUTE**
**3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1165, Chicago**

**Book on Law Free**

Write today for this new book. It tells you how a law training will shorten your road to success. It also carries a vital and inspiring message to every ambitious man. Find out about the opportunities that await the law trained man. Find out how you can learn law right in your own home. No obligations. The book is absolutely FREE.

**Write Today**—now—while low tuition fee is in force.

**American Correspondence School of Law**
**3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 1165 Chicago, Ill.**

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please report to the Subscription Department all changes of address three weeks before the date of issue with which the change is to become effective. Due to subscription routine this advance notice is absolutely necessary.

*Subscription Department*
THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

**Learn Advertising at HOME**

Send your name and address for free booklet giving interesting information and vital facts about Advertising. Find out how we prepare you at home, in your spare time, for the opportunities open in this fascinating business. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Successful graduates everywhere. Just the plan you have always wanted. Write today. No obligation.

**PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING**
**Dept. 1165, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.**

LEARN TO WRITE FOR THIS MONEY-MAKING MARKET

• • •

Today the field for short stories, photoplays and newspaper articles is broader than ever. Editors are eager for material—for first-rate stories—stories with the professional touch. • The Palmer Institute of Authorship has definitely proved by its hundreds of successful graduate writers that it can take men and women who *wish* to write—who have the initiative to apply themselves to writing—and can build up their creative efforts and train them to sell their work for cash. • Many prominent authors such as Katharine Newlin Burt, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, indorse Palmer Courses. Mail the coupon for complete information.

**PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP**
Dept. 77-E, Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

I am interested in:
☐ Fiction Writing ☐ Photoplay Writing
☐ English and Self-Expression

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*All correspondence strictly confidential. No salesmen will call.*

# WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU

Helen M. Bramble, Director

*The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. May we suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i.e. type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.*

IN THIS issue THE FORUM begins a series of articles on Russia describing various phases of Soviet life. With these in mind, the following suggestions for programs are made. The forthcoming articles by Mr. White may be incorporated in the programs as they are issued. Titles of several excellent books on present Russian conditions are added.

A. WOMEN IN RUSSIA

- These Russians — William C. White — FORUM, May 1930
- Daughters of the Russian Revolution — W. H. Chamberlin — *Yale Review*, June 1929
- How Russia Handles the Sex Question — T. Dreiser — *Current History*, January 1929
- Holding Your Man in Russia — B. Ross — *Outlook*, September 11, 1929

B. RELIGION IN RUSSIA

- The Vatican and the Kremlin — L. Fischer — *Nation*, January 15, 1930
- Religion Thriving on Atheism in Russia — *Literary Digest*, May 4, 1929
- The Struggle for the Russian Soul — W. H. Chamberlin — *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1929
- "Class War" Linked with Anti-Religion in Soviet Policy — E. S. Furniss — *Current History*, December 1929
- Santa Claus Barred in Russia — *Literary Digest*, December 28, 1929

C. RUSSIA AND THE ARTS

1. Literature
   - Russia's Proletarian Poetry — *Literary Digest*, January 4, 1930
   - The Tragedy of the Russian Intelligentsia — W. H. Chamberlin — *Atlantic Monthly*, November 1929
   - Russian Literature To-day — *New Republic*, June 26, 1929
   - Modern Russian Literature — *Commonweal*, June 12, 1929
2. Crafts and Painting
   - Arts Under a Dictatorship — H. M. Kallen — *Saturday Review of Literature*, December 29, 1928
   - Fresh Forces in Russian Art — *Survey*, March 1, 1929
   - Future of Art in Russia — *Review of Reviews*, January 1929
   - Modern Russian Art — *Nation*, February 20, 1929
   - Soviet Art and Handicrafts — *New Republic*, February 20, 1929
   - Soviet Art Rejoicing in New Found Freedom — *Literary Digest*, February 23, 1929

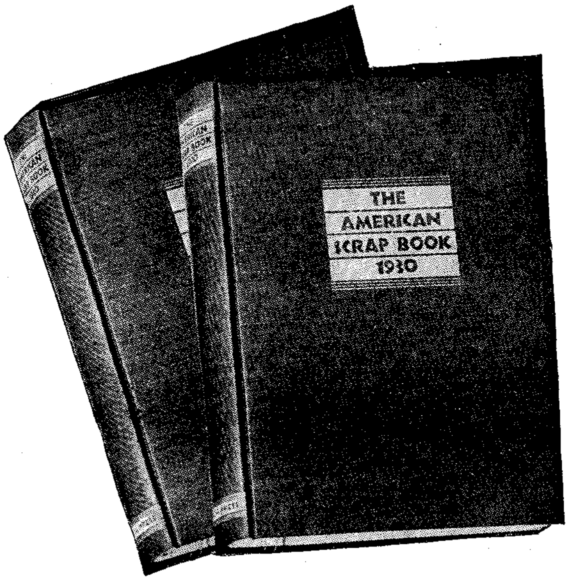
D. RUSSIA IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

- First Tryout of the Kellogg Pact — *Literary Digest*, December 14, 1929
- Did Stimson Blunder? — *New Republic*, December 18, 1929
- How Stimson Bungled — L. Fischer — *Nation*, December 25, 1929
- A Railroad Born in Sin — C. C. Wang — *World's Work*, December 1929
- Russia and the Orient — *New Republic*, January 1, 1930
- Peace Comes to Manchuria — *Literary Digest*, January 4, 1930
- Grave Charges Against Soviet Diplomacy — *Literary Digest*, January 11, 1930
- Russia's Back Talk to Mr. Stimson — *Literary Digest*, January 18, 1930
- The "Unspeakable" Russians — *New Republic*, January 29, 1930

E. ECONOMIC RUSSIA

- Russia from a Car Window — O. G. Villard — *Nation*, November 6 to December 11, 1929
- Russia Marks Time — G. S. Viereck — *Saturday Evening Post*, November 30, 1929
- Prisoners of Utopia — G. S. Viereck — *Saturday Evening Post*, December 14, 1929
- Liberty in the Soviet State — W. H. Chamberlin — *Atlantic Monthly*, October 1929
- A Business Man's View of Russia — C. M. Muchnic — *Harper's*, September 1929

NOTE: *We have prepared an outline of suggested programs, without bibliographies, designed to cover six months of club work. This will be sent to all applicants upon receipt of five cents in stamps to cover mailing expenses.*



# *Distinguished Comments on* THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SCRAP BOOKS *for* 1930

I am delighted with them and am recommending them in all my public lectures. The books should have a very large circulation, because there is something here to interest everybody. — *William Lyon Phelps*

The great diversity of the material shows how lively the pot is boiling. — *Owen D. Young*

I have read these books with intense interest. Indeed, I read each of them at a single sitting. I cannot imagine a more fascinating collection of contemporaneous thought. — *Raymond B. Fosdick*

My only complaint is that when one starts reading it is difficult to leave off before reaching the end of either book. — *Sir James H. Jeans, Secretary of the British Royal Society*

A compilation that displays enlightened, broad vision and tolerant editorship. — *Walter Williams, Dean of the School of Journalism, Missouri State University*

I have never seen an anthology of current thought better done. — *Norman Angell, distinguished European publicist*

A most interesting work. It's an honor to be represented in it. — *Charles F. Thwing, president emeritus Western Reserve University*

Books such as these that promote friendly understanding between the branches of the English-speaking race are of especial value. — *Sir Oliver Lodge*

I have been browsing through these books with a great deal of interest. You have put together a lot of interesting material. — *Edwin Arlington Robinson, poet and biographer*

I can see that a succession of such compilations, reflecting current thought and criticism, will gain an increasing value as the years go by. — *Meredith Nicholson, novelist and essayist*

## *SEE and enjoy these books FREE*

The publishers will be pleased to place the Scrap Books in your hands for free examination. It is your privilege to dip into the books, sample their sparkling passages, and then decide if they are not worthy of permanent addition to your library. If you do not wish to purchase them you may return them within ten days. If you want to keep them the price of $7.50 may be mailed to us later, — in installments if you prefer. Please use the coupon below:

OR AT YOUR BOOKSELLERS

THE FORUM PRESS F-5-30

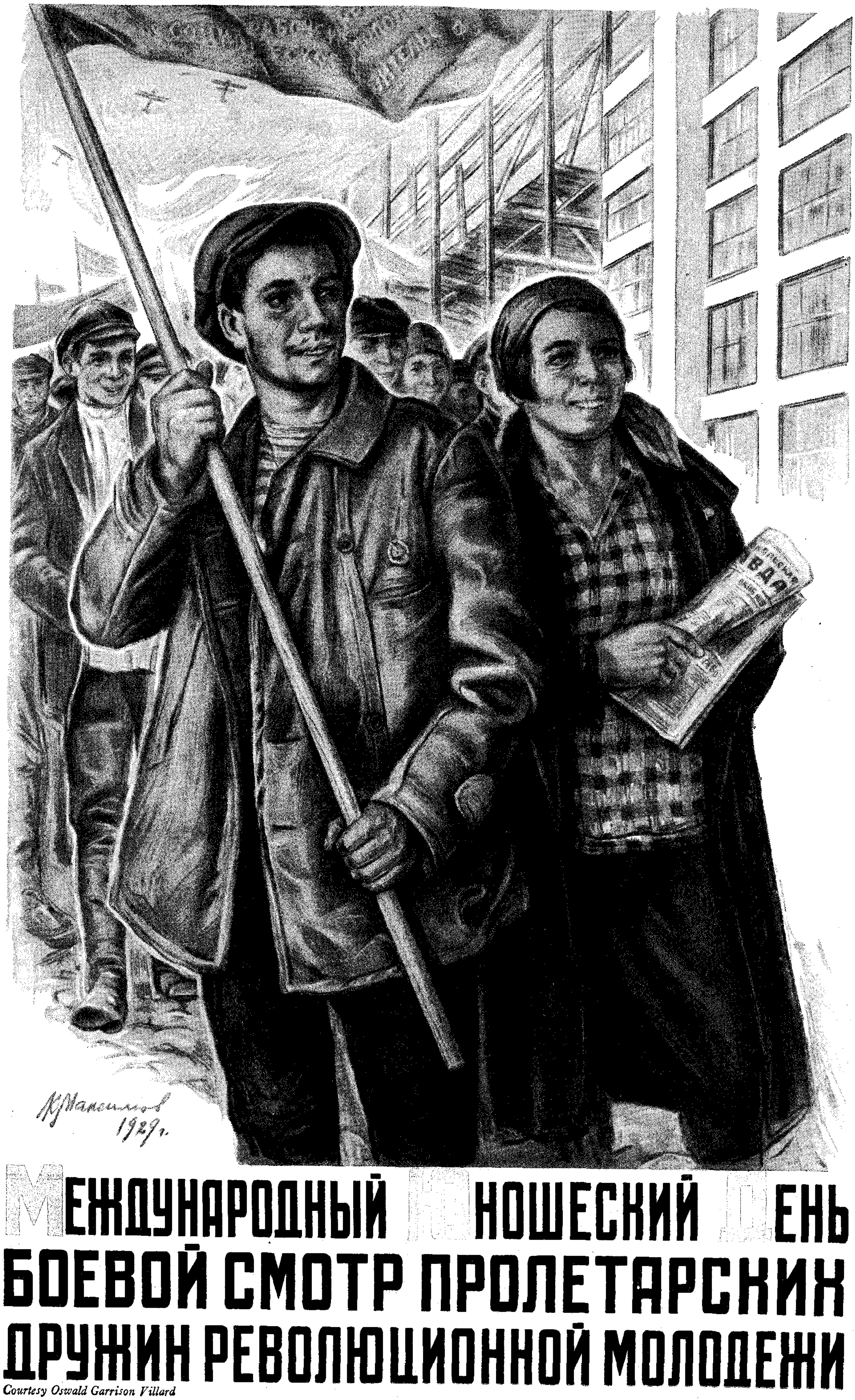
441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I shall be glad to accept your offer of a FREE LOOK at the American and European Scrap Books which you will send postpaid. This does not obligate me in any way. If I do not like them, I will return the set within ten days. Otherwise I will mail a first payment of $2.50, and the balance of $5.00 in two installments — $2.50 in thirty days, remaining $2.50 in sixty days.

NAME........................................................................

ADDRESS....................................................................

CITY.......................................STATE.................


1929 г.
МЕЖДУНАРОДНЫЙ ЮНОШЕСКИЙ ДЕНЬ
БОЕВОЙ СМОТР ПРОЛЕТАРСКИХ
ДРУЖИН РЕВОЛЮЦИОННОЙ МОЛОДЕЖИ

*Courtesy Oswald Garrison Villard*

F O R U M

MAY, 1930 VOL. 83, NO. 5

# These RUSSIANS

## *Marfousha, the Housewife*

### *by* WILLIAM C. WHITE

*After twelve years of Communism, Russia is still the great enigma to the outside world. Until now, almost nothing has been written to show how life is actually being lived among the Bolsheviks. To supply this information, Mr. White spent three years in Russia and has prepared a series of dramatic articles for The Forum, of which this is the first. They will show you just how the Russian Revolution has affected various classes of human beings in their everyday adventures of living. The frontispiece is reproduced from a Communist poster, and millions like it may be found all over Russia. The legend beneath it reads: "International Youth Day — A Militant Review of the Proletarian Ranks of Revolutionary Youth."*

I

LIKE EVERY American who would settle in Moscow for any length of time, I learned how difficult it is to find living quarters. I finally shared one small room in the city's largest apartment building with a young bank clerk. "You'll have to eat in restaurants," he said, "but Marfousha, from next door, will do the cleaning for five rubles (two dollars and a half) a month. She's just an old village woman."

She came the following morning — a woman looking, as they say, "thirty with a little tail on," meaning forty. Every day, I found, she wore the same costume — a flannel waist, a drab skirt, sideworn slippers. After the revolution made Moscow the Center, she and her husband had come to the city from a village a hundred miles away. Here things were doing; here there was none of the unchanging sameness of the provincial town. Besides, food rations were higher in Moscow than elsewhere and jobs more plentiful. A city with less than a million people had grown to two millions when it became the political and economic capital of the land.

They found a room in a damp basement. Then, when her father died, her mother sold the house, the horse, the cow, and came to town to join them with a smaller daughter and her most cherished possession — an old American sewing machine. With the money the whole family exchanged their basement for a room in this apartment.

Before the Revolution it had been one of the finest apartment houses in the city, built for rich and satisfied merchants and wealthy professional men. Then its hundred suites, each with seven or eight rooms, housed wives and daughters gowned from Paris. Each apartment had its own kitchen with a stove large enough to prepare a ten-course dinner for twenty guests; and each apartment must have cost five or six thousand rubles a year. On the six floors there probably lived five hundred people, including servants.

Now its courtyards are dirty, some of the plaster bas-reliefs on the walls have fallen, there are a few bullet scars up near the eaves, the roof is a mass of tangled aërials, and over one door, inside the court, is a sign "House

*Woodcuts by S. Yudovin (Leningrad, 1928)*

Committee." At one corner of the dirty yellow brick pile is another sign — "Communal Restaurant — on the second floor." And on each of the elevators is a sign, fly-specked and dirty, "Elevator not running." In the elevator itself are stored bed frames, mattresses, baby carriages.

## II

"Do you live like this in America?" Marfousha asked, describing everything in detail. "In your apartment there are six families besides your roommate. . . . Counting the two children, there are six in my room. . . . The Bogolubovs — husband, wife, and mother — they have the best room, and new furniture. He earns a lot of money. . . . Next to you are the Krassovs. He had a wife, but he chased her out four months ago. He's a former White officer — the scamp! . . . Then the Blitzmans. He's a Jew. In every apartment there's always a Jew, and their dirty children. But he's rich. His wife always fights in the kitchen — says we take her kerosene or her soap or her hot water. . . . Next to them are Adamov and his wife. He's a railroad conductor — often away for a long time. And what his wife does when he's away is a shame! He belongs to the Party and works hard. . . . Then beyond the kitchen are the Laptevs. He works in a factory. They have four children and the worst room — it stinks. . . . With you it makes twenty-five in the apartment. . . ."

"A bit crowded."

". . . And then the servants. Three of these families each have one. My sister helps me. If you have a family, you must have a servant to look out for the children and to stand in line at the stores. They are pretty lucky — get fifteen rubles a month, and their Trade Union says they must have a month's holiday each year with pay. And they take it. Try and stop them, and they drag you off to court. They sleep out in the corridor here. Of course it's against the orders of the House Committee, but my husband is the representative in this apartment and he only says, "They must sleep somewhere — better there than with their masters."

All this because the impoverished government could not build fast enough to offset the rush to the Center. Some buildings had been destroyed in 1917 and, in addition, many Moscow homes had to become government offices, embassies, shelters for state institutions. One fine set of apartments became the Foreign Office; one splendid home, a secret police prison. Suburbs, with poor communication and few conveniences, are not popular except in summer, so the two million must live in the Center itself, while the government tries to divert to other cities this "on to Moscow" movement.

"Is your husband a Party member?"

"No, he's too lazy. He works in an office and earns only a hundred rubles a month. He's a good husband, but he drinks too much. He came home and beat me once, so I divorced him. My mother said it was foolish — that husbands always beat their wives. He had nowhere else to go, so he came back. I was glad he did. I've been married six years. . . ."

She finished cleaning and left with a warning: "Keep your room locked. With all these strangers around. . . ."

## III

And so lives most of Moscow — a family to a room; two thousand people finding shelter in a house which formerly held five hundred; each of the seven hundred rooms of this warren harboring one family. Occasionally there is an apartment whose former owner has a room to himself, and there are some fortunate people who have two rooms or more, but they are not twenty per cent of the population.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Generally one room houses husband, wife, children, and any relatives who have nowhere else to go. In one room are the sick, and perhaps some member of the family who may be mildly insane — for even the asylums are overcrowded.

"What is your idea of an ideal home?" was a theme an English teacher assigned to a class in Moscow. One answer said: "A room through which strangers do not have to pass to get to their room." Side by side, within the same four walls, live professors, policemen, clerks, conductors, actors, accountants. Yet these people may be, and usually are, strangers to each other. When they want friends, they find them in other parts of town.

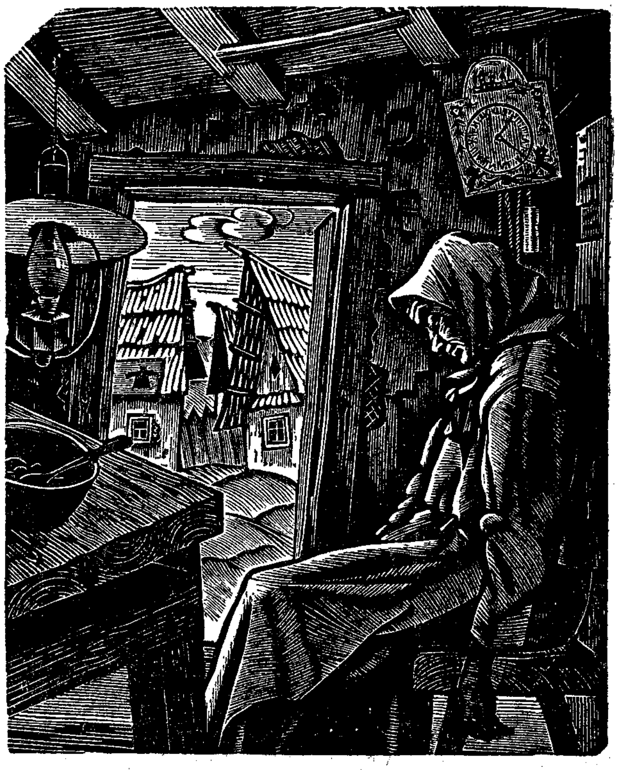
But of course their lives are intimately bound together. At four in the afternoon, seven housewives or their servants crowd in each kitchen, preparing seven kinds of soup with seven conflicting odors, while fourteen small children — or so it seems — clutter up the free space. On the stove, itself unheated, seven little "primus" kerosene stoves roar in flaming discord. Seven families in one apartment — seven families to fight over their turn at the bath.

Each room has two sets of windows — inner and outer. With October comes the first sign of winter: the puttying up of the outer frame, leaving a little pane that can be (but seldom is) opened for ventilation. In an apartment with central heat, heating is regulated by law. No matter how cold it may be, the heat does not begin until October fifteenth, and goes off promptly April fifteenth. There are many such petty things — the milk delivery, for example, delivered in suspiciously gray cans by peasant women from nearby villages. One look at the woman and you boil the milk, not once but twice.

Then there is one surrender to old custom. The rooms have hardwood floors, and every month a merry soul comes with a pail of beeswax to polish the floor. His method is simple. The floor is soaked with the mixture and left to dry. Then, barefooted, he skates over the surface on brushes — and the polish shines. Finally there is the corridor, cluttered up with trunks, baskets, mattresses, bags — and all day the endless noise of doors banging, children romping, and women in the kitchen, often quarreling.

"Did you hear all that scandal last night?" Marfousha asked one morning. "It was that Jewess, Blitzman. Her relatives have come from Gomel and she borrowed some mattresses somewhere. The way the Jews come to Moscow! They say one went to Kalenin (the 'President' of USSR) one day with a big key. 'I want to give you this,' he explained. 'I'm from Berditchev. I'm the last one to come to Moscow, so I locked up the place.' . . . Well, at night Blitzman's relatives sleep on the floor, and in the daytime she puts the mattresses out in the corridor. Yesterday one fell down and nearly killed little Masha Lapteva. So we made Blitzman put them in her room. If only she'd move away!

"But there is always trouble around here. Adamov comes home late and likes a cup of tea about eleven. His wife puts a kettle on the primus. Three nights last week she came back after twenty minutes and found the water was still cold. So she watched and saw one of the Blitzman brats come, quietly fill *their* teapot with *her* hot water, and put the kettle back on the stove refilled. A big scandal! . . . And there is always trouble about cleaning the corridor and the bathroom. Each family is supposed to take turns. Those without maids say, 'Let the maids do it and we will pay.' The maids fight about it. They had a hairpulling a month ago.



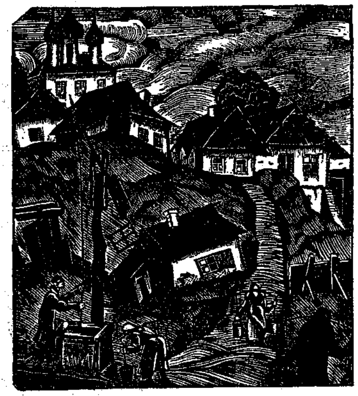
"And the telephone. Everybody wanted it put in, and each was to pay his share. Now three of them refuse; they say, 'We don't use it.' Their friends call them up and still they won't pay. 'It isn't our fault if our friends call on this phone,' they claim. They have been planning to settle this at the House Committee meeting this month — they always plan things there but they never do them. . . .

"And fights about the electric bill! One meter for the whole apartment, and each room had the same number of lights. That didn't work. The Bogolubovs have money and they bought an electric hot water heater and an iron. Clever, they were. We didn't know it for a long time and wondered why the bills were so high. Then their old woman forgot to turn the iron off and there was a fire. Now anybody who wants to use such things must put in a separate meter. That costs thirty rubles. But I think somebody still has a water heater — the Blitzmans, perhaps. There's a fine if they're caught. . . .

"Then the bugs in an old house like this! We had them cleaned out, but they came back again. From the Laptevs, most likely — they are so dirty, and we can't make them clean up. You'll have to get some powder. Kerosene helps. Of course, in the village it was much worse — but there we were used to them. . . ."

## IV

Moscow usually buys its food at the corner store, now run by the government. At first there was no rationing system, and the result was summed up in the remark: "Before the revolution the plural of *man* was *men;* now, after the revolution, the plural is *queue.*" With poor distribution, stores received limited amounts — and lines formed. Now, with ration cards, lines, though continuing, have been greatly shortened. But rations are severely limited: three quarters of a pound of bread a day for each person, one quarter of a pound of meat a day, a pound and a half of sugar a month, twenty-five grams of tea a month, and so on down a discouragingly long list of products.



The factory working class receives double these rations. Vegetables are bought from street stands or in stores, and they are not on ration cards. On the twelfth anniversary of the revolution, November 7th, 1929, the government sold everyone two pounds of white flour — a most special dispensation; for, up to this time, flour was very scarce and white bread grew murkier and murkier.

Within the limits of the rations the prices are low. A few private stores exist where one can buy any amount, but prices there are so high that the average Muscovite cannot pay them. In such stores government taxes and private profit make butter two dollars a pound; in government stores the month's ration — three quarters of a pound — costs only fifty cents.

"Can you lend me three rubles?" Marfousha asked one morning. "To-day is only the fourteenth, you know."

I didn't grasp the significance.

"Oh, everybody in Moscow is paid on the sixteenth and thirtieth. On those nights everybody eats well. But the days just before are hard. Where do you eat now?"

"In restaurants — anywhere I happen to be."

"Eating is the worst part about living here. The kitchen is so crowded. And cooking on that primus! In the village that was better. There we had a big brick oven with lots of room. In winter we slept on top of it."

"But what about these communal apartment kitchens?"

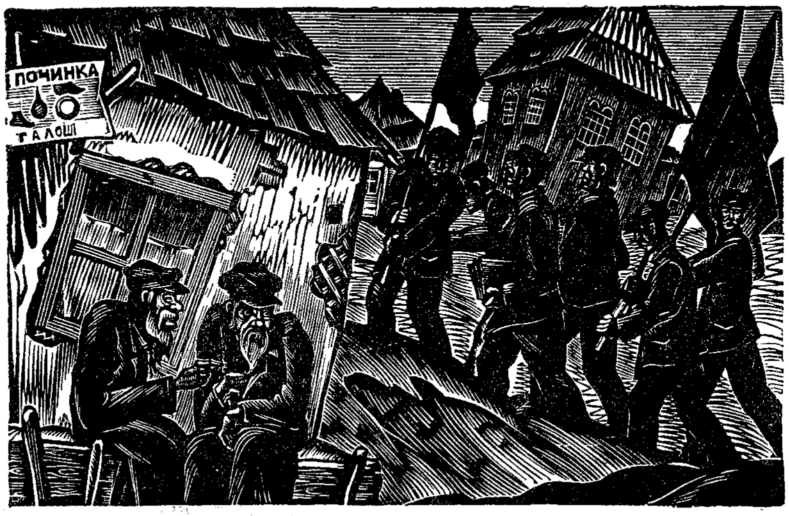
"We have one here, but nobody goes. The food is poor and it costs too much."

"What do you cook here?"

"Just like in the village. Breakfast of tea and black bread. You don't have black bread in America? I couldn't live without it. We did have jam, too, but now it is hard to get sugar. Then, when work is over (about four in the afternoon), we have soup, cabbage, potatoes, carrots. And tea in the evening."

"And meat?"

"We have it sometimes, but it is expensive. We use it in the soup. We have little money, and my husband would drink away all of it if I didn't watch him. He had two rubles yesterday to buy socks with, but he drank it up. . . .



"The worst thing is standing in line. I don't know why, but there never seems to be enough food to go round. Yesterday I stood two hours for sugar, and when it was my turn, the clerk said, 'Sold out.' In summer it's not so bad. There are all the neighbors to gossip with — and what they say about the government! But now it's cold, and that makes it hard to stand on a corner for an hour or two. Sometimes I and my sister and my husband are standing at three different stores at the same time. And the same thing for manufactured goods — always lines."

To prove the paradox, Marfousha's little daughter came in one evening and invited me to a party — her mother's name day. A dozen guests were gathered in her room, which was large but seemed crowded with furniture. There was a bed on one side and a cot on the other. In a corner, curtained off, were two bunks for the children; in an opposite corner a mattress stood ready. On a cheaply ornate sideboard was a portable sewing machine — American, pre-revolution — and on the window sill, a crystal radio set. There were a great many hooks hung with clothes, and under each bed were boxes and bags. In one corner there was an icon with a little red oil lamp burning before it, and the wall was decorated with cheap lithographs of Lenin and Kalenin.

A large table covered with food stood in the center of the room. From somewhere, on a hundred ruble salary, a ham, a goose, cold sturgeon with carrots, red caviar, bologna, and seemingly endless vodka had appeared. Marfousha's husband, Andrei, was already well ahead on the vodka.

When most of the food was eaten and the vodka was running low, someone brought out a guitar. One village song followed another until the neighbors next door began pounding on the wall. "Those Bogolubovs!" said Marfousha. "Can't they let us have a party? When they had their party last month, did I pound on the wall?" The pounding eventually stopped, discouraged, for the singing continued, if anything louder and even more out of tune.

I asked my roommate next morning how they did it on their salary.

"They always manage to have a couple of parties a year — on name days and Easter. God knows how. The ham and the goose came from the village, and they saved up for the rest. Now they will eat potatoes and cabbage for six months and look forward to the next feast."

## V

FOR ONE THING, rents are low. The house is managed by a committee made up of one member from each apartment. In addition, there are two or three salaried members who devote all their time to finances and to arranging for repairs and registering passports and personal papers. They set the rents, which depend on the amount of space occupied, the number in the family, and the salary and profession of the tenant. There is nothing to bar you from all the space you want, provided you can *find* the space and pay the increased rent.

A factory worker with a large family will have a big room for a few rubles a month; a doctor will pay more; and a private merchant, if he is allowed to have a room at all, will often have to pay ten times as much as the factory hand. If the tenant is unemployed and in good standing, the rent is almost nothing. The committee collects the money and apportions it for repairs; for major repairs they can borrow money from the government.

Andrei came in one evening to collect the rent. He is a messenger boy in a government office — a most important job in a city where it sometimes takes three days to deliver local mail. He is also the member of the House Committee from our apartment.

"This keeps me busy. Each week there is something. Meetings, meetings — nothing but

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

meetings everywhere. Give us one grand meeting to end all meetings. And the House Committee must campaign for government bonds, for the Red Cross. It conducts a day nursery for children while their mothers go to work, and a school to 'liquidate illiteracy' in the evenings. The devil take it, we are always in trouble!"

He changed the subject abruptly: "Is it true that you have prohibition in America? Life must be awfully lonesome there without vodka."

"We have homebrew."

"That's good; here we have it too. It's much better than vodka — vodka is only forty per cent. They talk about prohibition here — more meetings. Last year they had a big anti-alcohol festival. They buried a bottle of vodka in the cemetery. The same night a lot of people went out to dig it up. No, when they tried prohibition here, the peasants made homebrew and the government didn't get any money out of it. Now they get a big tax. The best way to end with vodka is for us to drink it all up."

БАКАЛЕЙНАЯ
ТОРГОВАЯ

## VI

ONE MORNING Marfousha's fifteen-year-old sister, Tamara, came to tidy up. "Marfousha isn't well," she said. The following day Marfousha came as usual, but she looked a few years older.

"You men have the best of everything," she said after a minute. "How old do I look — thirty-five?"

My embarrassed silence was a positive answer.

"I'm twenty-six, but I've had nine abortions." She spoke as if discussing dentist's dates. "Andrei says it's wrong, but I don't know. I do know that the doctor said two days ago that I must never have another one. But I can't have any more children on a hundred rubles a month. I've had four — two died. The hospital doesn't ask any questions. Often the clinic is crowded. I went down at two in the morning and had to stand in line until nine. There are private clinics that charge thirty rubles."

The government has instituted free abortions, for ignorance, superstition, and religion act as barriers to the spread of birth control information.

"Can anyone get medical attention free?" I asked.

"Yes, if you belong to the Trade Union. And everybody does, except the 'former people.' But the free clinics are awfully crowded. My little Tania has worms and I took her to a clinic last week. They gave me an appointment three weeks from now. The clinics where you pay are much better. The hospitals are crowded too. But it is much better than in the village. We had no hospital in our village before the revolution; everybody called in *znakarki* (old women hex doctors). In the village the husband always wants many children; the more he has, the more shares of land he gets."

"But it must be hard for children in an apartment like this."

"Yes, but they go to the nursery every day and play, or your servant takes them out to play in the square."

"What about marriage and divorce, Marfousha?"

"Marriage is just as it always was. You must go to church. . . ."

"The law doesn't say so. It says civil marriage is what counts. Church marriage is optional."

"I don't know, but I don't believe marriage is good unless you go to church. The government is trying to close churches, but that isn't right. You must have churches for marriages, baptisms, and funerals. I always go on Easter — and some holidays, too. We have an icon in our room and I always wear a cross. So does Andrei, although he says religion is bourgeois — opium for the people. He read that somewhere. I don't know what he means. In the village we went to church every Sunday, but here in Moscow. . . ."

"And what about divorce?"

"I don't know. Without children it's all right, although some of the young people divorce too often. I know one girl of nineteen who has had nine husbands in the last two years. But the law is good: it makes a man pay when he gets a girl in trouble. She can get alimony taken right out of his wages. . . .

"We have another good law, too. If a man throws his wife out in the village, she can have half of the property they have acquired while they were married. Before the revolution, a single peasant would often take a woman in the spring, and after she had worked hard in his fields all summer, he would kick her out with nothing in the autumn. But one thing I don't like: a lot of old men have thrown out their wives and taken new ones. That's not right. What can a woman fifty years old do if she has no children to go to? Everything is too easy for men."

## VII

TO HELP solve the housing problem, the government encourages the formation of coöperative building and loan societies. A number of employees in one institution agree to pay so much a month — usually about eighty rubles apiece (forty dollars). At the end of several years, the government advances the rest of the money and a new apartment house is built, each apartment with three rooms and conveniences. The members continue to pay until the debt is cleared.

I lived in one such house. All the employees of one theater — leading lady, orchestra, cast, chorus, and stage hands — dwelt in adjoining apartments, one family to each. But such houses are few, for there are not many families that can afford the monthly payment.

"The Blitzmans are moving," announced Marfousha one morning, enviously. "I am glad. But they are going to their own apartment. That's all Blitzman has been talking about in the kitchen for the last six months. Imagine it — a three-room apartment! Gas in the kitchen and in the bathroom! Maybe they'll use their bath. Here no one ever does. We use ours for laundry and bathe at the public baths. The Blitzmans belong to a coöperative at the Foreign Office, where he works. It's hard to join them and they cost a lot. But these Jews have everything. The Blitzmans have relatives abroad and they receive money."

When the Moscow housewife has a child, she usually goes to a free "Birth Home" run by the government. If she is also a worker — and many Moscow housewives are — she gets two months' vacation before and after, with pay. There are government burying establishments too, but the private shops get most of the trade. Little is needed for funerals. If it is a baby, the husband buys a casket at the store, and he and his wife drive in a cab to the cemetery, the little white box bouncing on their knees. If an adult, the few relatives and friends follow the hearse on foot. If the deceased is a Party member, the casket and decorations are red; if non-Party, white; and for swank, a priest goes ahead of the procession with an icon. But this is rare now.

The government is trying a campaign to popularize its new crematorium, but few non-Party people use it. Thus the revolution comes with its propaganda, with its new ways, in death as well as in life. Cemeteries are bourgeois: "They help strengthen the traditional hold of the priest on the people."

## VIII

I WAS GOING abroad for a change, and the news spread through the apartment. Marfousha approached me timidly: "I have a big request. Can you bring me some stockings for the children and some material for their dresses? Here those things are so scarce — everything on rations and of such poor quality. And one other thing. Can you bring me a pair of silk stockings? Everybody wears them abroad, don't they?"

I agreed, and asked a question. We foreigners look on Russia from the vantage point of another background. We have passports out, and Russia is only a temporary dwelling place. There are many things to confuse our judgment. "Marfousha," I asked, "I have never heard you talk about the revolution. With all

these things you want and can't have, what do you think — is it better now or worse?"

She looked at me in surprise. "Why of course it's better. Look at us. Andrei is a worker, not a peasant. That's better. And we have a room in Moscow. . . ."

"But with the food shortage?"

"It's hard, yes; but it's better to be in the city than in the village."

"Yet I don't understand why the city is better after the revolution than the village was before."

"I can't explain. If you were a Russian. . . . Well, Moscow is the Center. Life is more interesting. . . ."

A long pause.

". . . And you won't forget the silk stockings?"

**Next month, "The Village Priest in Communist Russia"**

# Preachers in Politics

## *A Debate*

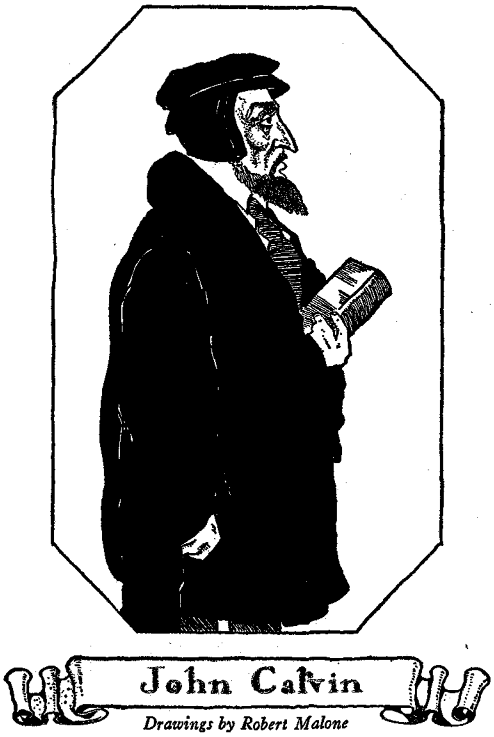
## I

## The Modern Prophet

*by*

**JAMES CANNON, JR.**

*Methodist Bishop of Virginia*



*Drawings by Robert Malone*

SHOULD Christian ministers who are praying and working for the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth take active part, in order to accomplish that aim, in the initiation, shaping, and passing of legislation to regulate and govern social conditions; in the election of officials to administer such legislation; in efforts to remedy any evil which may exist under present laws? This is the question I am to discuss, but as an introduction there are, I think, a few preliminary definitions and observations to be made.

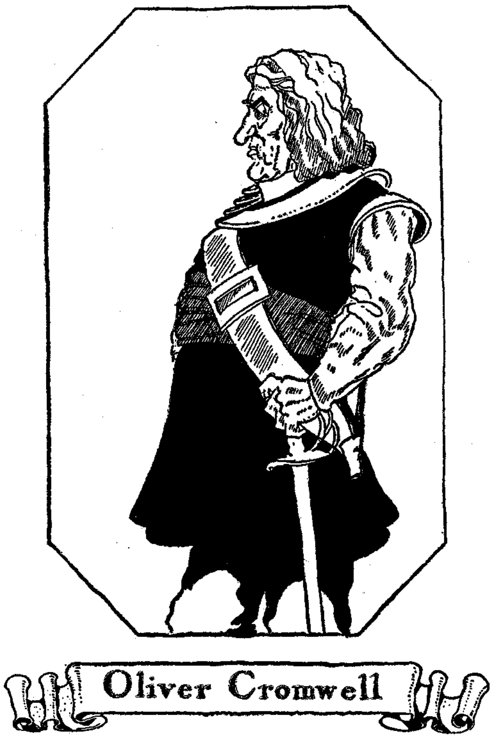
In the first place, as a Methodist I must insist that ministers *are* working for the eventual establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth, and that it will not arrive until each individual has experienced "repentance and remission of sins" through faith in His name. And I must add that this individual redemption, though essential and fundamental, is not all-sufficient. The minister who is content to limit his message to such redemption minimizes, and indeed ignores, the true import of the teaching of Jesus.

Perhaps the point will become clearer if I differentiate between a minister and a priest. A minister's chief work is not priestly — not the administration of sacerdotal rites and ceremonies, such as the Seven Sacraments of Catholicism. Rather is he the prophet of an entire social order — that Kingdom of God of which, as I said, personal salvation is a necessary part but not a final end. I make this distinction between the priesthood and the ministry because it is in the larger field occupied by the latter that politics is such an effective instrument.

The priesthood, however, is not averse to wielding the same instrument. The Anglican Church, which calls the higher order of its clergy "priests," shows no tendency to restrict its ecclesiastics from politics. Its archbishops and several of its bishops are seated in the House of Lords. Likewise with the Roman Catholic Church. The Vatican deliberately and continuously demands the right to consult temporal governments on any question it considers important.

Indeed, the Vatican sends and receives official envoys, makes concordats or treaties with every government which it can compel to join with it, denounces, defies, and excommunicates rulers and officials who refuse to comply with its wishes, and in many countries commands its followers to form clerical parties in order to secure the concessions which Romanism is constantly demanding. Surely an adequate answer to those Roman Catholics who venture criticism of Protestant ministers for activity in American politics when certain moral and social questions are involved, is the simple recital of the official policy and methods of the Roman Catholic Church, not only in past centuries, but to-day in nearly every country in the world except Great Britain and the United States — and even in the latter in Boston and New York, where Romanism controls city officials.

I have termed the minister a prophet of a social order and have said that this service forms part of the teaching of Jesus. That teaching may be summarized in the words, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," and, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This neighborly love is emphatically declared to demand personal self-sacrifice. Thus, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee."



Oliver Cromwell

At a private dinner which I attended recently, each guest was asked to state what he thought to be the outstanding fact in the present-day life and work of the world. When my turn came, I said, "The outstanding fact to-day, 1900 years after the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, is the steady and irresistible translation into the lives of individuals and of the whole social order of the teaching of Jesus concerning the absolutely central truth of human brotherhood — of the positive obligation of neighborly love, including willing self-denial, and the far-reaching implications which necessarily follow the whole-hearted acceptance of the teaching."

That teaching is dynamic and revolutionary in its aim, and world-wide in its sweep. Moreover, its application is imperative to all those who sincerely pray, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." Whatever may be true of others, such men and women cannot be indifferent to any influences or conditions which injuriously affect our social life. Salvation by the regeneration of individuals will never become less important, less fundamental, than it has ever been, but all truly regenerated persons must inevitably proclaim this teaching of Jesus and must practice it in all conditions relating to human society.

In 1926 Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, said, "In the first place, the American churches are going to grapple courageously with great social and international questions. The day is past when any realm of our economic, industrial, social, political, or international life will be regarded as outside the sphere of the responsibility of the churches. All over the country, prophetic voices are declaring from the pulpit and in ecclesiastical assemblies that the organized group life of society is to be no less subject to the rule of Christ than the life of the individual."

### A New Social Conscience

Thus the teaching of Jesus has developed a new social conscience, which positively declares and recognizes the rights and duties of organized society, and brushes aside without hesitation any claim of any individual to perform any action or to enjoy any privilege which threatens the physical or moral safety of the members of the community of which, whether he likes it or not, he is a part. This social conscience maintains that a man's private life — his right to unrestrained personal activity — ceases the moment any act of his jeopardizes or affects injuriously the lives of others.

Robinson Crusoe was free to shoot when and where he pleased while alone on his island, but when his man Friday came, it was his duty to locate Friday before he fired. The killing and maiming of thousands of people every year by automobiles necessitates stringent, restrictive speed laws, and laws which demand sobriety on the part of the driver. A man's income may be no more than he thinks essential for proper comfort, but organized society orders him to surrender part of it to pay for roads, police protection, and for education, even though he may have no children.

Countless other examples could be cited of restrictions placed by society upon the private life of the individual. His life is not the only one of man's possessions protected by his fellows; morals also are safeguarded. Society peremptorily orders that all opportunities for the indulgence of appetites must be restrained, whether willingly or unwillingly, if such indulgence would harm — as it usually does — its best interests. The advocates of individualism — alas, too often it is purely selfish individualism — still cry out against any law limiting or prohibiting the use of intoxicating beverages as, in the words of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, "a forcible, immoral invasion of their private life and personal conduct." But such protest and such reasoning are merely an echo of a bygone age. The enlightened social conscience of to-day simply refuses to recognize anything as "private life and personal conduct" which affects the general welfare.

We may well dwell further on the prohibition problem, for it illustrates all phases of the subject under discussion. There has been organized opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment ever since its ratification. That opposition was openly declared in the Democratic National Convention in New York in 1924, and reached its climax at Houston in June, 1928, when Governor Smith, having been nominated, immediately made his bid for the wet element by calling for drastic changes in the prohibition law — changes which, if carried into effect, would have resulted in forty-eight different varieties of prohibition, which might even have turned the machinery of the government into an agency handling traffic in intoxicants, and, most important of all, which would have changed the status of the manufacturer, seller, and transporter of liquor from that of an outlawed criminal, skulking in alleys and dark corners, to that of a law-abiding citizen.

Heretofore the prohibition issue had never been recognized as either a Republican or Democratic policy. Now, for the first time, it was made a partisan political issue in a presidential campaign. The ministry, the Christian citizenry, the church, did not force the liquor question into the campaign — nor did they want it there. It was pushed to the front by those who hoped that fear of injury would muzzle the church and keep it from participation in party politics, even when prohibition was involved.

When this hope had been proved false, the wet candidate for the presidency, finding that he had not yet driven those Protestant ministers who advocated prohibition from the field, deliberately complicated the situation by declaring at Oklahoma City, Baltimore, and elsewhere, that these ministers were not fighting him because of his wet views but because of his religion. Men and women, especially ministers who had fought the liquor traffic for years, were denounced as "hypocrites" and "intolerant bigots," and because they would not surrender their convictions on this great social and moral question, an effort was made to destroy their influence. What were the ministers to do under such conditions?

I rejoice to say that a great many of them went into politics openly, vigorously, and successfully, and helped to win a great victory for prohibition. The basic principle underlying the

Eighteenth Amendment is the Master's teaching concerning human brotherhood applied to one of the greatest and oldest problems of humanity — the horrible ravages of the traffic in intoxicants, the use of which causes men to lose control of their intellectual, physical, and moral powers, and to become public nuisances, a menace to themselves and society, fit subjects for poverty, misery, insanity, and crime.

The ignorant and absurd charge that prohibition is the product of Puritanism, of the determination of long-faced hypocritical killjoys to compel others to surrender their pleasures, did not keep these ministers from their duty. In this conflict it was their work to compel their people to face a personal responsibility for preventing the reintroduction of this debasing, soul-destroying traffic and to demand the application of the teachings of Jesus to the solution of this problem; to advocate in their pulpits, in the press, and on the platform the retention of this protective legislation. I am glad to be able to say that they did not fail.

### PROHIBITION ONLY ONE EXAMPLE

THE abolition of legalized traffic in intoxicants is but one of the problems which I believe can be the more easily and helpfully solved by the active participation of the ministry in politics. As the greatly loved and lamented Bishop Charles H. Brent said in his memorable address at the Stockholm Conference in 1925, "Our business is by coöperative methods to bring the gospel to bear on economic and industrial matters, on moral and social problems, on education and international affairs." For one thing, we must face the fact that many of the social and industrial evils which oppress our people, and which cry aloud for change and improvement, are not only made possible but are authorized, perpetuated, and buttressed by the law of the land. Certain of these evils can be fought and remedied only in the arena of public and political life — in the legislative halls and, as the last resort, at the ballot box itself.

Shall lotteries, gambling, houses of prostitution, and abortion be legalized and licensed; or shall they be prohibited by law? Shall there be any restrictions upon sexual exhibitions or activities in pictures, periodicals, and books, or on the stage and in the films? Shall there be any legislation as to hours of labor, wages, and sanitary conditions? Shall there be any regulation concerning the white slave traffic and the traffic in narcotic drugs? Shall the officers elected to administer the laws be faithful to their oaths of office, or shall they actually represent simply a group of grafters? Shall the taxpayers of a city or state be robbed — or worse still, suffer in health — because of poor public conveniences or lack of educational facilities for their children, while public officials wink at and, through their henchmen, even participate in graft in the handling of milk, markets, sewers, street cleaning, and schools and hospitals?

For ministers to ignore or avoid opportunities to aid in the abolition of evil conditions — and that they exist few will deny — would certainly be to betray Christ Himself, who took an active part in the political life of His day and denounced the evils and abuses of the contemporary political leaders, even though His onslaught against the forces of sin in high places led to His crucifixion. How can ministers proclaim the principles of the Kingdom of Heaven and yet be so cowardly or so indifferent as to fail to apply those principles? Should they not cry from their pulpits as Nathan did to David, as Elijah did to Ahab when he met him in Naboth's vineyard, as John the Baptist did to Herod, and as Christ did to the Jewish rulers? Where corruption exists, should not ministers accuse its practicers, supporters, and defenders, and call upon the moral, law-abiding elements of the community to vote out of office the men who have deliberately violated their oaths and prostituted their high positions for personal gain?

One other cause with which the ministers have very properly allied themselves is that of world peace, with consequent opposition to appropriations by Congress for increased army and naval forces or equipment. Because of this they have been bitterly attacked as traitorous and unpatriotic by defenders of war. If I may again quote Bishop Brent: "The burning problem of the moment is not merely elimination of war, but the establishment of a lasting and righteous peace. The time has come for as clear a declaration of the united voices of the churches as on slavery or dueling. It is for the church to determine in what circumstances, if any, killing and maiming, lying and guile, destruction and rapine — in short, the declaration of a moratorium of moral law — cease to be an offense against God and man and become a praiseworthy and patriotic duty."

There is, of course, the question as to how far the ministry and membership of Christian churches should go in declaring their attitude and using their influence toward the settlement of all these problems. As for the minister, if he fully realizes that he is not a priest but a prophet — a preacher of righteousness — his position in the glorious company of those who first made warfare in behalf of mercy and love and against injustice, covetousness, and selfishness, will do much to reassure him in moments of timidity or inertia. Noah declaring the judgment of God upon the world of the ungodly; Moses thundering in the court of Pharaoh and demanding the freedom of Israel; Samuel severely condemning Saul, whom he had himself annointed; Daniel prophesying the humiliation of the mighty Nebuchadnezzar and reading the death warrant of the impious Belshazzar; Jesus Christ uttering against the Jewish rulers the most scathing denunciation ever delivered — surely no Christian minister need be ashamed to belong to such a company.

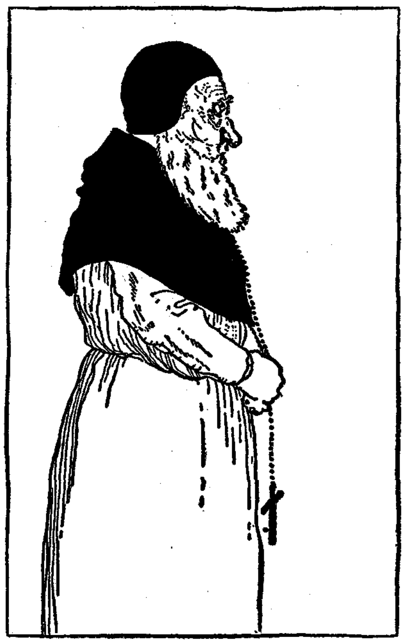
No — the ministry and church cannot view with indifference any legislation which would retard or check the advancement of morals, health, and happiness. Furthermore, if they are to be true to the teaching and spirit of their Lord, they must demand and vigorously support such new progressive legislation as will protect especially the young life of the nation from the appetite and greed of those who put physical self-indulgence and monetary gain above justice, virtue, and the happiness of others. That conception is unchristian — in fact, anti-christian — which does not recognize and indeed magnify the vital relationship of the church to the world around it, and its inescapable responsibility as an organized group of followers of Jesus for shaping and molding the conditions under which people live and work and play.

## II

# God's Proxies

*by*

## HEYWOOD BROUN



Pope Julius II

IN DEFENDING the parson's place in politics, Bishop Cannon sets up two contentions which are not wholly compatible. He stresses the fact that a minister of an evangelical Protestant church is not a priest: "A minister's chief work is not priestly — not the administration of sacerdotal rites and ceremonies." Had he confined himself to the development and proof of this point, I would have very little to say in reply to him.

Indeed, I should like to be the advocate of that side myself, for it would be easy to point out that the average Methodist clergyman, particularly in the large cities, has far too little to occupy his mind. One or two sermons a week should hardly be sufficient to absorb the energy of any first-class individual. He must find some other outlet for his energy. And surely, I would argue, it is better for a minister to be in politics, even up to the neck, than to engage in cards, Wall Street speculation, Wall Street investment, or cutthroat business.

And it might be said that, since the Protestant minister is not much concerned with the maintenance of ritual, he stands upon no specially sanctified hill in his relation to the rest of the community. It would be ridiculous to deny him the privilege of an articulate opinion about the presidency. He has just as much right to work for the election of Smith or of Hoover as has Jones, the harness maker, or Brown, the village atheist and cobbler. Much of the history of Protestantism supports this point of view which Bishop Cannon has touched and then passed by.

Obviously Protestantism was a revolt against authority. The layman came to believe that too many clerics stood between himself and God. He fought and won permission to go to his Maker directly, without the use of any mortal intermediary. Beyond the prompting of his own private conscience, the early Protestant acknowledged no outside authority this side of paradise. It was his intention to seek heaven on his own, without the prodding of any Papal bull.

To everyone addicted to an emotional fervor for individualism this Protestant ideal was a fine dream. It has broken down all along the line. We hardly need Bishop Cannon to tell us that, but it is curious that he should glory in its disintegration. He begins by saying in effect that a minister is not a priest and that he should be allowed to mingle in the affairs of men, since he is himself a man and entitled to have his words carry just as much value as, and no more than, they are entitled to by weight of worth and reason. But the good Bishop is not willing to leave his confreres in this proud but competitive position. In the end he elevates every Protestant minister to a post possessing far more authority than that of the priest in the Roman Catholic Church. The parson's job is identified as one entitling him to pose as "a prophet of an entire social order."

Robert James Malone

Cardinal Richelieu

Of course, the word "prophet" is susceptible of various interpretations, but it is quite evident that when Bishop Cannon speaks of a prophet, he is not thinking in terms of the weather bureau. As a fundamentalist he uses words in their Biblical meaning. His thought is of Elijah and of Jeremiah — very much, I imagine, of Jeremiah, who was the most mournful of the lot.

Now a prophet outranks a priest by many stripes and bars. His infallibility is no whit less than that of a Pope, and his prestige is somewhat greater. After all, the Catholic claim, as I understand it, is no more than an assertion that God on occasion speaks to the Pontiff.

Prophets, on the other hand, speak to God, and there is even recorded an instance or so in which the prophet has protested the mildness of the heavenly judgment. And let it be remembered that the prophet is always right. It must be so. Only the voice is his own. The words are invariably presented as coming directly from God Almighty.

Quite evidently Bishop Cannon means "prophet" in the Biblical sense, for it has been his practice (and that of many of his associates) to say, not that James Cannon, Jr. wanted a certain piece of legislation, or even that it was desired by the Anti-Saloon League itself, but that such a statute was the will of God. Up to now this constitutes an authority transcending the League. Accordingly, it can hardly be said that evangelical Protestantism in its present state fosters a religious individualism.

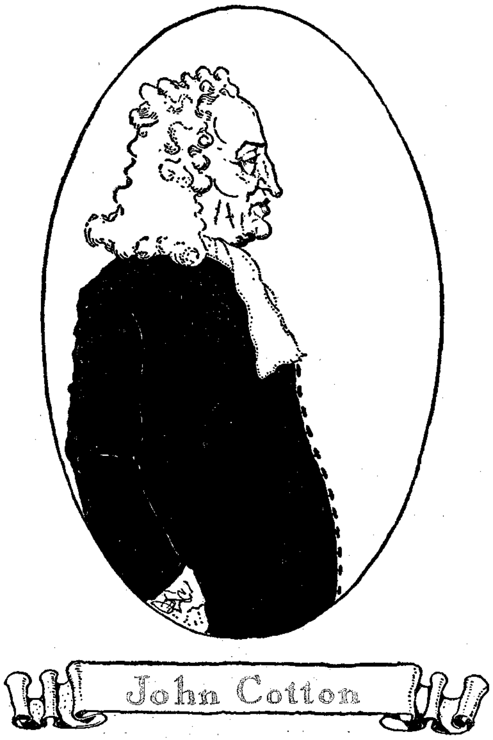
Nor does Bishop Cannon indicate anything but a contempt for individual rights in flicking away a brief quotation from Dr. Butler. If each minister of an evangelical Protestant church is a prophet, there has been set up as an antidote to Catholic absolutism not one Pope but thousands. It is hard to see how the lot of the layman has been improved by submitting himself to the ordained authority of a multitude rather than one.

There is no hint in the Bishop's article that any church member may be himself a prophet and the direct mouthpiece of God. That rôle is reserved for the minister. Nor is there any disposition on the part of Bishop Cannon to conceal his plans for the establishment in

America of a clerical oligarchy. With high approval he quotes an attack upon the Constitution made by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. According to Bishop Cannon, Dr. Cadman said:

"In the first place, the American churches are going to grapple courageously with great social and international questions. The day is past when any realm of our economic, industrial, social, political, or international life will be regarded as outside the sphere of the responsibility of the churches. All over the country, prophetic voices are declaring from the pulpit and in ecclesiastical assemblies that the organized group life of society is to be no less subject to the rule of Christ than the life of the individual."

I do not see how this can mean anything other than a demand that the United States be made by law a Christian country. Certainly this is the interpretation put upon it by Bishop Cannon, whose comment on the above utterance reads: "Thus the teaching of Jesus has developed a new social conscience, which positively declares and recognizes the rights and duties of organized society, and brushes aside without hesitation any claim of any individual to perform any action or to enjoy any privilege which threatens the physical or moral safety of the members of the community of which, whether he likes it or not, he is a part."


John Cotton

In other words, Christianity should be made compulsory by law. There is great latitude in "moral safety," and one would hardly need to be a loose constructionist to derive a deal of legislation from that phrase. It would be wholly logical for the good Bishop to advocate the repudiation of the privilege of rabbinical wine, since he might say that it was not sanctioned in Christian ethics. Indeed, it would seem difficult for Dr. Cadman and Bishop Cannon to countenance citizenship for any Jew, since they wish to make the government wholly subordinate to the rule of Christ. It is hard to see how any non-believer could reasonably be allowed a share in a government based upon an authority in whom he had no faith.

Surely no one could accuse Bishop Cannon of inconsistency if he advocated a strict censorship against all books attacking any phase of Christianity and included in his program an anti-evolution amendment. Theologians of various religious denominations differ somewhat as to phases of the divorce problem, but it seems to me that in a country where Christianity was compulsory it would be necessary to deny divorce to all except the innocent party in an adultery case.

To me it seems a serious thing that a prominent American politician and cleric should openly advocate the abolition of our traditional separation of church and state. Yet the Bishop would have to brush this aside without hesitation, since it entails personal privileges which he must see from his point of view as threatening to moral safety. Our forefathers' concept of the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" is not a Christian ideal. These are not the factors which should be influential in a Christian life. The trilogy would have to be amended into "the future life, obedience to God's vicars, and the pursuit of blessedness." This may be much better, but it is not the same thing at all.

Yet even if one were willing and anxious to have America become a Christian country *by law*, he might still hesitate until he knew just who would be empowered to define the attributes of Christianity. Concerning that he need have no doubt whatsoever. The minister, as the prophet of the entire social order, would naturally become the lawmaker and the administrator. Instead of a Senate we should have a House of Bishops.

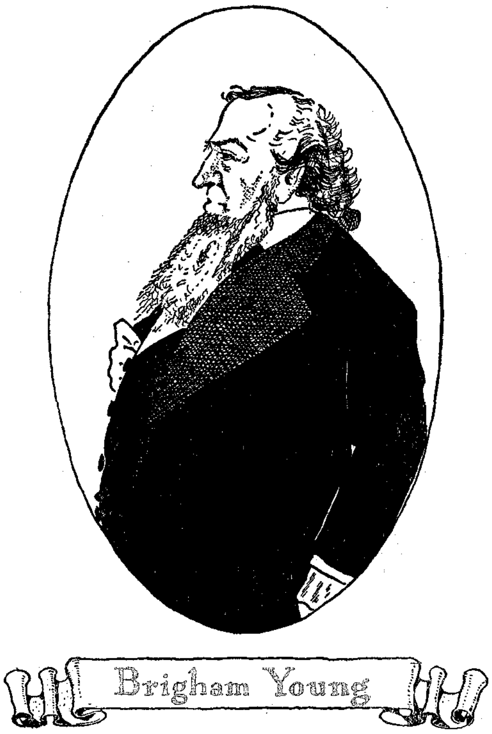
Nor is this fantastically removed from the present condition which confronts us. Whenever the question arises as to whether a minister should take part in politics, the actual and specific issue is: Was it a good thing for the United States that Protestant clergymen campaigned actively against Alfred E. Smith? I say it was not a good thing. Not for a minute would I deny a minister's right to oppose the candidacy of the recent Democratic nominee. No street corner should be shut off from the clerical campaigner. But the pulpit should not have been included. That is, not unless we are willing to agree with Cadman and Cannon that our republic should be changed into a clerical oligarchy.

The minister who gets up into the pulpit and addresses his congregation, speaks, according to the claim of Cannon and the admission of many of his followers, with divine authority. Were he content to say, "Speaking as one individual to others, I warmly urge a vote for Mr. Hoover," it would be hard to raise any objection.

In fact I could make no case whatsoever against John Haynes Holmes, the prominent Unitarian, if he undertook to campaign in and out of church for his favorite candidate in any election. (As a matter of fact, he did campaign aggressively for Norman Thomas in New York's last city election.) Mr. Holmes belongs to a denomination which does not believe in the prophetic authority of its ministers. His words carry no added weight except such as his own personality commands. I could remain a member of his congregation in good standing and follow the dictates of the New York *World's* editorial page rather than the pleas of the minister.

And that I could not do if I were a member of a Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Presbyterian congregation. The recent election was not presented by Bishop Cannon and his fellow clerics as a contest between Smith and Hoover. It was represented as a contest between Al Smith and God. God wrote the Volstead act and Governor Smith wanted to modify it. The duty of a Christian was only too clear.

I suppose a literal heresy case might not hold against a Methodist who chose to support Smith, but he certainly would be ostracized by his fellows. When the local prophet stood in the house of God on a Sunday morning and declared, as many did, that a Democratic triumph would mean a victory for the devil, he was impairing the idea of manhood suffrage. No decision was left to the individual. The straight Republican ticket was the will of God, although in a few Southern states He allowed some choice in local offices. So rigorous was the rule of the prophetic pulpiteers that in many typically American communities it would have been far simpler to empower each local minister to cast the ballots for his entire congregation.



It must be remembered that in certain Protestant denominations the perplexing and insufficiently studied public problem of prohibition has in some strange way become part of the church creed. I say "strange" because it is extremely difficult to find any clear and direct references to Volsteadism in the Gospels. This necessary Christian belief is probably contained in some later revelation from God to Bishop Cannon. However, there are congregations in which a denial of the efficacy of the Eighteenth Amendment is just as heretical as a denial of the Virgin birth.

I do not see how a republic can endure without at least two contending parties. If the good Bishop is to win his way, we shall have no more democratic elections. Instead of a campaign there need be only a trip to Sinai. The brief announcement that "God cast one vote" should be sufficient. And James Cannon, Jr., you may be sure, will hold the proxy.

**Next month, a dialogue from Berlin on Religion and Science with Albert Einstein in the leading rôle.**

# Polygamous WOMEN

Drawings by Lloyd Coe

### by V. F. CALVERTON

ARE WOMEN polygamous? Not many years ago the question would have been looked upon as a moral impertinence and an insult. To-day, however, it is very much in order. Women themselves have made it so. And men, for the first time in many centuries, have been forced to pause before making answer.

Whatever brief some may hold for woman's inclination toward monogamy, it certainly cannot be on the basis of her previous behavior. As we shall see from our discussion of her status and conduct in earlier societies, she certainly is not innately or biologically monogamous. If she *is* monogamous, it is because of the prevailing customs, and not because of anything inherent in her sex. When the prevailing customs are in a condition of decay, she is no more likely to be monogamous than man — and no one has ever dared argue that man is genuinely monogamous *by nature*. On the contrary, many will admit that he is naturally polygamous. But woman? Never!

Now what I wish to prove is that women are by nature no more monogamous than men, and no less polygamous. Those who have contended in recent years that although men may have displayed polygamous tendencies throughout history, women have always preferred the monogamous relation, have merely tried to build up a rationalization for their own morality. There is not a single consecutive historical argument that can be scientifically submitted in defense of this thesis. On the other hand, there is abundant evidence that woman's sexual tendencies are biologically no less variational than those of man.

The best historical proof of this is to be found in those primitive communities where the conditions of life do not hamper the sex expression of women any more than of men. Among the natives of Victoria the women have so many lovers that "it is almost impossible to tell the true paternity of the children." Brazilian historians tell us that among the Guaycurus and the Guanas, "the women, more especially the nobler ones, have one or two lovers who are day and night at their side." In Arabia and Madagascar, women of rank despise a marital connection with only one man, and are open in their possession of many lovers. In Sierra Leone it is considered ill-bred of a married woman to refuse the addresses of a lover.

Thus it is obvious that, whenever conditions have allowed it, woman has rejected the monogamous relationship as frequently as man. Nor does this mean that she is inherently more polygamously tended than he. It simply means that, granted equal freedom, she tends to be equally variational and multiple in her sex expression.

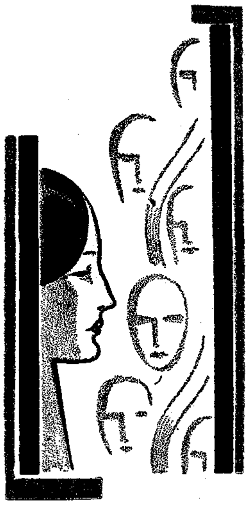
## THE REASONS FOR MONOGAMY

IT MUST be remembered that, despite the current idea to the contrary, woman never revolted against polygamy as a marital system. In fact, women in polygamous countries have been strikingly noted for their defense of the polygamous relationship. On this point the words of the missionary, J. L. Wilson (*Western Africa*), are at once pertinent and significant. "It is not a little singular," he writes, "that the females upon whom the burden of this degrading institution mainly rests are quite as much interested in its continuance as the men themselves. A woman would infinitely prefer to be one of a dozen wives of a respectable man than to be the sole representative of a man who had not the force of character to raise himself above the one-woman level."

Does this mean that woman is by nature polygamous? Not at all. It merely means that she is not innately opposed to polygamy, and that due to the subordination under which she has lived ever since the decline of the matriarchate, she has tended to accept the *mores* of her group, regardless of whether they were polygamous or monogamous.

From our analysis so far we can conclude that woman, when endowed with sexual freedom equal to that of man, has a tendency toward multitudinous loves instead of monogamous ones. While this does not mean that this tendency is continuous or inevitable, it is well to bear it in mind as we proceed with our discussion.

One of the main arguments in the logic of the "inherent monogamist" is resolved in the one word — pregnancy. Pregnancy is the final force that holds woman to monogamy. This she cannot escape. Pregnancy undoubtedly requires a degree of protection which man, economically at least, can supply better than the child-bearing woman; but this does not mean that the man must be her monogamous lover. She can derive protection from three lovers as well as one, and be none the worse for it. There remains, it must not be denied, the problem of paternity, which under the conditions of our culture would be too important to persist unsolved. Under a new society, however, where, as John B. Watson urges, children will be cared for by many mothers instead of one, this problem would largely disappear.



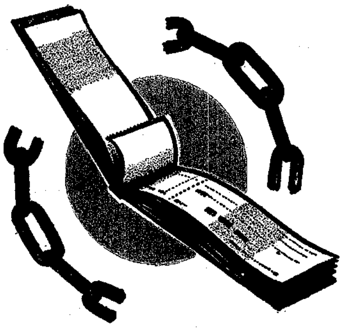
But there is a revolution occurring in moral life which does not even necessitate such a profound change in culture in order that woman be free of the handicap of pregnancy — and that is the development of the science of birth control. Even the economic independence of modern woman would have been inadequate fortification for her recent revolt if the danger of pregnancy were always imminent. Her plunge into the economic world has rapidly made her individually independent, but it has seldom equipped her sufficiently to combat all the costs of pregnancy, childbirth, and child-rearing. It was only the coming of birth control that was able to remove this fear and shift the emphasis in sex life from its procreational aspects to the recreational. In the sex world as well as the economic or political, women have become the equals of men. The threat of pregnancy, which has terrified so many women in the past into a submission to our culture, is no longer a Damocles' sword hanging constantly over their heads.

Let us now examine in some detail the facts which lead us to believe that women are not monogamous. In the first place, the so-called new morality which we have with us to-day is new only in terms of woman and not in terms of man. Woman has been the active force in it, and man the passive. She is in revolt, not he. In revolt against what? Against masculine domination in all the matters of life, in particular the economic and moral. For monogamy was as economic in its origins as polygamy or polyandry. It had its origins, as Arthur Calhoun (*Social History of the American Family*) has shown, among the poor. Its development in European life was in connection with gaining access to property and, as Briffault states, "the breeding of legal heirs to the acquired property."

Woman has been no better treated under monogamy than under any other system of marriage. She was treated as a piece of property in English law as well as Oriental. King Ethelred's attitude toward women is a clear indication of that fact. If a man seduced the wife of another, Ethelred required that the guilty pay the husband a fine and provide him with another mate. In other words, the seduction of a wife was far more serious as a violation of property than of person. Wife-sale was frequent throughout the early history of monogamy in Europe. Women were valued at specific prices according to their respective qualifications. A widow, for example, was worth half as much as a virgin. Fathers were ranked according to the numbers of daughters they possessed, because their daughters represented potential capital.

All these economic aspects of monogamy have continued in indirect and concealed form, as in the double standard of morality, in the marital relations between the sexes almost down to our own day. Women were subservient to men because they were economically dependent upon them. The beginning of the revolt against this subordination dates from the Industrial Revolution and woman's return to productive labor. It has been only in the last generation, however, and particularly since the war, that the economic independence of woman has been an important fact. Her economic freedom to-day, despite handicaps and disadvantages, is an established reality.

What will be the effect of this upon monogamy? Although men forced women, by economic fact and moral theory, to be monogamous, they were never monogamous themselves. Hence the double code of morality. Will woman, freed from this economic subservience and already defiant of this moral theory, be more monogamous than man in the future? There certainly is no historical or biological reason, as we have shown, why she should be so. Let us see what she has already done that would indicate whether she will be or not.



### INSTALLMENT MARRIAGES

In the first place there is the marriage institution itself to consider. Monogamy, as originally conceived in Western civilization, is already in a state of quick decay. It must be remembered that a monogamy which is interrupted by frequent divorce is a monogamy only in fiction and not in fact. Bishop Charles Fiske is not exaggerating, therefore, when he describes the present trend of marriage as "a tide of consecutive polygamy." And he is equally correct when he maintains that if you "take away the thought of finality and determination from the marriage vow," you rob it of its virtue and meaning.

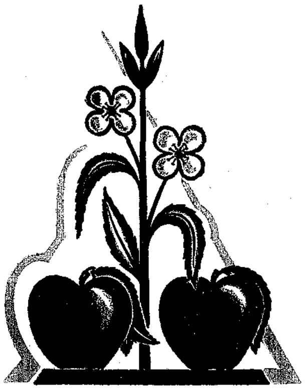
If the state of marriage in our society to-day is not one of "consecutive polygamy," it certainly is a monogamy that has become so modified that it is almost meaningless, except in the preservation of those property rights which were occasionally inherent in its concept. The end of these modifications, as we find in Soviet Russia to-day, is the complete annihilation of monogamy as a binding concept. Soviet Russia accepts monogamy too, but modified to such a point that freedom of divorce has to a great extent simplified the variation of wives and husbands.

Now, what concrete evidence have we of woman's revolt against monogamy? Divorce everywhere has been an active force in the disruption of the monogamous concept, as every preacher and sociologist has pointed out, and it has been woman far more than man who has been instrumental in bringing about this change. In America alone, for instance, among 958,625 divorces, 642,476 were granted to women, and only 316,149 to men. When we remember that the first divorce court was not established in England until 1857, and that until almost the end of the nineteenth century divorce sought by woman was a sign of stigma, we can easily recognize what a state of protest and revolt woman is in to-day.

When John B. Watson predicts that "the present marriage system (of monogamy) will end in fifty years," what he is really saying is that women are ending the system of marriage that men began. The Reverend Dr. Caleb R. Stetson, in describing the direction toward which we are now tending as that of "progressive polygamy and respectable promiscuity," is merely making a similar reflection upon the effects of this revolt on the part of women.

But such statements, which are to be heard on every side to-day, are less conclusive testimony as to the actual behavior of women than studies of a more concrete and statistical variety. Among a thousand unmarried women studied by Dr. Katharine Bement Davis, only two hundred and eighty-eight denied having had any sexual experience whatsoever. What does this study reveal? Simply this: that only three in every ten of these unmarried women were innocent of all sexual experience. The myth of the pure woman is almost at an end.

Among the thousand women studied, seven hundred and thirty admitted that they practiced birth control, and while others were less candid in their remarks, only seventy-eight expressed disapproval of it. This attitude toward birth control methods is closely linked, as we observed before, with woman's new independence in sexual expression.



More interesting even than these statistics are those tabulated by Dr. G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan in their study of one hundred married men and one hundred married women. Forty-one of these married women had outside love affairs, while only twenty-nine of the husbands had such affairs. What we have here is a definite testimony to woman's new behavior. Here are married women, still living with their husbands, who are at the same time having love affairs with other men to complement their emotional experience. There was a time when this Madame Bovary reaction was singular. To-day it has become common. Women are increasingly discontent with their husbands. Divorces demanded by women represent one revolt of the female sex against the old, lifelong monogamy. Their extra-marital affairs represent an even more recent and more definitely antimonogamous tendency.

Anyone who is intimately acquainted with other studies in this field, in particular with the work of Judge Ben Lindsey and the revolt of modern youth, and who is at the same time aware of the actual behavior of men and women as reported by their own words, by newspapers, and by courts, realizes that the statistics given above are but a mild indication of what is already a deep-rooted trend. The monogamy of women depended upon the success of the family and the home; but both institutions, as even the conservative critic admits, are to-day in a state of disorganization and decay. The rigid regulations which once held women in check have lost their old power.

As Alyse Gregory has pointed out ("The Changing Morality of Women," *Current History*), the girl now sows her wild oats as well as the boy, for "her employer asks no questions as to her life outside the office. She has her own salary at the end of the month, and asks no other recompense from her lover but his love and companionship." She is no longer dependent upon her family for her livelihood — nor, in many instances, when she is married, is she dependent upon her husband.

### The Right to Love

It is no wonder, then, that women have already begun to announce their revolt against monogamy. They are now able to be as free in the expression of their emotions as men. The right to love and to be loved has become a dominant force in their lives; the influence of respectability has begun to recede. Women are seldom terrified any longer by custom, or by the awful eye of the moral censor, which they now recognize as man's ambassador. They are coming to see — what man has always seen — that love and monogamy have almost always been historical contradictions. Except for occasional periods, fidelity has seldom been one of man's virtues.

"Practically all the great romances of history," writes Ira S. Wile, "have been in the greener pastures outside the marriage pale (the love songs of the troubadours were addressed to somebody's else wife)." Women of Provence, in the highest civilization of the Middle Ages, were scornful of monogamy because of the limitation thrust upon the love emotion.

When we recall famous women down the centuries — those who were economically freed from dependence upon men — we discover only personalities that ridiculed monogamy as a myth made by man for the subordination of women. Whether it be George Sand, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse, or Isadora Duncan, it is this same attitude that we encounter.

The new morality of our own day expresses merely another angle of it. "Necking" and "petting" parties have not indicated any outstanding monogamous behavior on the part of women in contrast to that of the men. If these parties do not as yet always run to the extreme, it is merely the intervention of lingering *mores* that retards their fulfillment. In their expression, however, one can readily see habits of behavior which, with the entire release from these *mores*, will swiftly become definite and complete.

But will not women with their new freedom force men to become monogamous instead of their becoming as polygamous as men? This has been the hope of many reformers. Yet, upon close analysis, there are few realists who will grant that there is much reason to believe that man will ever become genuinely monogamous in sexual habit. He may observe the outward forms of monogamy, but he will not be limited by them. And there is little reason to believe that woman, once she is entirely free of man's dominance, will practice monogamy with any more fidelity. She, too, may accept its forms, it is true; but she, too, will violate them in action.

The very concept of monogamy presumes a certain permanence and fidelity of sexual affection. Unfortunately, however, the love emotion is usually short-lived. That magnetism which we have been accustomed to describe as love is beautiful but brief. Its very electricity springs from the sexual impulse. The excitement disappears with the repeated realization of the sex desire. The thrill of discovery disappears, and with this inevitable change, passion dims, and love fades into either indifference, dislike, or devotion. The exhilaration which we have called romance, however, is irretrievably lost.

This is a fact which practically every psychologist has known, but has been unwilling to declare. The layman proves it by action and proverb. With this change comes the craving for a renewal of love — for, after all, love is a dynamic thing in the life of woman as well as man — and with this craving arises again the old conflict.

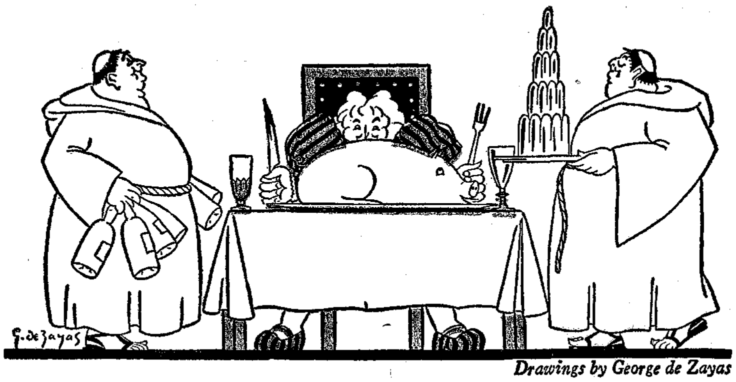
In the past, man has always solved this conflict by turning to either the prostitute or the mistress. In France, even to-day, the mistress is in many instances part of the accepted social system. This has meant the degradation of certain women for the protection of wives. Such has been the price which women have paid for monogamy in the past. In this old order of things, women who were wives seldom dared to take the liberty practiced by their husbands, because they were economically dependent upon them, and because the morality that then prevailed classified such an act on their part as an "unpardonable sin." This economic dependence has passed to-day, and along with it the notion of the unpardonable sin.

Thus women are now in a position to adopt, and in many instances have already adopted, the freedom of men in their refusal to observe the customs of monogamy. In America, for example, the tendency of woman to revolt against monogamy is all the more marked because in this country the idea of romantic love has been taken with far more seriousness than in Europe. Where the element of romance is most stressed, there monogamy tends to be the greater failure.

Although some may argue that these changes have not yet occurred, few will deny that they are in the process of occurring at the present time. Women are certainly no more monogamous than men. The marital order of monogamy may not change in legal form, but there is little likelihood that it will be observed any more faithfully in the future than it was in the past, when women were emancipated in monogamous Rome.

[Editor's Note. — In this article Mr. Calverton has tested one of the oldest assumptions commonly made about women, namely, that they are by nature monogamous. The breakdown of the old moral standards is too obvious to admit of any doubt, and Mr. Calverton observes that one of the first evidences of this breakdown is the tendency of women to substitute for monogamy a progressive polygamy. Not even the most scientific observer, however, can examine his facts in a vacuum, and throughout this article there also run certain overtones of appraisal and judgment. Nowhere is it stated in so many words, but the reader will be sure nonetheless that Mr. Calverton, if put to the question, would say that the progressive polygamy of modern women is better than the monogamy which their grandmothers observed, sometimes hypocritically, because they could not help it. The reader who does not share this view should compare this article with that of James Truslow Adams which appears elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Adams is quite as ready as Mr. Calverton to face the facts and admit that the old moral standards are no longer being observed; but, far from condoning this state of affairs, Mr. Adams regards it as the most serious problem of our times. By pointing out the difference between the moral law and its changing expression in our different moral codes, he emphasizes the necessity of discovering new sanctions for good behavior.]

# Common Sense in Eating



*Drawings by George de Zayas*

### *by* LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

We are told by Katharine Anthony that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth the average English family began to eat three meals a day. This was a sign of the increasing prosperity of the country. In the shortly earlier period of Henry VIII, Andrew Borde, a contemporary physician, wrote that "Two meales a daye is suffycyent for a rest man; and a laborer may eate three tymes a day; and he that doth eate ofter lyveth a beestly lyfe."

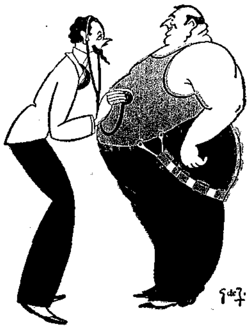
In America, at least, we are still following the injunctions of Henry's shrewd old leech and eating usually only three meals a day. It may be well to remind ourselves, however, that when we indulge in midnight collations, we are "lyving a beestly lyfe," as presumably are our British cousins with their inevitable tea. The hours for meals in Henry's England were at ten or eleven in the morning and at four in the afternoon. "Breakfast," according to Salzman (*English Life in the Middle Ages*), "as a regular meal is little heard of, though probably most men started the day with a draught of ale and some bread."

These historical details recall the fact that the amount of food we consume is occasioned by our economic environment as well as our nutritional requirements. Never before in the world's history has there been such an abundance and variety of food available for all strata of society as there is to-day. In this stage of the planet's history man has no winter period of enforced starvation alternating with a summer period of plenty. To some physicians this situation appears to have an element of danger. They think most of us are digging our graves with our teeth.

The subject of overeating is being discussed just now and settled in the way that most modern problems are settled. That is, it is being settled as if there were only one solution, and as if that solution should be applied to everyone on earth in exactly the same manner. Now it must be evident that the real solution depends on the individual involved. It is dangerous to lay down dogmatic rules on diet for 110 million people, some of whom are fat, some thin, some medium, some diabetic, some scorbutic, some anæmic, some tuberculous, and some hypertensive.

I remember seeing not long ago a book which advocated with no slight tinge of passion the "no breakfast" cure. The author, unfortunately for himself, had adorned his pages with photographs of some of his proselytes. One of these subjects obviously should have gone without breakfast for a long, long time. But on the next page was the picture of an emaciated gentleman for whom a large number of breakfasts in rapid succession would hardly be sufficient.

Advice against overeating is doubtless excellent, but it is dangerous in that it affects people who need it the least — people to whom, in fact, it may prove highly deleterious. I have in mind a family which has become imbued with the doctrine of a certain gentleman who, according to his statement, is going to live to be one hundred and fifty. The result is that their five-year-old boy is eating nothing but three spinach sandwiches a day. What sort of an adult animal will that poor child grow into? Thus, too, when Mr. Upton Sinclair advocates "fasting for health," his advice should not be taken wholesale. Last summer a group of enthusiasts started from Chicago to fast somewhere in the wilderness of Colorado. The pilgrimage, which was called "the Fast to Hunger," was to last eighty days. Our next news from the party came some time later, when one of the members died after having gone without food for forty days.



Few diatribes on overeating point out the harmful consequences of undereating. Yet these are quite real. A child like the one just mentioned is being exposed to dangers which are by no means fanciful. Children and young people generally need milk, meat, sugar, fruits, and a great variety of food. And this fact is often forgotten when blanket statements are made.

We must not expect, however, that the matter will be settled with the calm detachment which limpid minds like mine would desire. In fact, it may not be settled finally at all. It is not reason so much as emotion which enters into dialectics such as this. Dr. Stefansson, for instance, lived on meat for a year or more and professed his general condition much exalted; this proves, I fear, only that Dr. Stefansson feels better on an exclusively meat diet, not that the rest of the world would. Mr. Upton Sinclair, on the contrary, eats only vegetables, with occasional periods of starvation, and professes himself benefited. But this does not prove that the kind of novels Mr. Sinclair writes are generated by tomatoes; it only shows that his emotional nature palpitates more herbivorously than carnivorously. It will be difficult to convince the Toby Belches and the John Falstaffs that cakes and ale in great abundance at ease in mine inn are not preferable to the pleasures of a monastic cell through the Lenten period.

### THE NORMAL DIET

WHAT IS a normal diet? What differences may change in diet be expected to produce in the body? What value have diets in preserving or regaining health?

A great deal is being written and read about these questions and a great deal of discussion revolves around them. What is needed to carry the inquirer past the multiple contradictions of the advice offered him is not so much a wide knowledge of physiology as a very elementary application of the scientific method. The scientific method is not an esoteric and mysterious function which is visited on certain chosen minds after a long apprenticeship in a laboratory. Its attribute, and the way in which it differs, for instance, from the method of logic, is that it is unwilling to stamp anything as true unless it has been tried in the crucible of experience.

The process of trial is also somewhat peculiar in scientific research. Not only must one prove that a given statement is true, but he must also prove that the opposite is not true. Thus for proof of the statement that bread will cause children to grow, it will not do simply to give bread to a group of children and show that they grow. It must be proved that another group cease growing when bread is withheld from their dietary.

With these two methods of measurement (first, proving the positive; and second, disproving the negative) anyone can resolve the questions that arise concerning diet with only a small amount of help from the physiological laboratory.

What, for instance, is a normal diet? The words suggest a very exact and mystical balance of ultimate chemical constituents, the use of which will keep a person in the very pink of jumping-from-springboards, riding-to-hounds health; and any variation from which will result in that youth-is-slipping, another-cloud-of-depression state so graphically depicted by super-futuristic artists.

Now the test of a normal diet is the normal man — and the normal man is a pure abstraction. Is an Eskimo a normal man? Or a Chinaman? Babe Ruth or Albert Einstein? The Eskimo eats almost exclusively an animal dietary. The Chinaman almost exclusively a vegetable dietary. The general health, the longevity, the blood pressure, kidney disease and diabetes incidence in the two races is about the same. Babe Ruth and Professor Einstein probably eat about the same food. In the instance of the Bambino it is converted into muscular energy, in the Professor's case into mathematics.

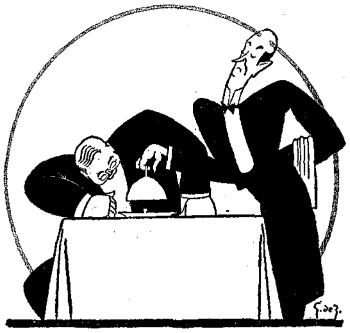
But even though food makes the man only in the most general sense, any human diet must have certain basic factors. It must have:

1. Enough fuel.
2. Enough protein to replace outworn tissue.
3. Water.
4. A definite daily amount of sodium, phosphorus, calcium, iron, sulphur, and iodine.
5. Certain substances, called vitamins, found largely in fresh food.
6. It must be free from pathogenic bacterial or parasitical contamination.

These six constitute the definite requirements of a diet. It is distinctly unsafe for any person to disregard them. One other requirement — not so rigid, but distinctly valuable — is bulk. In nearly any average household's cuisine fulfilling the first five basic requirements mentioned above and made up of natural foods, there will be enough bulk. It is only when powdered and concentrated foods are exclusively substituted that the bulk of food is proportionately insufficient. And when that happens, the vitamins are usually also below normal. Bulk is valuable because it causes a good lot of chewing. The chewing calls forth plenty of salivary secretion. When the chewed mass reaches the stomach, it calls out the secretion of digestive juices. The unabsorbed mass of the food provides mechanical stimulus to the muscular walls of the intestine and their contractions clean out the bowel of its useless and offensive, if not harmful, residue.

The average bulk of an average diet (four hundred grams of starch, one hundred and twenty-five grams of protein, and seventy-five grams of fat) is about a pint. It cannot be digested without about two and a half quarts of water. Such a bulk also insures greater palatability and hence a higher æsthetic appreciation of one's meals.

Attention to bulk, however, can easily be overdone. There are a great many people who think they are constipated and who therefore pile up the consumption of roughage indefinitely. They have, as a matter of fact, very sensitive intestines, and the more roughage they take, the more sense of fullness, gas, and discomfort they feel. These sensations are what they mean by constipation. When they are put on a nonresidue diet, their symptoms disappear and their "constipation" is really cured by a reduction in the number of intestinal evacuations.

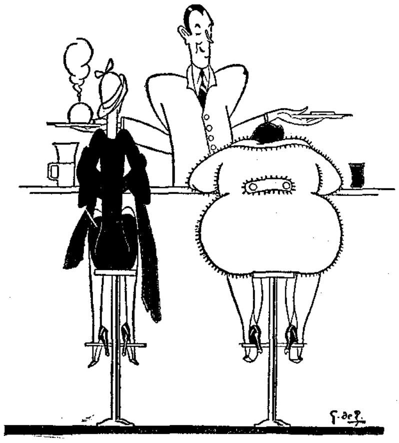


Two points should be made concerning the basic essentials listed above. First, their importance is buttressed by the most complete scientific proof; and second, an average diet may contain some necessary ingredients that have not yet been charted. The two points are interdependent and perhaps need some explanation.

When it is said that the six essentials of a diet have been determined by scientific research, this does not mean that science has constructed out of a logical abstraction a phantasm called a normal diet and then found by experimenting that it fulfills human nutritional needs. That, indeed, appears to be the manner in which modern advisers of the public construct their "normal diets," but that was not the procedure of the great physiologists who laid the foundations of our knowledge of digestion and nutrition. What they did was exactly the opposite. They observed what man's average diet was and then proceeded to ascertain why it was so essential for him.

Examples will best illustrate their method. Fuel heads our list of dietetic necessities. The early observers must have come across the fact that by and large all over the world a human being of given age, dimensions, and activity will eat not only about the same amount of food every day, but also the same as any other human being of the same age, dimensions, and activity. So true is this that any housewife knows about how much to order for one day for her brood, and a chef who has never seen you knows how much food constitutes an "order." A bushel, a teaspoonful, a glass, a cup, a plate — all have been modeled on this fundamental rule.

How men arrived at such nicety of calculation is a matter which belongs to the realm of metaphysics. But the fact is indisputable. If the men of Henry VIII's time ate only two meals a day, they ate as much at those two as the men of Elizabeth's day did at three. Of that we may be as certain as that a brick thrown out the window in Henry's reign would fall to the ground and not ascend to heaven.



When the early scientific investigators of dietetics started to find out the mechanisms behind this observation, they had to apply a term of measurement, which they found at hand in the science of physics and which is our old friend, the calorie. A calorie is a measurement of heat, and these early investigators — Voit, Pettenkofer, Atwater, Lusk, and Chittenden — found that both the energy the body expended and the fuel value of food could be measured in terms of this heat unit.

How much is a calorie? Well, the books tell you it is the amount of heat that will bring a certain amount of water from one temperature up to another. But this definition never gave me a very clear idea of what a calorie is. Let us try to get a conception of it that is closer to our own activities. When a person of average weight sitting in a chair near a door rises, closes the door, and reseats himself, he has used up one calorie. So much for the amount of energy the body gets out of one calorie.

How much food makes one calorie? Divide an ordinary oblong cracker into four parts. Each one contains a calorie. One drop of cream is one calorie. The amount of chicken you can just get on the four tines of a fork is one calorie. The amount of granulated sugar you can get on the tip of a small, after-dinner coffee spoon is one calorie.

Now to get back to what the investigators found out about the amount of food used in one day. Remember we said a human being of given age, dimensions, and activity would have a constant food intake. Young animals need more food per pound than older ones. A one-year-old baby needs forty-four calories per pound every twenty-four hours; a man of thirty needs eighteen; and a man of eighty needs eleven. Dr. F. C. Gephart, in investigating the boys at St. Paul's school, found that such active, growing organisms instinctively consumed five thousand calories and two hundred and ten grams of protein a day, as against twenty-five hundred calories and one hundred grams for an adult.

Activity and dimensions naturally vary the results. The human engine is not like the automobile. Even in sleep it uses energy in the form of the heartbeat and breathing — about half a calorie per pound of body weight per hour — for an average sized person fifteen hundred calories. But sitting up in a chair raises this fifty per cent, and moderate activity doubles it. Hard work or exercise doubles it again.

When the scientists had found all these things out, they did not change, nor did the facts they found out change, the amount of food a given individual of given age, dimensions, and activity ate. That amount is regulated very delicately by the individual's appetite and some curious, inner instinctive mechanisms about which we understand very little. Thus the discoveries that an adult of average weight cannot possibly get along on less than sixty grams of protein a day and probably needs one hundred and twenty-five grams; that growing babies need two or three times as much protein per body weight as adults; that animal protein in the form of meats is much more easily assimilated than vegetable protein; that the body needs about twenty grams of salt a day, about half a gram of calcium, one and a half grams of phosphorus, and one one-hundredth grams of iron, simply confirmed the eating habits formed by the average human being since he became a prosperous animal.

That is my first point. Researches on diet have not created a new dietary: they have simply proved why the old one so long in use was effective.

### THE VITAMIN ENIGMA

MY SECOND point I think can best be illustrated by the now familiar vitamins. There was a time, in the rosy dawn of dietetic science, when it was supposed that it would be possible to feed mankind on concentrated rations. A beautiful picture was painted of long rows of the citizens of the new state waiting in line at the government commissaries and being handed out neat cubes wrapped in tin foil, which cubes were their dinner. They could swallow this cube on the way home, thus leaving the evening entirely free for concentrated, happy thinking. It was a picture that did not meet with universal approval, it is true. Pink-faced epicures in club windows, who spent their time gazing out tranquilly and thinking of mock turtle soup, were found to be rather cool toward the news of liberation.

In the midst of the general rejoicing, however, news was wafted from the nutritional laboratories that the golden age, or perhaps the tin foil age, was not yet to be. It was announced that a number of substances found only in fresh food, and often only in bulky food, were absolutely necessary to growth and health. They were named vitamins. One — Vitamin D — found in cod liver oil, fish oils generally, and butter fat, was discovered to be necessary for growth in children. Others — Vitamins A, B, and C — in fruits, vegetables, and yeast, were found necessary for health and well-being of various sorts. The latest one — Vitamin E — was discovered in 1923. It is considered necessary for smooth operation of the reproductive functions, at least in females, and is found in lettuce, meal, whole-wheat, and rolled oats. How many more of them there are which we do not yet know about, no one is able to say.

Therefore, if we ate according to the present knowledge of physiology and included only those vitamins which are now known — A, B, C, D, and E — we might be leaving out many things entirely necessary to our health. It is really safer to stick to the long-established diets we have all been using and liking than to the pronouncements of the food dogmatists. An average diet may contain some necessary ingredients that have not yet been charted.

Why does the body need these fresh substances? Why can't it get along on a calculated, concentrated ration? Any answer, of course, must be pure speculation, but the most reasonable one is that the wild life of the forest and the plain which all higher animals originally led, forced them to eat fresh food — either fresh meat or fresh vegetables. Thus in the process of evolution their economy developed a dependency on vitamins in fresh food.

The other questions which we proposed for ourselves lead us into very debatable ground. If, aside from the essential ingredients we have named, there is any preferable combination of foods which leads to better health, no considerable body of opinion is agreed on what it is. Dr. Sansum in California, who has written a book called *The Normal Diet*, believes there is an acid-alkili balance which should be maintained in the food. He says that if this is disturbed, a condition of acidosis develops. It is not the ordinary sort of acidosis we are used to, due to ketone bodies, but a new sort invented by himself — and, I must confess, to me a very vague sort.

No competent physician with whom I have discussed Dr. Sansum's ideas subscribes to them. Nevertheless, the heathen and the unlearned imagine vain things, and I have been rocked to sleep frequently by the rhapsodies of many of his patients, who have found that on his diet their noses feel better, their skins less itchy, their feet hurt less, their breath is sweeter, and they sweat less under the armpits.

Then quite recently there is Dr. Lovell Langstroth of San Francisco, who has told us why we get high blood pressure and Bright's disease; why we get old, and so on. It is because people eat too little of protective foods — those "rich in vitamins," the commonest being "eggs, milk, fruit, vegetables, and lettuce." Dr. Langstroth analyzed the dietary histories of five hundred and one patients. (I never could understand why scientific investigators delight in odd numbers of patients. Why "and one"? I presume because, as in the case of Pooh-Bah, it lent "an air of verisimilitude to what would otherwise be a bald and unconvincing narrative.") It develops, according to Dr. Langstroth, that the people who had not had much protective food had a high percentage of high blood pressure, Bright's disease, megrim, chronic rheumatism, and chronic digestive disease; while those who had eaten a great deal of protective foods had a low percentage of high blood pressure and so forth and so forth.

I am sorry to be such a kill-joy, but I am not persuaded. The whole thing has a reminiscent ring. Back in the nineties Alexander Haig said the same thing about uric acid. And only a little later the respected director of the Pasteur Institute, Metchnikoff, came dashing into the limelight with the news that Bulgarian peasants lived to be a hundred or two hundred by drinking goats' milk. Then Mr. Tobey told us that drinking plain, ordinary, common or dairy milk would add six years to our lives — this last being based on the longevity of pastoral Arabs and Tartars and experiments on rats.

People are always doing that. They say, "Look at the inhabitants of Tibet." They never say, "Look at the inhabitants of Wisconsin" — whom you *could* look at. The formula is to pick the people most inaccessible in point of time and space, and ask, "What about their diet and longevity?" Well, of course, there never having been a census taken in these places, nobody knows.

Thus Dr. Langstroth says: "It has been pointed out that certain primitive peoples are relatively free from many of our chronic diseases; that the introduction of the white man's food has meant the introduction of the white man's diseases." I should like to know who pointed it out and what "certain" primitive people it refers to. So far as I know, every investigation of any primitive people has shown that they have exactly as much degenerative disease as anyone else and, allowing for such isolation as has been conducive to longevity as an hereditary trait, the same span of life.

If there is any modern trend in diet, it is that we have been restricting the animal foods too much. In an address before the New York Association of Dietitians about a year ago, Dr. Eugene F. DuBois, one of the best dietetic authorities, pointed out the dangers of restricting the protein in the diet. He recalled that when percentage feeding of infants was in its prime, everyone was worried about the dangers of too much protein in the milk. Milk for artificial feeding was diluted to reduce its protein content. But now some of the most serious alimentary disorders of infants are treated by milk containing almost nothing but protein in the form of casein. Low protein diets for adults were advocated on a totally unfair interpretation of protein dietary experiments. It is easy to impoverish the body of protein unless extensive balance tests are constantly used, and such depletion is dangerous.

### FOOD AFTER FORTY

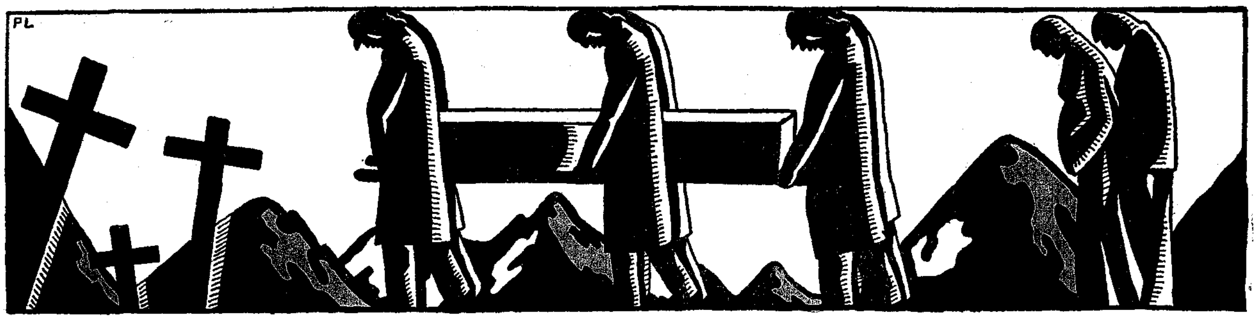
It seems very silly and simple to say that underweight people should not starve themselves, and overweights should not gorge. But such is the wisdom of science, simply expressed. No matter what your age or weight, eating is beneficial for you. The dangers of underеating are far more real and better proved than the dangers of overeating.

Of course, after one passes the grand climacteric of forty-five, of which Mr. Cabell reminds us so feelingly in his last book, a general tendency toward abstinence is advisable. George Cheyne, M.D., who wrote "An Essay on Health and Long Life" in 1725, said that man should go out of life as he came in — on a milk diet. But it is well to remember that George Cheyne's idea of "Food sufficient to keep a man of ordinary Stature, following no Laborious Employment, in due Plight, Health, and Vigor" was "Eight ounces of Fresh Meat, Twelve of Bread, or vegetable food, about a Pint of Wine or other generous Liquor in Twenty-four hours."

Advice about excesses after forty-five has a certain cynical tone. Only the few — and the lucky — will scandalize the neighborhood beyond that fateful time. Doctors will do these valetudinarians more harm than good with their advice. If left to themselves, they will get to bed early, they will not overexert, they will eat what is good for them, and they will not acquire syphilis. The Propaganda Committee of the Birth Control League may safely scratch their names off its list.

These safely harbored individuals may find counsel in the words of a sage from another part of the world — the Chinese hygienist, Li Ching-Yun:

"Sit like a tortoise,
Walk sprightly like a pigeon,
Sleep like a dog,
Eat like a newborn colt."



Drawings by Paul Love

# Death on HIGH

## *Everyday Adventures in the Andes*

### by ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

SICKNESS and death come bleakly to us in our tiny mining camp on the east slope of the Andes, many miles from a railroad and accessible only by mule. No well-ordered hospitals, no trained nurses, no elegant "funeral parlor." Nothing but our sturdy Johns Hopkins doctor, who will fight with every ounce of strength in his valiant body to stay a tired soul bent on leaving the world; and the loving — if at times rather overpowering — help of our half dozen or so fellow gringos.

Our camp lies in a sheltered valley directly on a pass which, since the beginning of history, has been a highway between the Alto and the low country of Bolivia. The trail drops steeply from the desolate sixteen-thousand-foot divide — marked by three crosses and a cluster of sad graves — to a land of orange trees and banana groves, wild begonias and scarlet sage, parrots and monkeys. The entire distance is only one hard day's ride.

Up and down this trail surges the life of the country: a horseman, wrapped in a gaudy poncho, followed afoot by his Indian servants; a train of llamas laden with flour or salt or coca; a *requa* of burros carrying a couple of children, a batch of chickens and ducks, and some household goods crowned by a white enamel chamber; a flock of sheep herded by a boy who plays a shrill reed pipe with one hand and hugs the tiniest lamb of the flock with the other; a herd of goats in the charge of an Indian girl who, as she walks, spins sheep wool into yarn on a crude wooden spindle; half a dozen bulls plodding up to be slaughtered; a band of a hundred or more peons sweating and snorting over a pianola which they are transporting to the *finca* of a wealthy native landowner.

We are tin miners; and our base camp, in which are the offices and the married quarters, stands beside this trail just above the tree line. A thousand feet higher up the trail is the mill camp, and still higher — at an elevation of 15,500 feet — is the mine camp. For ten years these three camps have flourished bravely in the wilderness. We miners are for the most part a pretty gay and carefree crowd. We work hard and play perhaps a grain harder. Only when the high crises of life stalk down upon us do we realize our dread isolation, our awful farness from what we had always considered the proper accouterments of sickness and death.

On account of the altitude, any protracted siege is hard on the heart, and pneumonia is nearly always fatal. With the first serious symptoms inevitably comes a wild urge to "get out" — to get away from the mountains and their cruel loneliness, to get to the sea and people. Getting out, however, is a serious matter. Harsh experience has proved that staying put gives one a far better chance of recovery.

Imagine the trip. The patient, wrapped in blankets and laid in a basketlike wire stretcher, is carried by a convoy of Indians to the automobile road five miles away. The convoy is usually made up of forty or fifty Indians —

none of them too bright — and a *capataz;* and as they labor up the steep trail, they bump the stretcher, drop it, pick it up again, until the unfortunate patient is shattered to the core. When at last he is propped up in the automobile, supported by friends and pillows, things are not much better, for before him lies a trip of seventy miles — a sickening trip over a road which climbs up and up around one hairpin curve after another (I have counted them time and again and know there are thirty in all) until it reaches the divide, and from there plunges down around another multitude of curves and over an immense stretch of pampas three thousand feet to the railroad.

Even after reaching the railroad, troubles are not at an end. Trains for the coast run only twice a week, and the journey is a long, tedious affair: one night in a berth so narrow that one can hardly turn over; a change early next morning at a place called Uyuni — a wart on the surface of the pampas and so cold, windy, and desolate as to turn one to stone; a heartbreaking day crawling over a plain of utter barrenness; another night in the coffinlike berth; and early next morning Antofagasta and the sea.

While we are well and in our sane minds, we realize the perils of trying to get out. It is only when sickness and its attendant madness assail us that we want to run — run anywhere, so long as it is far from the mountains and where there are people, lots of people.

## II

LET ME tell you of a terrible thing that happened before I came to Bolivia. Typhus broke out among the natives at all three camps, and the company doctor — an American — naturally had to take care of all the cases. This was during the very early days of the mine, and none of the camps was really organized. They had neither electric lights nor means of heating the tents nor satisfactory telephones. The doctor — a man of infinite courage and real ability — had served through the typhus outbreaks in Serbia during the war, and was therefore unusually well equipped to handle the situation. Day after day and night after night he rode between the three camps, not only doctoring the cases, but nursing them as well.

Although the company imported a huge delouser and all the natives were steamed and disinfected in the effort to get rid of the typhus louse, the epidemic persisted. The rainy season was on, and men who were here at the time have told me of the beating icy rain, the mud, the darkness of the nights with only candles or lanterns for light. The gringos made their own beds and rolled them in rubber blankets to keep out the dreaded lice. They cooked their own food and washed their own clothes. At work and at play they always kept an eye out for the unwelcome visitor who spelled death.

One night the doctor was riding down the narrow river trail from the mill to the base camp, when he saw an Indian lying on the ground. He dismounted and turned the face — a dead face — up to the watery moonlight; and as he did so, one of the fatal typhus lice lighted on his hand. He knew at once what he was in for, but he continued on his way to camp, finished his rounds in the small galvanized iron shed that did for a hospital, then went to his tent and wrote out with meticulous care how his case should be treated, adding as a final clause, "Don't under any circumstances try to get me out. Keep me here in camp."

In the appointed time he began to sicken, and shortly developed a particularly virulent case of typhus. His wife was the only woman in the place. She nursed him faithfully and in strict accordance with his directions, bringing him successfully through the worst part of the fever. As he appeared to recover, however, the awful madness to get out seized him. His wife at first tried to combat him, but at last, worn out with nursing and loneliness, she became almost as crazed as he. They urged and coaxed and scolded and threatened, until at last, while the General Manager was off the property, they got the promise of the company car to take them to the railroad.

When the day came to start, they wrapped the poor, worn creature in blankets, put him in the basket, and the Indians started up the long trail, his wife riding behind on a mule. I am told that when he reached the road, the very sight of the automobile seemed to put new life into him; and he was almost gay when the machine started. But as they crept up and up, his breath came in short, hard sobs, his face grayed, and when they reached the crest, he gave one sharp gasp and died. People who live at the railroad station still tell of the car driving into the company patio in the golden dusk, with the maddened woman babbling over the dead thing in her arms.

It was about a year later that we came to the camp. By that time electric lights, small electric stoves that took the edge off the awful cold — cold that seems to paralyze your very marrow — and a fair telephone service between the camps had been installed. A line of anæmic eucalyptus trees grew along the path that divided the two rows of tents, and gardens were set out in every available spot within the stone walls of the restricted camp site. I have often wondered why, with miles of country open to us, our tents should cling together so stubbornly; for almost shoulder to shoulder they stood, with just a scrap of garden between and hardly a bit of ground for drying yard. Flowers grew wonderfully in the heavy black loam, and most of the year, notwithstanding the cold, we were gay with California poppies, foxgloves, columbines, and truly splendid pansies — riotous, lawless pansies of every conceivable color and enormous size that refused to stay in orderly beds, but thrust their laughing faces out between the stones of the walls, popped up along the gravel paths, and flung their seed on the fierce mountain winds to be carried miles away.

The galvanized iron shed, too, had been replaced by a small hospital — a tiny operating room, a ward, and a dispensary — and our Johns Hopkins doctor had come to fill the gap left by the typhus victim. The place was remarkably healthful, for — wonder of wonders in South America — we had clear, unpolluted drinking water that came tearing down the mountain side direct from the glacier and needed neither to be boiled nor filtered. Our drainage system, because of the seething stream that whirled past us just outside the wall, was perfect; and the sharp, thin air was free of any taint of malaria or other tropical terror. The typhus epidemic had been conquered, and during all the years I have lived in and about the neighborhood, has never recurred. Smallpox is always with us in South America, but so far as I know there has never been a case among the gringos of the wilderness. At the first sign of a real outbreak of the disease among the natives, our stern doctor always lines us up and vaccinates us — conscientious objection or number of times previously vaccinated of no moment.

### III

If we are free of the usual ills supposed to be the lot of those who live in the tropics — for, despite its rather untropical climate, Bolivia is not very far south of the equator — there is one evil that is persistently with us, and that is pneumonia. Pneumonia is especially devastating in the winter. Then the blazing sun of the dry season beats down all day, and as its last rays disappear behind the western hills about five in the afternoon, the biting cold and the icy winds from the glacier set your teeth chattering at once. The first case of pneumonia that I encountered in these high altitudes has left in my heart an abiding terror.

The victim was a young Scotchman, one of the mine engineers. He was a great, big, strapping chap, with red cheeks and gay blue eyes, and he had recently become engaged to a girl at home. He had sent for her to come out, and we were to have a camp wedding in June. Early one morning in April word came to us that Robbie had been taken sick during the night, that the *practicante* (a man with some practical medical training who is put in charge of the dispensaries and who looks after minor ailments) had diagnosed the trouble as pneumonia, and that he had started him down immediately for the lower altitude of our camp. Even the drop of 3500 feet would of course mean more oxygen and a better chance of recovery. But think of a man desperately ill having to take such a journey!

Nearly a hundred Indians were hastily mustered, and at four o'clock in the morning the cavalcade started, poor Robbie rolled in blankets and with hot water bottles at his feet to keep out the bitter cold. Two Indians took the head of the stretcher, two the middle, and two the foot, but the patient was heavy — he must have weighed over two hundred pounds — and the Indians are little men. So it was not long before he had to be set down while the *capataz* of the outfit assigned six more men to the task. Downward the sorry procession trudged and stopped, trudged and stopped, past the jade-green lake that lay outside the camp, past the glacier lying blank and shadowless in the wan gray of early morning, past the waterfalls — frozen in the very act of leaping over the rocks. Down, down, ever winding along the trail that uncoiled itself across the face of the mountainside — and slow, so cruelly slow.

Then the sun came up and, quickly gathering strength, cut down the carrying powers of the Indians still further, until the pace was hardly more than a crawl — a few yards forward and a rest, a few more yards, another rest. The man on the stretcher turned and moaned. His breath came in shuddering gasps. Sometimes he muttered in a thick, feverish voice; once he tried to sing.

Down in camp we had done everything that could be done. The General Manager was away, but his house, standing on a rise outside camp, was larger and airier than the tents; and we knew that had he been home, the place would have been thrown open in case of illness or disaster. There we prepared a room for Robbie. Tanks of oxygen were brought up from the hospital, and food was got ready. The hours seemed interminable as we stood on the porch watching the place where the trail clipped off against the metallic blue of the skyline. Ten o'clock . . . eleven. The doctor had ridden up to meet the procession. The telephone tinkled and we were told that they had passed the mill. Another wait, and just as the bell started to ring noon, we saw the first Indians appear over the crest of the hill. Like a band of bright beetles they came, the scarlets and blues and greens of their ponchos winding down against the drab background of the barren hills.

Slowly they drew near, and at last carried their burden up the little garden path and laid it gently down on the stone-flagged porch. The waiting men lifted Robbie from among the sweltering blankets and put him in the cool, clean bed, which would no doubt have seemed heaven to him had he not been beyond all caring and thinking. We washed the sweat and dust from his face and hair, put him into fresh pajamas, and brought him tea. He liked that, and his fever-parched lips closed greedily over the edge of the cup. A telegram was sent out by mule and auto to the coast for a nurse. A train would be leaving Antofagasta on Tuesday night and the nurse should get here by Thursday. The oxygen tank was put in Robbie's mouth; he sucked noisily. The doctor cleared the room, and he and the *practicante* started their long vigil.

The other men gathered together on the porch, smoking and speaking softly, as in the presence of death. Min and I, the only women in camp at the time, sat miserably in the deserted kitchen, bound to our posts by the doctor's orders: "Don't go, we may need food or hot water or something." So the long afternoon wore away. Night came, and we went to our tents, leaving the doctor and *practicante* in charge.

At six the next morning Min called in at my door, "He's dying. Come along!" I finished pulling on my clothes and hooking up as we ran together up the hill. He did not die, however; not that day nor yet the next — weary days when Min and I prepared tea and beef juice, changed sheets and tried to keep the sickroom in order, stood guard while the doctor attended to other patients, and received with comparative meekness the thundering rebukes that were hurled at us when our nursing seemed inadequate. Poor old doctor! No sleep night or day, and watching a friend sick to death — no wonder his nerves were frayed. On Thursday at noon the nurse arrived — a strong, reliable-looking woman — and we all breathed easier.

On Friday morning at breakfast time the nurse came into camp and said quite quietly, "He's dead. He died at five this morning." We drew closer to one another, and something cold crept round our hearts — fear, I think. Fear of the giant mountains that towered so high around us, fear of the miles that separated us from home, fear of those bitter cables that must be sent to a mother and father in Scotland, and to a girl who must be so athrill with high hopes.

## IV

BURIAL LAWS in Bolivia are strict. A body cannot be removed from the country for a year, and must be buried twenty-four hours after death. There would be no time to get a minister to officiate at Robbie's funeral; we must do it ourselves. All of us had vague remembrances of the beautiful words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," but where could the service be found? Bibles popped up from the most unexpected sources — Bibles that were conspicuously new and unthumbed — and we searched wildly for the appropriate verses, only to decide that the full service must be in the prayer book. As there was no prayer book in camp, we elected Adam — like Robbie an Aberdonian, and our worthiest member — to pick out some verses from the Bible and arrange a sort of burial service.

On the morning after Robbie's death we gathered at the *gerencia* — eight or nine men, Min, the nurse, and I. The sky was overcast, and every now and then sharp gusts of rain beat on the calamine roof of the house. Low-hanging clouds swirled across the garden, blurring the outlines of the mountains and giving an unnaturally flat look to everything.

The pine coffin had been placed on a table in the hall, and we marched past to take our last farewells — no tears, no words, no sound other than the pad of feet on the board floor. Then the bare-headed men picked up the coffin, and we started up the rocky, slippery trail that led to the cemetery. Min had sprained her ankle the day before and could not dare the long walk, so the nurse and I brought up the rear. The trail was steep and the burden heavy, and every few minutes the procession stopped while the pall-bearers changed. Dogs joined us and native children.

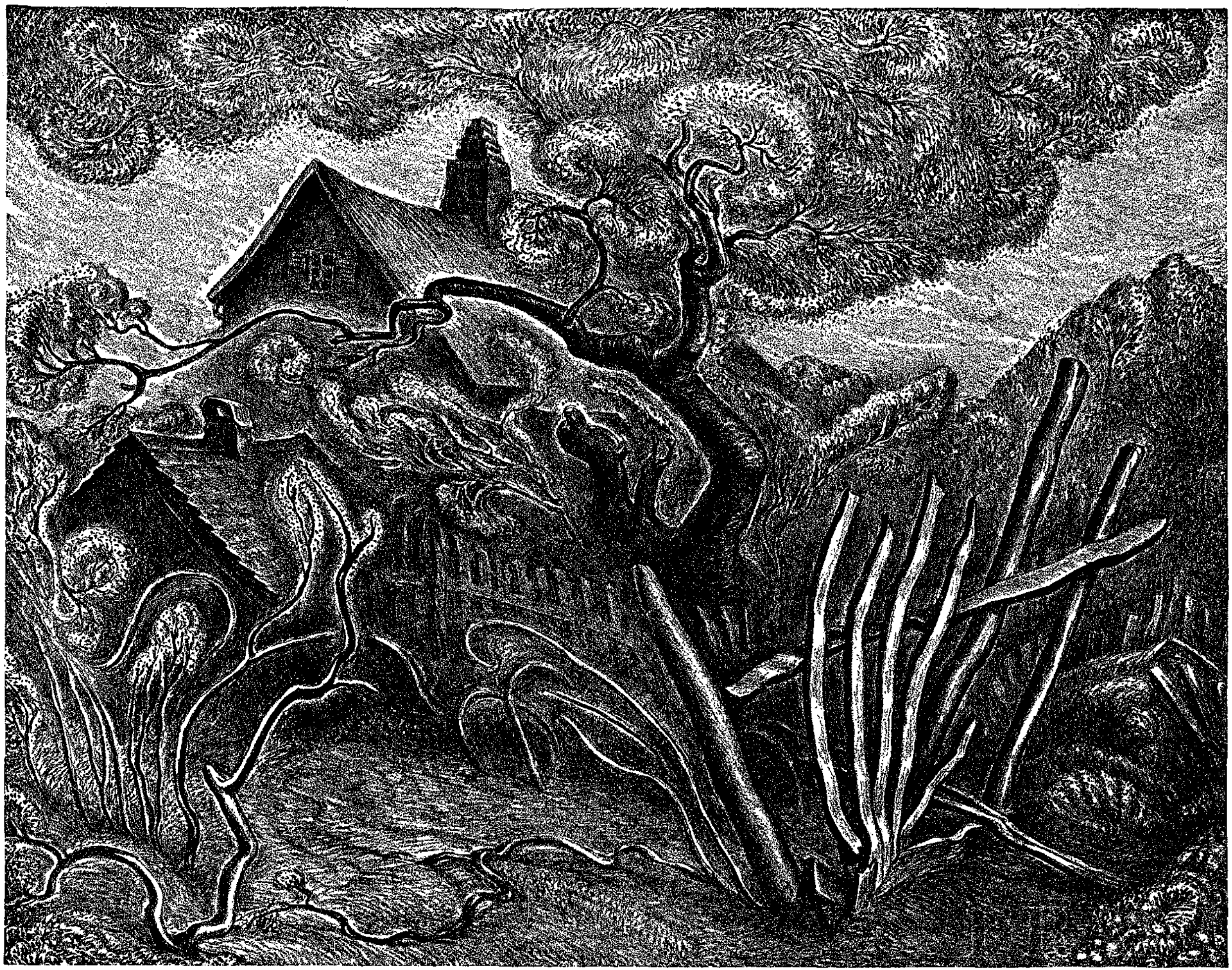
Up and up we climbed, the rain slapping against our faces, our hearts pounding against our ribs, our breath coming short and fast. Would we ever reach the cemetery! At last, through the rolling cloud mist, we saw the adobe walls high above us. A crowd of waiting natives who had worked under Robbie at the mine came pouring down the hill, begging permission to carry the man they had loved and respected to his resting place.

In a silence broken only by the pounding of the rain on the pine coffin we passed through the iron gates and entered the desolate native cemetery that was about to receive its first gringo occupant. On either side of the main path were adobe tombs, each with its little recess in which rested some treasured possession of the person buried beneath. On the side paths were rows of plain black crosses with the names of the dead painted in white — graves of lesser degree. Over the tombs and the crosses alike hung time-bleached wreaths, relics of the last *Todos Santos*.

On *Todos Santos* (our All Saints' Day) the natives decorate their graves; and the decorations remain until the festival rolls round again. The babies' graves — and there were so many of them — seemed to me unspeakably pitiful; buried in the earth over each tiny mound was a can of Borden's condensed milk — food for the little creature on its long journey. No sign of green or flowers; nothing but the drab, wet earth, the drab tombs, the decaying wreaths, and an open grave.

The workmen, all dressed in their best black, set the coffin down, and their *capataz* made a lengthy and flowery speech. At the end of each loud, declamatory period the voices of the kneeling men were lifted in a long, shivering "Gloria!" On the hillside above the cemetery a shepherd girl in a scarlet skirt shrilled a thin wail on her reed pipe. Adam read his verses in Scotch so broad and burred that they were as impossible to understand as had been the workman's speech.

The coffin was gently dropped into the chill, soft earth. Each of us stepped forward and dropped a clod into the grave. No luxury of tears, no gentleness of speech. We huddled close together and faced back to camp against the wind and rain. Death is bleak, bleak, bleak in the wilderness.



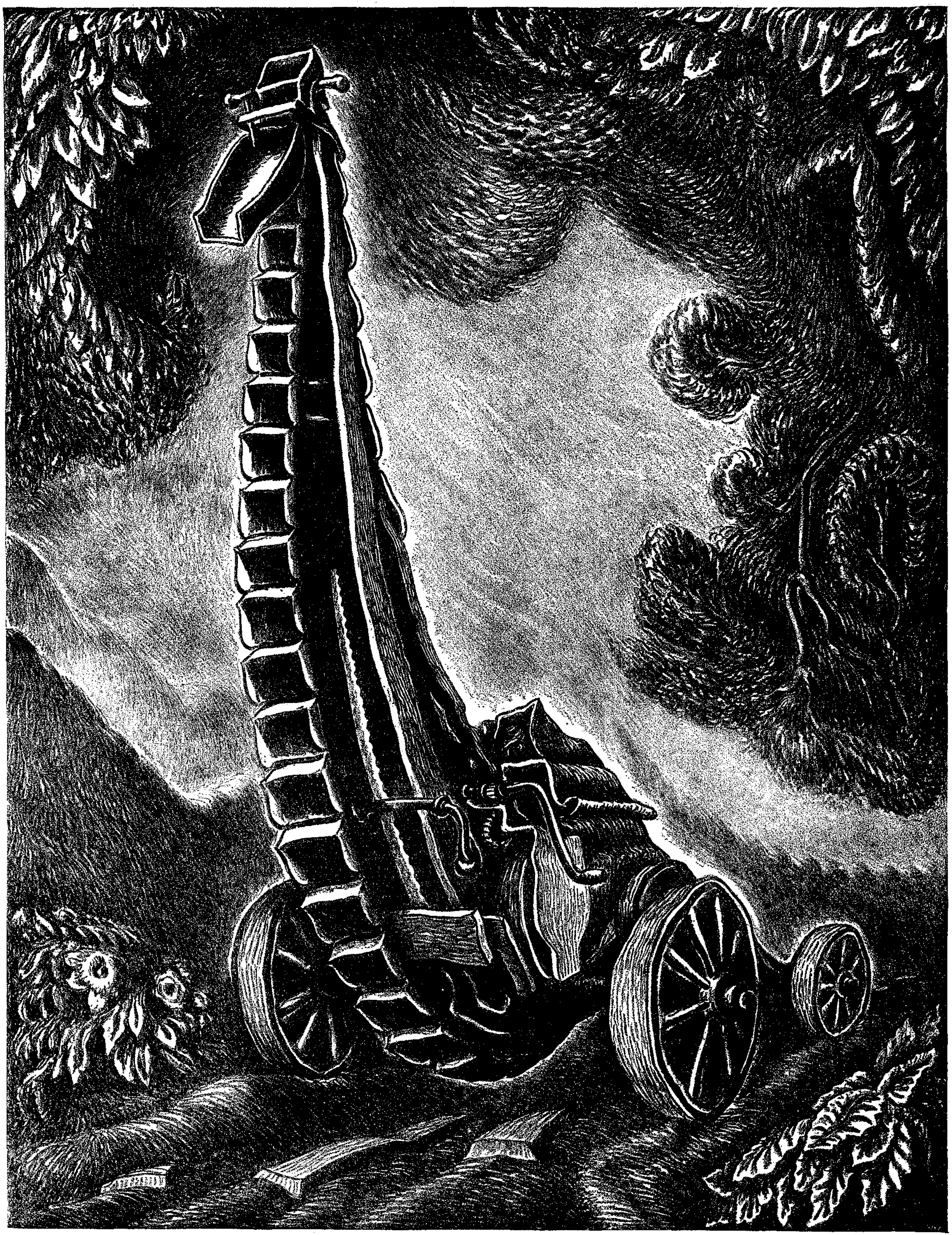
*Courtesy Weyhe Gallery*

# Two Lithographs

by

WANDA GA'G

**Spring in the Garden**



Stone Crusher

# The U. S. of EUROPE

*Drawings by Johan Bull*

### *by* FRANK BOHN

## I

WE CANNOT turn and flee from the future of mankind. All the world is on the march. Our age invites us to share in adventures glorious beyond the dreams of past history. Talk of the United States of Europe shocks the mind of the old-fashioned European nationalists. Masefield describes a wild duck flying thousands of miles over national frontiers. One evening it comes to settle down for a moment among the domesticated ducks of a mud puddle in a barnyard:

Twilight. Red in the west.
Dimness. A glow on the wood.
The teams plod home to rest.
The wild duck come to glean.
O souls not understood,
What a wild cry in the pool;
What things have the farm ducks seen
That they cry so — huddle and cry? . . .
Only the soul that goes.

"As for sound," says Señor Madariaga in the January number of THE FORUM, "'the United States of Europe' is undoubtedly fine. It has the right pitch; it rings in tune with the age." Señor Madariaga goes on to say that Europeans are "getting themselves Americanized," being "fascinated by the United States — by its wealth, its power, its speed."

We like Señor Madariaga. We also feel that we understand him, having often been greatly entertained and instructed by his discussions. In the article from which we have quoted, his position is so perfectly clear that it requires a word of explanation only to new readers.

Madariaga has been a nurse, one of the most faithful of nurses, of the League of Nations. He has fallen head over heels in love with it. So have we. Now he doesn't want a new baby in the house. We can sympathize with the nurse's sentiments, but the signs of the times are beyond peradventure. The new baby is about to be born and the doctors are busy. The thinking mind of Europe is prepared for the event.

The organization of the United States of Europe is the next necessary step. From it derives our hope for the peace of Europe. Viewed in a larger aspect, it is but a part of a vast world process making for integration on all the continents. Already we hear plans for a United States of Latin America. The Chinese people will never come to peace until they reorganize federally. The same is true of democracy in Russia. Meanwhile, in the face of these great new industro-political regions, Western Europe must organize or be lost in the shuffle.

This new Europe arises from three factors. These are, first, the system of weak states created by the Treaty of Versailles, and their need for unity. The second is the new international industrialism. The international cartels are now driving even the most backward classes everywhere in Europe to see the handwriting on the wall. The third factor, to use Señor Madariaga's significant word, is the new "soul" of Europe. This soul now finds a ready reception in all the more forward-looking brains of Western Europe. The new and gigantic industrialism is the body; European culture is the spirit.

The Treaty of Versailles added eight new European countries. Of these at least six are diminutive, utterly inefficient — worthless in the economy as in the politics of the new Europe. Let the intelligent mind of the world look upon them and weep. Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia are bits of flesh cut out of the side of Russia. Austria is kept out of Germany by the fear of France. Albania is comparable to one of our far western Indian reservations.

Here, added to the prewar curses of Europe, we have eight new armies, eight new tariff walls, eight new patriotisms — all chafing the peasant mentality against the rise of social order and civilization. This system, largely artificial, simply cannot make way against modern economic conditions. The United States of Europe is even more necessary than our United States of America.

*This is an American's answer to the article on the United States of Europe by Salvador de Madariaga in the January Forum. The distinguished Spaniard regarded Briand's dream of a united Europe as nothing more substantial than a mirage on the political horizon. Said he: "You cannot unite the states of Europe without uniting the nations of Europe. And the nations of Europe cannot be united because no one but God can unite that which God created apart." Bohn says, "Nonsense!"*

## II

The second factor is altogether constructive. It is the actual reorganization of the European industrial system. This replaces the mentality of the old Europe with the new, precisely as a big modern airplane, roaring from Berlin to Moscow, or from Paris to Rome, replaces the stagecoach of a century ago. The new peace on the Rhine is an industrial peace. It is created by the new system of international industrial trusts.

First, the tools men use, the conditions of production, undergo a change. So the whole economic system arising from the mechanical processes changes. Then, after a while, the intelligentsia, thinking always in theoretical terms, finds out what is happening, and it, too, begins to shed its time-worn stock of political and social ideas. When the industrial-social organization is altered, the soul of society cannot help being affected.

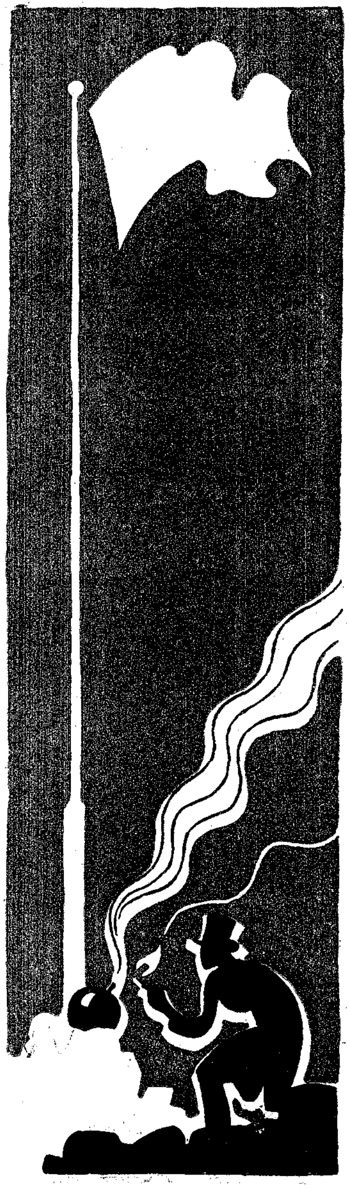
Doubtless the limited space of a single Forum article prevented Señor Madariaga from discussing more than one of these three causes we have mentioned. Really, his *pièce de résistance* is the least essential of the three. It is the bare fact of the present system of national states. Presumably they are the repositories of permanent national "souls." To the whole European nationalistic school of thought these separate souls are the highest ethical and cultural values of human life. From this point of view, the first and foremost fact about Madariaga would be that his body (bones and flesh, stomach and brain cells, liver and lights) is soaked until it drips with the juices of Spanishness. But we have our doubts. Madariaga represents to us the highest aspirations of the new world consciousness and culture.

The error of this archaic nationalist school is easily discovered. It is right on the surface. It fails to recognize the essential features of our contemporary historical transition. Europe, swept by an evolving commerce into the backwash of nationalism for a relatively short period, now again pours her life into the main current of her history. She is regaining her natural form represented by a common culture.

## III

We must look at European history in the large. As late as the sixteenth century these peoples were essentially unified in all the higher aspects of their living. Erasmus was not a Hollander; he was a European. Cellini was never happier than when he escaped from Italy and went to work for the King of France. Artists and professional soldiers, like the clergy and the teachers, roamed about Europe like birds of passage. Meanwhile Italy was less united politically in 1540 than the whole world is united under the League of Nations to-day. The problem of organizing the United States of Europe is not half the task that Cavour and Mazzini and Garibaldi faced in Italy.

The German democracy of 1848 was wrecked on the sunken rocks of some forty-odd different German sovereignties. The Saxon soul then hated the Austrians, and the Hanoverian soul hated the Prussians, so bitterly that the defeated German democracy was forced to leave the nurture of the united German soul to the tender ministrations of nurse Bismarck. Now nurse Bismarck had a German soul very much like Louis Napoleon's French soul. Whenever these charming fellows looked over their national boundaries, they cast greedy eyes on large chunks of their neighbors' real estate. Such souls are hell-bent every time. The twenty-seven European nations, divided as they are to-day, are twenty-seven diseases. Even very recently, healthy European minds have had a way of getting together and fraternizing.



Napoleon inspired Beethoven's "Eroica." Later the soldier didn't quite measure up to the artist's idealism, but the symphony is still with us. No, we don't have to return to medieval Europe or the Renaissance to rediscover the soul of Europe. That soul was reborn in the French Revolution. At the Battle of Valmy, in 1792, a man named Goethe accompanied his chief, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Goethe saw the raw levies of the Revolution triumph over the reactionary monarchs. That evening he stood warming himself at the camp fire of the Duke's staff.

"What do you think of the day?" asked an officer.

"From this place and day," replied Goethe, "begins a new epoch in history, and you can say that you have been here."

When Napoleon and Goethe met, they did not meet as Frenchman and German. They met as ripened Europeans. When Mazzini talked with John Bright, the good cause of the United States of Europe was nurtured. Our contemporary European nationalists live like moles, each in his little underground chamber, each bent upon nothing beyond pursuing his own worms of desire through his own little tunnel. But even Mussolini seems to be learning, just as Hindenburg is learning.

The writer had the privilege of attending the last meeting of the League of Nations and sharing in the warm sentiment which the proposals of M. Briand created in the mind of the Assembly and the Genevese community. A few weeks later he found himself sitting down with Herr Stresemann.

"Well, what about the United States of Europe?"

"Oh," came the reply, "our present system of national states is simply crazy."

Then this man, so soon lost to Germany and the world, went on to tell again the tale of woe so succinctly told by Madariaga. Stresemann told it very effectively (I quote from memory):

"The steward of a restaurant car on an international train running from Warsaw to Madrid has his troubles. In the morning he buys Polish potatoes with Polish money; in the afternoon, German sausages with German money; the next morning, Belgian fish with Belgian money; and presently, French wine with French money. Forty-eight hours after leaving Warsaw he tries to buy Spanish grapes with Spanish money, but he hasn't any left, his surplus having been lost in the exchanges. Instead of feeding his patrons, he winds up in a lunatic asylum. . . . We are in starving need of unity."

## IV

MODERN industrial production is rapidly scrambling the old Europe. Here we have the greatest constructive force of our time. The foundations of the United States of Europe began to be laid when the Franco-German potash cartel was formed directly after the war. The cornerstone was solidly placed when, soon after the Locarno Treaties, the great international steel cartel was created. Before the war the German system of industrial organization was already bursting German boundaries. To-day the new European system is to be democratic and coöperative, instead of autocratic and German. When the Kaiser fled to Holland, Europe began again where it left off at the close of the eighteenth century.

France and Germany are now coöperating through their industrial organizations. The new peace on the Rhine, as I have said, is an industrial peace. The year before Locarno, France produced less than a million tons of steel. Last year she produced nearly ten million tons. That is a French "soul" of a different texture and color. France is overtaking Great Britain as a producer of steel. If the British are wise, they will join the cartel.

The great European silk and rayon organization has invaded our United States. One of its plants in eastern Tennessee employs over ten thousand workers. Next year it will employ twenty thousand. A member of the staff of this organization recently presented the writer with a world map of the institution.

O souls not understood,
What a wild cry in the pool;
How the lame ducks huddle and cry.
(Apologies to Masefield)

Recently a couple of Germans came to New York, spent a few hours in conference with a group of bankers, put ten million dollars in their pockets, and went to Japan to build some new rayon plants. This trust has plants in Spain. What about an Andalusian peasant girl who gets a job in one of these plants? The laboratory where she washes bottles is bossed by a German chemist. The factory is managed by a Frenchman. Her wages are raised or lowered by a group of capitalists who meet in New York. Incidentally, the colossal international dye trust ("I.G.") has Mr. Edsel Ford, and Mr. Teague and Mr. Mitchell of the Standard Oil Company, on its board of directors.

How about Señor Madariaga's first love — the League of Nations? A United States of Europe would greatly strengthen the League. Pull down the European tariff walls! Let these peoples work together! Let them travel at will! Then they will learn to like one another. They will all learn a single language. Wars will become as unnatural and impossible in Europe as in our U. S. A. Give us such a new Europe and the League is safe.

The future opens before us. We can easily foresee five great continental nations, and possibly seven. These great unions will, in the fullness of time, develop the League for their own contacts and to serve their common interests. National "souls" will be of continental size. These continental nations of the future will be:

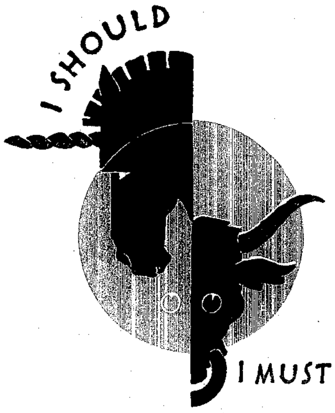
The United States of North America.
The United States of Latin America.
The United States of Western Europe.
The United States of Russia.
The United States of China.

Almost certainly, the British Commonwealth of Nations.

And, possibly, the United States of India.

The United States of Europe is the next logical step. In Briand it has a leader who knows where he is, who knows the first line of march, and has, withal, a clear vision of the objective. We beg Señor Madariaga to enlist his mind and heart and march with the times.

# Why Be GOOD?



## *Living Philosophies IX*

Drawings by Robert Foster

### by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I WELL RECALL a distinguished New Englander with whom I used to have discussions. Scarcely would the first conversational shot be fired when instantly would come his warning: "Define your terms, man, define your terms!" So let us begin by observing this useful precaution.

It is not easy, for there are any number of definitions of morality. I imagine that our cave-men ancestors, sitting around the fire at night while the saber-toothed tiger snarled without, may have discussed the point a hundred thousand years ago. And to-day it is all as unsettled as ever, in spite of *The New Oxford Dictionary*. But for the purpose of this article, at least, we may define morality as that portion of human thought and conduct that stems from and is controlled by "I ought" as opposed to either "I want" or "I must." I am not concerned here with discovering where this feeling — for it is a feeling — of "ought" came from. It has existed in the best specimens of *homo sapiens*, civilized or savage, for many millenniums past, and for the moment I accept it as an original datum.

I have no hesitation, you will note, in conceding that it belongs to the emotional rather than the rational portion of man's nature. Man is a creature of impulse, emotion, action, rather than of reason. Reason is a very late development in the world of living creatures, most of whom, as far as we know, get along admirably in daily life without it. Indeed, as we consider attentively the world about us — its business, its journalism, its habits and customs, its loves and hates — we may well ask whether reason is an innate part of human nature or merely a useful tool that has been discovered, like fire. Perhaps it is quite as dangerous to play with; I am not sure that people should not take out insurance against its careless use.

However that may be, its discovery has fascinated man. Having unexpectedly found a key that opens so many doors, we insist that it shall open every door; and if it does not open a particular one, then, in spite of every other sort of evidence to the contrary, we are inclined to say that the door does not exist, or at least — with an unconscious sniff of sour grapes — that there is nothing behind it anyway. Although there is only scanty evidence that the universe, including, of course, man himself, is governed through and through by reason — that is, that the whole universe works in harmony with the logical part of our own very unimportant brains — man has come to have a sneaking feeling that it is rather disgraceful not to be able to "give a reason" for anything and everything that he may do.

From about 1764 onward, a good many Americans wanted to readjust completely the political relations between England and her colonies. Their desires were legitimate, in my opinion, but there are few more intellectually amusing and instructive chapters in the history of man than to watch the Colonists for the next ten years trying to discover respectable *reasons* to validate their simple and understandable desires.

Those desires were just and real — much

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

more real than a lot of the steadily changing reasons that were advanced to validate them; and I think that our problem of morality is in much the same boat. Morality is real. Account for it as we may, it seems to me that no man who looks within himself or studies the history of human thought and nature can fail to acknowledge its existence. The difficulty is to rationalize it.

## II

THE STUDY of my own mind and a reasonable study of other peoples' tell me that for every human being there are two laws, two imperatives (leaving out mere desire): the civil law of his social group, tribe, or nation, and the moral law. The first tells him "you must," and the second "you ought." Not attempting to rationalize for the moment, but merely to report what we find, I think we must admit this to be true, and also that we instinctively recognize the moral law as having a validity and an authority superior to the civil. We never test the moral by the civil, but are forever doing the reverse. History is full of men who have said, "Morally I ought not to obey this civil law." Certainly there can be no doubt in America of the two kinds of law, where tens of thousands of people ask themselves: "Ought I to obey the prohibition laws?"

Many of our (somewhat pseudo-) scientific friends try to dodge this problem of the categorical imperative, this sense of "ought" which is as uncomfortable as a pin in our trousers, by resolving it into its origins. They endeavor to explain it away and invalidate it by showing how it evolved. They are, however, by no means agreed as to its origin, and I do not think it would make any difference if they were. In the course of evolution, love has become a quite different thing for all of us (except a very few very modern novelists) from mere animal lust. So, too, the appreciation of beauty in nature or art has become quite different from whatever it may have evolved from.

In 1930 A.D. I am a creature with legs, sexual organs, a body, arms, a head with ears, eyes, nose, mouth, and a brain that occasionally functions logically — an instrument capable of receiving impressions from an otherwise unknown universe through five senses. A very limited equipment for the Lord of Creation, but the best we can do yet. My ancestor of several million years ago was not even so well off. I understand that at one stage he had gills, and perhaps fins instead of legs. I have no wish to return to that previous state. Indeed, aside from my inability to do so, it would seem a pity to waste the development of those millions of years. If I do not wish to return to his physical body, why should I with respect to love, beauty, morality? If I tried to look at the "Night Watch" of Rembrandt with the eyes of a much later ancestor, even a relative of the chimpanzee, I would merely be wasting a million years or so of nature's time and effort to make me what I am.

If we try to see the universe whole, which, of course, includes its scientific aspect, it seems to me that we have got to account for its evolution and also for its present state. There is no use denying the existence of the moon simply because a certain number of million years ago it was probably a mere protuberance on the surface of the earth. In the same way, there is no use denying that a certain animal called man has a sense of the beautiful and, at least in the more highly developed individuals of the species, a sense of moral obligation, and that the latter sense has been utilized by Nature in such a way as greatly to facilitate his social development.

In other words, there has been a Something — call it what you will — in the universe which has developed a moral sense out of emotion in the same way that it has developed stars out of nebulæ, and in our description of the universe we have to find room for morals as well as for stars. Man's life has been greatly enriched by his being able to live in large social aggregates of great complexity of organization. He could not have done so, according to all experience, unless the conduct of the innumerable coöperating individuals had been governed in one sphere by the civil law and in another, not amenable to that, by what we call the moral law. The moral law is thus a reality which has played its part in raising man to a higher level. It has been an essential part of the evolutionary process.

If society depended solely on its code of civil laws or a complete individualism in morals, it would not be found hanging together tomorrow morning. It would seem to be sufficiently obvious, although to a good many so-called thinkers it apparently is not, that when vast numbers of human beings are gathered together, living in extremely complex relations with one another, it is absolutely essential that, within broad but well-defined limits, they be able to count definitely on certain modes of behavior in each other.

In the first place, we have to count upon normal human, or at least tribal, reactions. When, for example, we greet a friend by holding out our hand, we expect instinctively that he will grasp it with his and shake it. Suppose that, instead, he should suddenly and vigorously kick us in the stomach. Life, with that degree of unpredictability, might be very exciting, but I think it would soon become quite impossible for sensitive and busy people.

In the same way we have to count upon normal people's obeying the civil law of the land and living within the same broad framework of legal rules that we ourselves do (unfortunately, an assumption no longer to be lightly made in America). Life becomes too complicated if we cannot count upon a man's living up to a contract when he signs it; on a man's not pillaging our store when we have just stocked it with goods; on not having our house burned down by our neighbors as soon as we have built it.

## III

But there is a vast field of human conduct which is not controlled by normal human reactions, which cannot be controlled by civil law, and yet in which a certain predictability of action is essential if human society is to function. A good part of this field is controlled by mere habit and custom, but a considerable part of it, also, is not. Instances are continually arising in which neither passion, desire, the civil code, nor mere habit is a sufficient guide. Something else seems to be required to help us to decision and action. This is the field of morals.

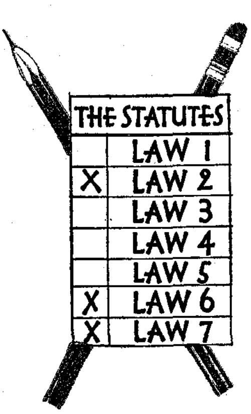
A simple example will illustrate the difference between the civil and the moral law. It is essential that in the innumerable transactions of daily life we should be able to rely upon the truth of the statements that people make. The civil law, however, can do nothing to prevent people from lying. Unless it runs the risk of doing much more injustice than justice, it has to limit its control to clear-cut, provable cases. Thus, it can punish perjury, which is a thoroughly documented form of lying. It could never reach the infinite possibilities of informal lying. To do that, we have to trust to the moral law ingrained in us, which says that it is wrong to tell an untruth, except possibly in the rarest of instances.

There is a tremendous difference in the field of operation of the civil and the moral law — a distinction that a large part of the modern Protestant clergy is coming to overlook completely, with the most disastrous results not only for their churches but for society. These clergymen, who, abandoning the old belief that religion is a way of life, would make it a subordinate social science, are attempting, on the one hand, to transfer a large part of the field of human action properly belonging to the sphere of the moral law over to that of the civil, as a short-cut to forcing their own standards on a recalcitrant people; and then, on the other, because the result has been unsatisfactory, they are attempting to reverse the rôles always hitherto played by the moral and civil laws and to exalt the latter above the former in authority.

With the increasing delicacy and complexity of human relations in our vast, modern, industrial populations, the need of being able to count upon the moral conduct of other people is becoming steadily greater. The necessarily clumsy working of the civil law, which can apply only to broad, well-defined cases, becomes steadily less effective, although its sphere seems to widen. We have to depend more and more on the working of the moral law; yet in all too many instances our religious leaders, instead of strengthening the moral fiber of the individual by the development of his character and moral judgment, are weakening it by their efforts to bring the moral life under the power and operation of the civil law. Their followers might well say reproachfully, "We asked for help in our spiritual need and you gave us statutes defining new crimes."

The morality of any people gets itself expressed in time in a distinct moral *code*, which in turn tends to become too rigid. A certain amount of rigidity, however, of certainty in being able to count upon the way in which the members of a society will act in the enormously wide and important field of conduct not covered by the civil code, is essential if society is to function, not only with some degree of ease, but to function at all. *Some* code is absolutely necessary.

These codes and their influence upon the customs and structure of a particular society may, and do, vary greatly from place to place and race to race. The same is true of art. The drawing of a wave by Hokusai in Japan, the modeling of the bust of a Queen Nefertete in Egypt, a rider on the frieze of the Parthenon, a portrait of an old woman by Rembrandt, vary enormously as exemplifications of beauty, but, chosen at random from all parts of the world and from periods four thousand years apart, they merely show that there is such an abiding thing as beauty. Because they differ, it would be foolish to claim that beauty does not exist; but no more so than to claim, as many do, that there can be no such thing as morality because moral codes differ widely.



## IV

LET US CONSIDER a moment the family life of the Trobriand Islanders as depicted by Malinowski — a life which is as different from ours as could well be. A man and woman marry and live together as husband and wife. She, however, is not dependent on him economically but upon her brother in another village. The husband, also, owes support not to his wife but to his sisters. It is the wife's brother, not her husband, who possesses authority over the children. The father is their playmate, whereas the disciplinarian is an uncle who appears in the village only at intervals — a rôle played by the father with reference to *his* nieces and nephews. The children are free to indulge in sexual practices, except between brother and sister, unhindered by outward regulation or inner inhibition until the age of puberty, when their love affairs, although even yet not permanent, become somewhat more lengthy and serious. Finally comes a marriage, which is binding, and after that the couple must — and, in practice, do — remain faithful to each other.

However extraordinary this framework of family life may appear to us, there is nothing lax about it. There are all sorts of definite regulations between the sexes, and prohibitions concerning intercourse and marriage between certain people; and the Trobriander, however his inclinations may rebel, is expected to keep to the rules as strictly as are members of a European family. In both systems, of course, there are occasional lapses, but they are regarded *as* lapses, and as such are reprehensible. The point is that in all societies, no matter how different in structure, certain codes of conduct are considered moral and requisite if society is to function at all.

These codes, formed unconsciously, almost instinctively, through long periods of time and closely fitting the needs and mode of life of the peoples employing them, may come to be out of date and maladjusted to the requirements of a changed condition of life. If the change in conditions comes about very gradually, the code will alter almost imperceptibly, just as we can watch it changing among the Hebrews from the time of Moses to that of Christ. In such a transformation certain specific alterations will occur in the code, but there will be no questioning of the code as a whole or of the obligations of morality. If, on the other hand, the change in conditions is abrupt, then the people will face a crisis of terrific import; and in the period between the sudden breakdown of the old code and moral system, and the formation of a new one (if such a new one *is* formed), the degeneration is swift and may be permanent, as we have seen over and over in the contact of alien races.

For example, the efforts of missionaries and others to force Western "morals" on the Trobrianders — who were perfectly moral before, according to their own ideas, and who had been accustomed to certain *mores* for untold generations — has resulted, not in substituting our morals for theirs, but in a vast amount of homosexual vice to which the natives had been practically strangers. The moral and social degradation of the Pacific races is due largely to the insistence of the white man and his missionaries upon a too sudden change in the moral beliefs and codes of the natives.

In the same way, we are to-day facing a

moral crisis of immeasurable magnitude, caused in part by a change in living brought on by the Industrial Revolution, and in part by the breakdown of the old religious sanctions for our former moral code. Our danger is similar to that of the Trobrianders. Such dangers, arising out of the conflict of racial cultures, are clearly described by Pitt-Rivers in that classic of ethnology, *The Clash of Culture and Contact of Races.*

But a similar clash may also occur within the framework of a single society when the comparatively small groups of genuine intellectuals and the great mass of the emotion-motivated workers form almost different races. It might well prove that the former, in trying to destroy too rapidly the moral sanctions and codes of the latter, would be found to have performed the same unfortunate work of breaking down without ability to build up which has been that of so many missionary efforts in foreign lands.

In every society there is, as I have pointed out, the need for two things — the strong sense of and obedience to a moral law (and the code in which it is embodied in any particular community), and the same sense of and obedience to the civil law and the civil code. In each instance, through long custom, we tend to confuse law and the codes. When we ask, "What is the law?" — we are likely to think of some specific law; and when we ask, "What is moral?" — we think of some specific rule in our own code. The consequence is that when either code temporarily crumbles, there is danger of losing sight of the law itself, civil or moral. We should not, however, question the need for and validity of the civil law merely because we consider some specific law, like that regulating the speed of driving, antiquated or unwise. In the same way, we should not question the moral law, the law of "I ought," simply because certain portions of our code appear to be outworn and no longer valid.

In both cases the codes have developed out of custom, but these customs have been promulgated by individuals or groups who have had the ability to formulate them for the people. We have had, in earlier days, great civil lawgivers like Hammurabi, Solon, Justinian, and moral lawgivers like Confucius, Moses, Christ; or we have had group action by legislatures and constitutional conventions, and by priesthoods or churches.

In the narrower field of conduct covered by the civil law, the sanction which has given the law force (human nature requiring some such sanction if it is to obey), has been the power of the ruler, whether monarch, state, or the modern democracy. I think I am right in saying that since the field of conduct outside the civil law is so much wider and more important for our daily life, the moral law and obedience to it are also by so much the more important. Unfortunately, because of the fact that this law by its very nature cannot be enforced by physical or political power (which is precisely why its field is different from that of the civil law), the problem of providing a sanction for it is one of extreme difficulty.

In the past, I think, the sanction for the moral law has taken two forms: one for the few and the other for the many. In practically all periods and among all races, we find a certain élite among the people — individuals to whom the moral law appears as a thing of beauty, who would feel the same disgust for an immoral act that they would for a repulsive one æsthetically, or a bestial one physically. They have the same instinct for morality that the artist has for beauty, or the gentleman for his code of honor. For them there is no need of a sanction involving compulsion, either physical or psychological. They have, so to speak, the moral gift, as poets and painters have the artistic gift. In the same way that great artists and poets have led men to see beauty, so these moralists have led men to see morality; and just as human life would be infinitely less rich and full without the legacy derived from æsthetic genius, so would it be improverished without the legacy derived from moral genius.

With the great mass of mankind, however, it has been different, and a sanction with power behind it is required to make people conform to both the moral law and the civil law. The difficulty of providing a sanction for the former is, as I have said, very great. Civil law and political force cannot be invoked. The sanction must be psychological and it must be powerful.

Reason is psychological, but it is not powerful as a compelling motive to conduct in most men and women. For that we have to rely upon instinct and emotion. Instincts change slowly and are therefore useless for this purpose. So we have to turn to the emotions, and of those the most powerful are love and fear; and, in the past, the needed sanctions for popular morality have been love for the character of some great moral leader, or love and fear with reference to the supernatural.

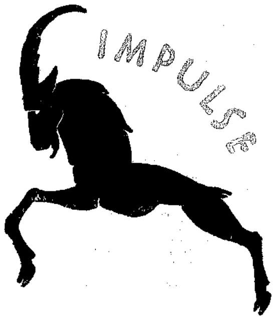
V

Unless the whole point of view assumed above is wrong, the sense of moral law and its expression in *some* code of moral conduct is essential for society, not merely to make it "good," but to permit it to function at all. The Industrial Revolution called forth a great, sudden, and extremely dangerous conflict between the new forms of social life and the traditional code. That situation itself involved a crisis of great magnitude.

In addition to that, the leadership of humanity has temporarily passed to two new types — the super-business man, who has replaced in power the former statesman (who by long practice had at least some knowledge of the psychological needs of the society he ruled), and the scientist, who has largely replaced in mental influence the artist, moralist, and religious leader. And not only did the scientist replace them, but, until very recently, he often sought to demolish them.

One group of new leaders, the super-business men, have to a large extent failed to see that the need for morality in the people they practically govern is greater than ever, because social relations are infinitely more delicate and complex in adjustment than heretofore. The other group, the earlier scientists, to a great extent sought to invalidate the conception of a moral law and to undermine the foundations of its sanctions. Both greatly aggravated a crisis that was already one of the most momentous in the history of Western civilization.

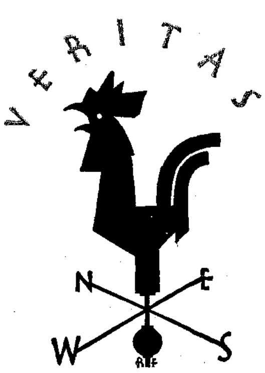
We are now floundering in a morass. Considerable numbers of both clergy and scientists are beginning to show signs of panic, while the super-business men vaguely sense that something must be done to make society "safe." They themselves are powerless to lead in person. To make matters worse, a large part of the Protestant clergy, as we have said, have sought to reinstate a specific and partly outworn *moral code* by giving it the impossible sanction of the civil law, thus still further undermining an understanding of and respect for the *moral law*. On the other hand, many scientists and modernists have, with equal lack of understanding of human nature, sought to bolster up newly devised codes of conduct with the sanction of scientific reason. Both experiments are bound, in my opinion, to be futile, if not to end in disaster.



We have already touched upon the first as far as our space permits. As for the second, we may point out several things. It may be that man is capable of great change and development in his nature, as Dewey avers. Unquestionably he is, but these improvements require long periods of time. It may be that, millenniums hence, reason will be a more powerful motive of conduct than instinct and emotion. It is not now, and it is not likely to be during the lives of the next few generations. To depend to-day upon reason as a sufficient guide in the whole field of conduct not governed by the civil law is like trying to take shelter under an acorn instead of an oak tree in a storm. The simple fact is that we cannot count upon the great mass of men in this industrial civilization of ours in the year 1930 basing their conduct, and basing it rightly, upon reason and scientific knowledge.

For another thing, it is becoming obvious that the present situation cries aloud for some code, whatever it may be, by which men may guide their own daily lives and on the observance of which other men may count in dealing with them. But the scientists and the modernists are hopelessly at variance as to the details of any such code. Scientific knowledge itself is constantly changing. A discovery of one year receives confirmation another, or is thrown aside. We are learning all the time, but we certainly do not know enough yet to undertake the remodeling of society and morals on a basis of scientific knowledge. The history of Freudianism during the past ten or twelve years illustrates sufficiently what it is that I mean.

The new gospel given us by all too many modernists, whose heads have been turned by the novelty of a little knowledge gleaned in one extremely specialized branch of learning, turns out too often to be merely the half-baked personal opinion of a specialist who cannot see things whole. It is not wisdom he offers us but his personal reaction to a dazzling ray of light thrown for the moment on some tiny spot in human nature or the cosmos. One recalls the story of the showman who, when nudity on the stage was daring, produced a woman in the garments of Eve on the platform of a small town hall, claiming she was "The Naked Truth." A countryman, after craning his neck and examining her carefully, called out, "She ain't Truth. She's Molly Mullins." That is the trouble with so many of the ethical systems suggested as scientific.



I do not mean for a moment to blink the fact that there has been a perilously severe dislocation between the old moral code and the new type of life forced on us by the Industrial Revolution. Our traditional morality, which has had practically no new axioms added to it for two thousand years, required adjusting in many parts. But that adjustment cannot be made effectively in the cold light of reason and by the aid of a most inadequate and confused store of scientific knowledge of human nature.

Even in the much cruder and simpler domain of civil law, the great object lesson of prohibition is teaching us that a mere fiat of the civil power is not sufficient in itself. It has got to be in harmony with a whole mass of psychological factors having not the remotest relation to economic efficiency or scientific reasoning. Those of us who are opposed to the prohibition amendment, not because we are opposed to temperance but because we think the law the wrong way to gain the end, consider its fierce defenders as fanatics. In the same way, it appears to me that those intellectuals whose personal outlook is too intellectual are equally fanatical in expecting suddenly to remake the moral life of the world on a basis of science and reason. It cannot succeed, any more than prohibition can succeed in the civil domain.

We have got to have adjustments and changes, but they will come, as they always have, by a fumbling and a moiling in the depths of that abysmal mystery we call the mind of the common man. Scientific ideas will of course have their influence, as will also innumerable other factors the nature of which we, with all our knowledge, can only guess. It would be delightful if a committee of scientists and intellectuals could do it all perfectly for us; but they cannot, any more than Congress can give us a perfect code of civil laws which will be utterly wise, implicitly obeyed, and make us happy and prosperous forever after.

## VI

THE READJUSTMENT will be one of those great and complex social movements that we call "blind" because *we* cannot see it and follow its workings. The element of time is of prime importance. Had the dislocation occurred slowly, the traditional moral code would have altered slowly to fit the changed *mores;* and when the process had advanced far enough, some great ethical or religious leader would have arisen to codify the new expressions of the moral law.

The danger of the crisis is its suddenness, as it was for the Trobrian Islanders. That danger is the breakdown of all morality: we are bidden to discard the old moral code without being able to accept another in its place. The danger has been enormously increased, as I said above, by the breakdown in traditional popular sanctions coincident with the strain on the code. It is useless to prophesy, but we may at least indulge in a few guesses.

Looking over the situation, I think we may divide the people into groups. First, there are those whom I have mentioned above — the men who have the same instinctive appreciation of and love for morality that artists have for beauty, the class from which the moral leaders of mankind have always arisen. They will be untouched by the crisis, and may provide the leader we need. Second, there is the group which will "rock the boat" as wildly as they can — the group for whom a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and who love novelty and excitement, mistaking it for progress. Third, there is the group, happily steadily increasing as the world goes on, for whom reason is not a dangerous but a useful tool, and who, appreciating to the full all that science has given us and at the same time the part that the emotional and the irrational play in social development, will mediate for us between the two. Lastly, there is the vast herd which has no more of an instinctive love of morality than it has of beauty, which has lost that emotional, irrational, religious sanction for morality that formerly kept it in order, and which is as innocent of reason as a tabloid newspaper.

It is this last group which forms the crux of the problem. Within any appreciable period of time to expect it to reason like John Dewey is as irrational as to expect it to carve like Phidias or paint like Rembrandt. It will be guided by its desires and emotions. The intellectuals, particularly the younger ones, immensely overestimate the influence of reason and the scientific enlightment. A thousand years hence, who knows? But we are dealing with the present — the present, when, in spite of science, twenty thousand persons in a day visit the grave of a Catholic priest near Boston to be healed by touching his tomb!

What, then, may be ahead? The Protestant churches, I think, are bankrupting themselves as fast as they can by their appeal to Cæsar, and are so fast becoming political lobbyists instead of moral leaders that we may ignore them in the latter rôle, though we may before long be called on to fight them tooth and nail in the former. The Catholic Church, of which I am not a member, will, I believe, gain steadily in power because of its knowledge of human nature. I am by no means sure that a new religion of some sort may not sweep like fire some day over those who, without reaching mental maturity, have lost their old belief through the vaguely sensed scientific "atmosphere" of the day and the bankruptcy of the Protestant sects. That is one possibility. But I don't think it is the only one.

Another is based on the deep need of man for hero worship and leadership. All moral codes have from time to time needed readjustment to fit altered conditions, as ours does now. Sooner or later, as a rule, a great moral leader has risen — sometimes with the strong emotional sanctions of religion, and sometimes with sanctions purely ethical — who has so swayed a spiritually hungry and disillusioned people as to make them his followers. A little more profound disillusionment on the part of the mob, a little different combination of qualities, and, though the suggestion may seem fantastic, Roosevelt might have slipped into such a rôle. That is another possibility.

Meanwhile the responsibility rests upon the instinctive moralists and upon all those — scientists, intellectuals, plain people — who have not lost the ability to see life whole. We must not expect the longshoreman, or the stenographer, or the bricklayer, to become a John Dewey overnight. That will take time — a jolly good bit of it. A moral law is as essential as the civil law. Such a law, unpopular as the doctrine is, seems to be embedded in the evolutionary process. It is inoperative without sanctions. For the average individual in society those sanctions, for countless generations yet to come, and in spite of high schools, are bound to be emotional. They will be based on heaven and hell, on a belief in God and a future life, on a fervent admiration and whole-hearted following of some adored leader, or on some other emotion — not on reason.

That many experiments should be made meanwhile is all to the good, although in all too many instances the personal result may be disastrous. The race has always advanced by experiment. Innumerable small rebels, heretics against the social order, make their contributions to the change in *mores* and morals, and sooner or later the great reformer arises to revise the code. The need of the moment is not of experimenters, of whom there will be plenty, but of men who can see the whole of life, who can realize the reality of the moral law at this stage in the evolution of the cosmos, and who can tide over the period of too rapid transition so that our civilization shall not go the way of so many that have lost one moral code before they could gain another.

Intellectuals, as well as missionaries, may ruin the civilizations they attempt to make over by narrow views of human nature and by being in too much of a hurry. Changes have got to occur in parts of the moral code, but society cannot abrogate the moral law. It would cease to cohere if every man, in that large field of conduct outside the scope of the civil law, should substitute with infinite variety his personal "I want" for the more universal "I ought."

This may be bad news, but it seems to be the truth.

**Having explained the "why" of morals in this article, Mr. Adams will cover the "how" next month in a second paper — "How Be Good?"**

# Let's WORK in the Country!

### by STUART CHASE

IN UPCOUNTRY districts here in the East, one of the means whereby the knowing tramper may avoid the curse of walking on roads infested with motor cars, is to secure the standard maps of the Geological Survey and follow the thoroughfares marked thereon. Surveyed in 1885 or thereabouts, many of the village roads have lapsed into the jungle, only a footpath surviving — sometimes not even that. It is at once sad and instructive to halt where the map indicates a farm house and cast through the tangle of blackberry bushes and apple shoots until the stone cellar is found. Standing under the wild, unkempt lilac bush, one ruminates upon the sort of men and women who lived for generations above this crumbling masonry; and mourns a little that the incredible labor of clearing these harsh acres has gone for naught.

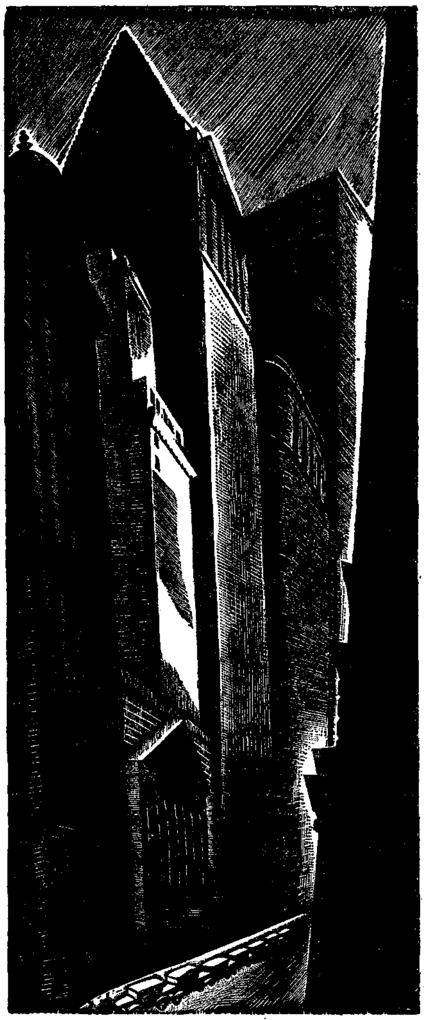
Following one such road recently in the Berkshire Hills, I came suddenly upon a very Gibraltar of a ruin. The house cellar was of normal size, but terrace upon terrace of stout masonry marked where the giant barns had risen. Though high in the hills, a great circular field, flat as a billiard table and as green, explained these mighty foundations. What a mountain of labor lost! And then I raised my eyes. Straight as an arrow, as far as vision extended, stretched the steel towers and looped wires of a high-voltage transmission line. Over the green field it came and passed directly above the monolithic ruins of the barns. So light and graceful was the structure that it brought no sense of desecration to the mellow and ancient scene.

Labor too great for human shoulders to bear had wrought this ruin. Here, swinging through the pathways of the air a hundred feet above, was power equivalent to the labor of a thousand men — ten thousand men. I munched a windfall apple — bitter yet sweet — and wondered if these lines and towers marched to raise dead men from their graves. Perhaps.

### WHY CITIES GREW

A CENTURY ago, industry in America was highly decentralized. Each local community formed an economic unit which was largely self-supporting. Only a few major staples flowed from town to village. Plowed land, cottage industries, the local flour mill, foundry, wheelwright's shop, planing mill, shoemaker, furnished jointly the bulk of the community's subsistence. As the Industrial Revolution gained headway, it did not tend immediately to break this rhythm. The first factories were operated by water power, which meant dams on swift streams in upland country. New England was dotted with such sites, but the old stone mill beside the quiet pond did little to increase the size or the tempo of the village. A few cottagers ceased to labor at home, and walked to the mill for their work. But about the bigger dams and water wheels at Manchester, Lowell, and Lawrence, the seeds of an altogether different economic organization began to sprout.

Water power was not enough to run the new looms and mules and jennies which the textile industry shortly began to call for. The steam engine must shoulder an increasing share of the load. Steam engines demand coal and iron — bulky products both. The railroads to haul them cannot go skipping over the hills; they must cleave to the river bottoms. Ships to transport the finished product cannot go skipping over the hills. Harbor towns, lowland towns, are the proper places for steam engines. Such towns grew into roaring cities as the Industrial Revolution gained headway. The little upland mills began to drop and fade, although here and there a stubborn Yankee continued to make one pay — and still does, for that matter. Slowly the self-sufficing community began to bleed to death. Its people left to tend steam engines in the lowland cities; its local industries declined as the products fabricated by steam engines entered trade. Increasingly textiles, hardware, farm implements, foodstuffs became national business rather than local business.



*Woodcuts by Howard Cook*

**MANHATTAN CANYON**

Industry formed ever greater blood clots, until somewhere between 1910 and 1920 the process of centralization reached a maximum. Steam engines had gathered about them nearly all the iron, coal, and human beings that a given industrial center could support without contracting acute elephantiasis. Certain communities did contract it.

Toward the close of the last century electricity came to supplement the steam engine. It was produced by unit plants in the big towns, and only operated to increase centralization and congestion. But about 1910 high-voltage transmission of power became a practical reality, and with it came the clear possibility of a new migration away from smoky lairs of the steam engine. In that year twenty-two towns in Lake County, Illinois, surrendered ten little power plants operated only at night, and took their power from one central station, working twenty-four hours a day. Presently one hundred and twenty-five farms came into the hook-up. The experiment proved successful; intercommunity transmission was a paying fact. Before long, interstate transmission was a paying fact.

A decade later social students woke up to the significance of this experiment and its aftermath. Electric power as an agent for decentralization was the topic for various learned papers at various learned conventions. The phrases "super-power," and a little later, "giant power," became charged with portentous meanings. It was argued that the centralization of industry had reached the bursting point — as indeed it had; that the economies of steam engines, while manifest as against cottage industry, forced the manual worker of Pittsburgh and Chicago into a sordid sub-life, less enjoyable and healthy than that which his ancestors had left; and further, that congestion had reached such proportions as seriously to undermine the sometime economies of industrial centralization.

### Hell-bent for Utopia

Here was opportunity to bring cheap power to the town and village, uphill or down. Steam power must be used where it is generated, but electric motors can turn wherever the power lines run. Not only was industry thus enabled to move out of Megalopolis, but, equally important, the farmer and the farmer's wife for the first time in history could be freed from their immemorial burdens by electric lights, automatic pumps, ensilage cutters, milking machines, power saws, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, and the other electrical labor-saving devices for farm and home. It was argued that the city worker could now go back to a charming country cottage with a row of beans and clambering red roses. Over green fields he would walk in the dewy morning to the clean, smokeless shop where he was to be employed. In short, Utopia was just around the corner.

The hue and cry, such as it was, started nearly a decade ago. I remember being extraordinarily excited by it — particularly by Gifford Pinchot's giant power plan for Pennsylvania, promulgated while he was Governor. What has happened in the intervening years?

**DICTATOR OF BROADWAY**

Have any of these glowing prophecies come to pass? Utopia manifestly has not arrived; but is it any nearer?

*Recent Economic Changes*, the report issued by the National Bureau of Economic Research, makes it perfectly evident that industrial decentralization is a fact, and a growing one. Between 1919 and 1925, the twenty-five largest cities in the country lost 327,000 wage earners — twelve per cent of the total force — while rural areas (under 10,000 population) gained 55,000 wage earners.

Cities of 100,000 to 250,000 population lost fourteen per cent of wage earners.

Cities of 25,000 to 100,000 lost eleven per cent.

Cities of 10,000 to 25,000 lost eight per cent.

The reason the rural gain does not equal the city loss is that, due to the encroachments of the machine, the total mass of factory workers is declining in the United States. Plants in large cities are actually decreasing in size (that is, in workers per establishment) while rural plants are growing in size. "One industry" towns are beginning to break down. The dominance of Fall River as a textile center, Akron as a rubber center, Haverhill as a shoe center, Troy as a collar center, is declining. Even Chicago, hog butcher of the world, has lost half of its share of the meat-packing business in the last quarter century. In the current year a recent census shows fifty industries which have left Chicago and moved elsewhere. Manufacturing is definitely evening out through the country. "The day of diversification has come. It should be a happier one for many communities." This does not mean, alas, that cities are losing population to the country, for they are not. It simply means that industry is moving out of the steam engine belt. Unfortunately, the industrial workers who move out are more than balanced by the clerks, salesmen, garage men, and gold diggers moving in.

There are now 100,000 miles of high-voltage transmission lines, half of them constructed since 1922, and at a cost of something over a billion dollars.* Four

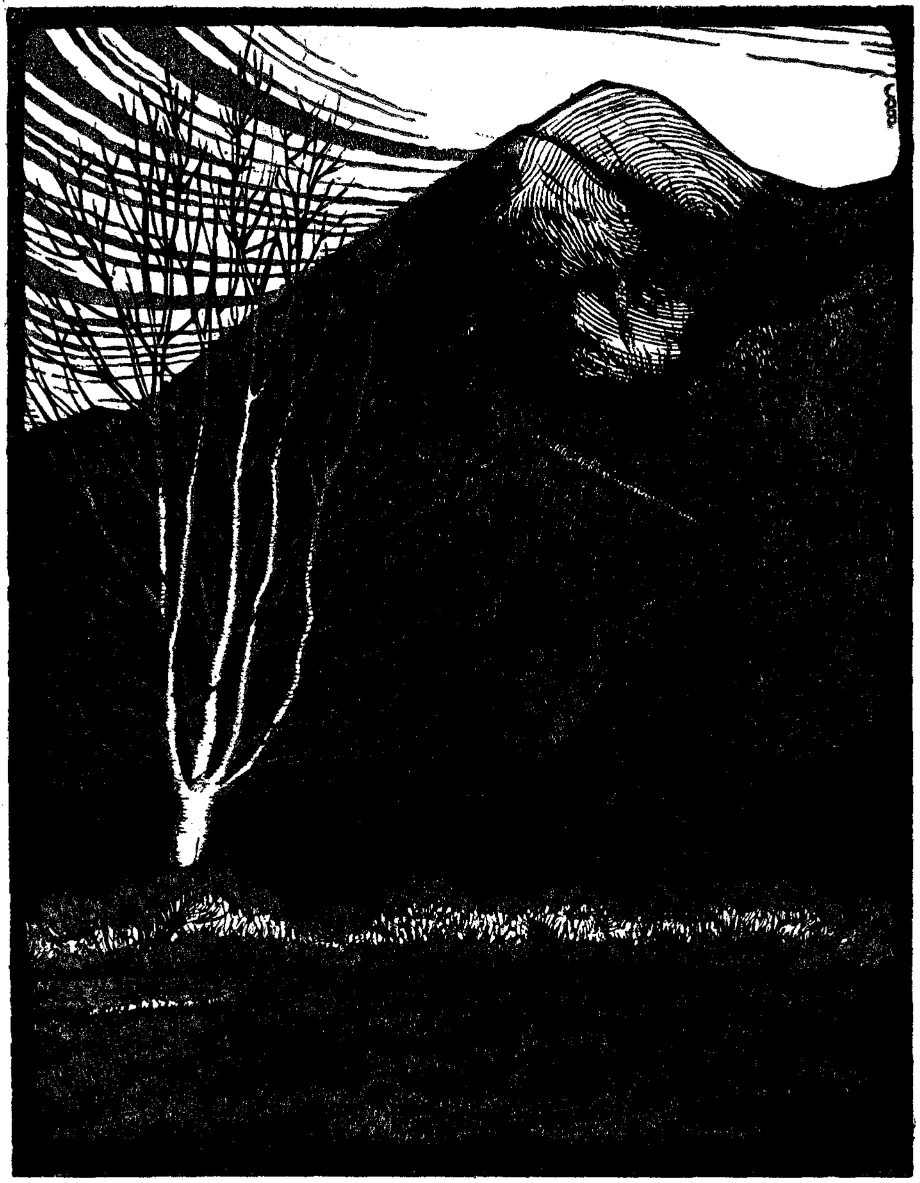
---

*Many of the following facts are drawn from the excellent booklet, *America's New Frontier*, published by the Middlewest Utilities Company, 1929.

thousand towns and villages have been yoked into the system in the last five years. Hand in hand with this development has gone the surfaced highway and the motor truck, providing the small community with a rapid and flexible system of transportation. The town or the plant not served by railroad can move its goods by truck. Near New York a town called Radburn is being built, specifically designed to meet the challenge of the motor age and as an experiment in decentralization.

As power has grown, the hauling of finished goods has also grown, but the hauling of raw materials has declined relative to population. Why? Because coal is going to central power stations with big, efficient turbines, rather than to small, inefficient factory steam engines. Many modern factories have no engines at all; they buy "juice" to run their motors, which in turn run their lathes and looms and planers. The noisy, dangerous tangle of belts goes out of the picture altogether. In two years, power in the 200,000 small plants in the country increased nine per cent — all in the form of electric motors. Finished goods are lighter than raw materials; power, traveling at 186,000 miles a second, weighs nothing at all. We are beginning to move power in place of materials — "moving what is cheapest to move."

The new science of management makes for decentralization. Recent studies of size and efficiency show that for certain industries the medium-sized plant has the lowest operating costs. Small-scale operations are best for industries which cannot be standardized, like tailored suits and high grade furniture; for industries catering to small markets, like artists' materials; for industries where transportation costs are great, like artificial stone and brick; for industries where perishability is imminent, like cider-making; for industries where skilled labor is the chief element, like engraving and job printing. The Federal Trade Commission, studying bakeries, found that the medium-sized establishments had the lowest costs, and plotted a beautiful unit cost curve which started high with the very small bakeries, dipped down to the middle-sized, and went up with the big plants. In blast furnaces



**DICTATOR OF THE GREAT OPEN SPACES**

The Mountains the Spaniards Called "The Blood of Christ" in their Transformation at Sunset it has been found that medium-sized stacks are the most efficient.

All of which sets one to wondering how many of the new mergers are outraging the proper relationship of size and efficiency.

Ford lays down the law that it is absurd to make all the parts of an automobile under one roof. Let many parts be made in outside plants — preferably in the country — and then assembled at a central point. He follows his theory by farming out his storage batteries, steering gears, one-third of his wheels, his shock absorbers, and many of his bodies.

### Death's Dolls Are We

*Death's dolls are we,*
*his marionettes,*
*he lets us see*
*the sun, and lets*

*high starry winds*
*blow over us*
*to thrill our minds:*
*then, covetous*

*of his tall dolls,*
*he can condemn*
*to air their souls*
*and gather them*

*many at once*
*and one by one,*
*dreamer and dunce*
*and king's son,*

*until they lie*
*with ample room*
*in a bed high*
*and wide with gloom*

*where he can lull*
*in his dark keep*
*his beautiful*
*tall dolls asleep*

*and but the globe*
*can rock this bed*
*and be a robe*
*to all the dead.*

**Charles Norman**

### THE HIGH COSTS OF URBAN LIVING

ALL THE FACTS recited above show that the decentralization movement is actually here and is gaining ground. One very significant fact remains to be stated. Power in a small town can be put immediately into constructive work. Power in Megalopolis has to be largely applied to keep the city functioning; to keep citizens from trampling one another to death. Food must be delivered, subway trains powered, water pumped up great skyscrapers, elevators operated, dark rooms lighted in the daytime. Electric urban traction eats up thirteen per cent of all power generated in the nation. Most of it goes to pumping people back and forth from places where they would rather not live to places where they would rather not work. In the small town no power for traction is necessary.

Almost thirty per cent of all the electric current fed to Chicago is wasted in traction. Los Angeles will eat up half as much power as was generated in the whole country in 1902, boosting the Colorado River over a 1500-foot rise for her new water supply. New York traction riding has increased fifty-five per cent while population has gained only fifteen per cent. Meanwhile traffic congestion costs the city more than half a billion a year, and at peak hours moves at the majestic rate of four miles an hour. A box of strawberries from Milan, Tennessee, enters Chicago at a cost of eight cents. By the time it is delivered the consumer pays thirty-five cents. Congestion and complication — not profit — have quadrupled the price.

These are some of the terrific costs which centralization has engendered. Industry, having produced the city, now begins to desert it — for which let us thank whatever gods may be. But the stream of population out of the great city, considerable as it is, remains far short of the stream coming in.

Industrial centralization, while more efficient than the cottage industry which it displaced, enormously widened the gap between soil, engine, and fuel. This made for cross-hauling, excess transportation, waste. With electric power transmission the movement from fuel to engine is greatly reduced, and the engine itself, in the form of the motor, moves nearer the soil. Thus the new decentralization promises us something of the economic stability of the old self-supporting community, together with a vast increase in energy available for community work. Two cents worth of current will perform the mechanical equivalent of $12.50 worth of human muscle, at current power prices (which, incidentally, are outrageously high).

No. There was nothing basically wrong with the bright picture painted a decade ago; we can accept much of it, rose bushes and all. Even better, we can note the beginning of tangible fulfillment. But as I see it, three major problems must be squarely faced before Utopia puts in an appearance.

In the first place, how are we city guttersnipes — conditioned to live in smoky canyons — to be persuaded to quit them? This is the problem of social inertia. It may be solved by moving our jobs to the country. We will follow, cursing and wailing, because we have to eat. Certainly rhetorical persuasion will never move most of us an inch. Natives return to the smoking ruins of their huts on the side of

Vesuvius. Human nature being what it is, we prefer to sit tight and suffer, rather than move and be happy.

Secondly, there are very definite technical limits to decentralization, as Mr. Walter Polakov has pointed out. Industry required two main forms of energy — mechanical power, and *heat*. High-tension lines provide plenty of the former, but none of the latter. Many modern industries — such as steel-making — are ravenous users of heat, employing far more of it than power. To transform electric current into heat is possible, as our breakfast toaster demonstrates, but it is, and probably always will be, an enormously wasteful procedure, far too costly for factories requiring large quantities ever to contemplate. Their heat must come, as heretofore, from coal. Thus into limbo goes a large section of the decentralization program. Only certain sorts of factories making certain sorts of goods can stand amid the fields, the hills, and the rose-covered cottages. No expert has yet calculated the total fraction of the nation's industry which can so stand, but, with all due allowances, we may safely assume it still remains a large one. Furthermore, if a town has a railroad connection and plenty of water, it can buy its power and manufacture its own heat. Certainly the industry does not have to stay in Megalopolis.

Thirdly and lastly, we have to reckon with the various aggregations of capital vulgarly called "the power trust." Eighteen companies now control no less than eighty-six per cent of the national power output. Is it to be their movement or ours? If it is to be theirs, how much are they going to charge for it; and even more important, how competently will they direct it? No one can question their competence in "educating" school children, university professors, and state legislatures; but the wise direction of a great social migration is something else again.

Genuinely wise direction we find under Sir Adam Beck in the Ontario power project. This furnishes us with a guide as to how decentralization should develop, and what it ought to cost. Unfortunately for us, Ontario costs are but a fraction of what certain of our domestic companies demand. Not long ago, Mr. Judson King found that electric house service for a Mrs. Cullom in Ontario amounted to $3.55 a month. Had she lived in Washington, D. C., the same amount of current would have cost her $23.18. The difference gives one pause. Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, after careful engineering analysis, concludes that "any price paid for domestic service above five cents per kilowatt hour must be justified by some special consideration which does not affect ninety-five per cent of the current used."

How many of my readers are paying more than five cents — and thus an exorbitant charge? For myself, I pay fifteen cents in Westchester County, New York. Decentralization must have not only cheap power for factories, but cheap light and power for farms and cottages. The former receives some attention at the hands of the several trusts, but the latter none at all — or, to be fair, almost none at all.

The interstate transfer of power is practically unregulated at the present time. This no man's land our power friends have appropriated for themselves. The appropriations promise to be excellent. I hold a few certificates in the Electric Bond and Share Company, the greatest of the trusts. They cost the estate which bequeathed them to me about fifteen dollars each. Before the October stock crash they stood at 189. My banker assures me they will some day touch 1000. It will be fine for me when they do, but perhaps not so fine for the decentralization movement.

## Day

*She comes on naked feet when Night is gone,*
*A brown and radiant girl whose sleep is done.*
*Her anklets glitter, and that burnished jar*
*Set on one rounded shoulder is the sun.*

**Eleanor Baldwin**

# The Critical Circus

### *by* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

> I can recommend a marriage between persons belonging to opposing types as being ideal. There will be no quarrels. All will be peace and harmony. The loveliest and brainiest children will issue from such unions. If this is accepted as a rule of guidance, the human race will be the gainer.
>
> — Prof. Heinrich Hertwein
> in *Science and Marriage*

For example, George Sand and Dudevant, Shelley and Harriet Westbrook, Sir William Hamilton and Emma Lyon, and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Kip Rhinelander.

> At the risk of my life, I make the following statement: Men *are* more sentimental than women!
>
> — Lilian Bell in the *Pictorial Review*

Your life is perfectly safe, Lilian. Fifty thousand people have made the same statement before you and nothing has happened.

> Few of us can endure the truth. Nietzsche once stated as the great question of the future whether mankind could indeed bear to know the truth and face it. He himself often could not, and most of mankind likewise turns away. Finally, by agreeing to recognize something else as truth, human science is often transformed into a comfortable philosophy. Happily, this is not the case with the recent book by Mr. Walter Lippmann, *A Preface to Morals*. Mr. Lippmann not only believes that mankind can endure the truth; he has proved it in a measure by the acceptance which his book has had in America.
>
> — George Santayana
> in the *Saturday Review of Literature*

What does Mr. Santayana mean by "acceptance"? And how does that "acceptance" prove even in a measure the contention that mankind, specifically American, can endure the truth? The circumstance that a book has had a wide sale does not necessarily indicate that its readers agree with its doctrines, endorse them, accept them, or are able even to endure them. Sinclair Lewis's *Elmer Gantry* sold very much more widely than Lippmann's book, but very few of its readers accepted its particular truths and were able to stomach them. Lippmann's book was "accepted" by certain professional critics as it was "rejected" by others. Perhaps not one layman out of every hundred who read it could understand it sufficiently either to accept or reject its tenets.

> Although Mr. Sturges is writing of a faintly delirious incident in a Forty-ninth Street speakeasy, he has the good taste to keep his characters neat and decent.
>
> — J. Brooks Atkinson
> in the *New York Times*

Although Mr. Gorki is writing of a faintly delirious incident in a Russian cellar, he has the bad taste to make his characters anything but neat and clean.

> If Mr. Theodore Dreiser, author of *The Genius*, had set forth his views of originality in Germany about 1775, they would have been wrong, but they would at least have had the semblance of novelty. As it is, it is hard for a person even moderately versed in literary history to read these views without yawning.
>
> — Prof. Irving Babbitt
> in *Criticism in America*

What, Professor, if Goethe, author of *Faust*, who flourished in Germany in that century, had set forth his views of originality in Marlowe's England about 1588?

> What has been going on quite openly for the last twenty-five years is the spiritualization of business . . . the gradual emergence of a mystical attitude toward the mastery of the economic environment.
>
> — Mary Austin

Page the Messrs. Charlie Schwab, Andy Mellon, the board of directors of the United Cigar Stores Company, and Jesse Livermore.

> What the average man now wants is the large-scale production and wide diffusion of science, art, music, literature . . . the best to be had; and he is going to get them and to glorify wholeheartedly the heroes of culture who provide them for him.
>
> — Stuart Sherman

What the average man now wants of the

best to be had, according to verified statistics, is, in science, the radio; in art, lithographs of Greta Garbo; in music, Rudy Vallée's "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover"; and, in literature, Chic Sale's *The Specialist.*

I OBSERVE that a perplexed colleague has sought to get rid of Mr. Cabell's latest work (*The Way of Ecben*) by saying that those who like his others will presumably like this. But I am not so sure that I agree with him. For one thing, even admirers may be provoked to complain that they are not getting much for their money: the pages are few, the blank pages many, and the type large.
— E. S. in the London *New Statesman*

The quality of champagne predicated critically upon its price, the shortage of its quart-size bottle, the bottle's confounded thickness, and the big empty dent in its bottom.

THE most notable aspect of Nietzsche's writing technically is its lack of structure.
— C. A. TACKE in the *New World Monthly*

The most notable aspect of Nietzsche's writing technically happens to *be* its structure. The form is perfectly suited to the subject matter. Consider, for example, *Thus Spake Zarathustra.* The circumstance that much of Nietzsche's writing is in the form of superficially isolated paragraphs seems to lead the gentleman to imagine that the sum of that writing is not structurally ordered and stylistically compact.

WHO to-day can read anything about Strindberg or Max Stirner?
— SEWARD COLLINS in the *Bookman*

Well, for example — we have their words for it —Wells, Shaw, Hauptmann, Thomas Mann, Sigrid Undset — and maybe any other intelligent person.

BECAUSE these (social, political, economic, and theological) are the very problems which concern Shaw and the fact that Shaw was aware of them when he was a critic of the theatre, gave body and substance to his reviews.
— GILBERT SELDES

What gave Shaw's reviews body and substance was, very simply, his knowledge of theatre and drama. Social, political, economic, and theological problems do concern Shaw, but they concerned him little as a dramatic critic. Mr. Seldes will certainly have to strain his eyes to discover any serious consideration of them in the two volumes of *Dramatic Opinions and Essays.*

YOU don't necessarily have to have a follow-up for romantic love in marriage. You don't need to buy a house and have nine children to prove you are in love. A two-year marriage — with renewals possible only at great cost — might have stimulating consequences. It might make for a terribly poignant relationship between a man and a woman if they realized it could last only two years. Many would fight for its continuation. Others, no doubt, would gladly be quit of the old love to be on with the new.
— THEODORE DREISER in an interview

Which would leave us exactly where we are now.

WE do not believe that anybody who sincerely imagines that the power behind our life is malignant, sinister, capricious like Setebos, cruel like Moby Dick and only waiting an opportune moment to shove us under; who honestly thinks that life is only a sorrowful moment of consciousness in a cruel universe where nothing is of permanent value, would take the trouble to say so in painfully wrought out literary form.
— HARLAN HATCHER in *As a Man Thinketh*

Poor Joseph Conrad!

WE see unheard of people crashing the first page with best sellers.
— *Ibid.*

Well, why not? Is there no room for new writers of talent? And is it not a very encouraging sign that these new writers get a wide public reception in America?

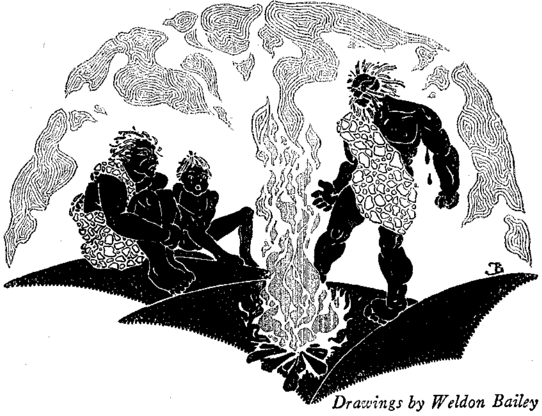
THE author (of *Death Takes a Holiday*) exhibited genuine artistry in presenting an unusual and difficult theme. Death introduced into a modern play is indeed an original innovation.
— JOHN KRIMSKY
President and critical sachem of *Playchoice*

Death introduced into a modern play is indeed an original innovation? I suggest that Dr. Krimsky consult Hofmannsthal's *Death and the Fool.*

WHAT will you say of the fact that there are superficial geniuses and profound (both, be it noted, authentic geniuses)? For example: Wells and Dostoyevski, William James and Sigmund Freud, Max Nordau and Thorstein Veblen, Sherwood Anderson and Anton Chekhov, Belasco and Stanislawski!
— S. D. SCHMALHAUSEN
in the *Modern Quarterly*

Nordau? Veblen? Belasco? Authentic geniuses? I will say nothing.

# Why People READ



*Drawings by Weldon Bailey*

### *by* CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

I

In those prehistoric days when the three R's were the bulwark of the little red schoolhouse, potential Presidents of these United States used to cover the pages of their copy books with a legend to the effect that there was always room at the top. It was a pleasant enough myth and no more harmful than a belief in Santa Claus or the conviction that a hair from a horse's tail kept in a bottle of water would eventually turn into a snake. And it was about as short-lived. But, if the incapacity of pinnacles to accommodate crowds finally stood revealed, there remained at least the saving grace of fancying that it was the pinnacles' fault. For had not a hint been dropped by Thomas Gray, also a contributor to the fatuous copy book, that "full many a rose is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air"? And was it not pleasanter to imagine that we were indeed mute, inglorious Miltons, or Cromwells guiltless of our country's blood, rather than plodding rank-and-file men by virtue of inadequacy?

Whether we suspected our divine fire or not, the pinnacles were ever before us like snow-capped peaks, seen now in the white glare of another's achievement, now obscured in the clouds of our own profound despairs. We hungered and longed and wearied for the heights and, in the end, found solace through literature in vicarious adventure. Which is only another way of saying that we touched greatness through our ability to identify ourselves mentally with valorous men and stirring events. And, in doing so, we repeated the gesture made by the first cave woman crouching before a fire of pine boughs and listening to exploits of tooth and fang recited by her mate.

To assert that woman was the first audience and man the first teller of tales is to state a fundamental truth that may seem upon the surface to be constantly modified by changing conditions. To-day the field of literature swarms with women, but there are practically no romanticists among them. Their creations deal with manners rather than events, and, since the basic foundation of the story-teller's art is epic, we may safely assume that man is still the teller of tales and woman the listener. The great preponderance of women readers of fiction in the United States to-day is explained upon the theory that women have more leisure. Is this not just another way of saying that women are more bored with life and, hence, more eager for vicarious experience and romantic escape?

II

This theory that man was the first teller of tales and woman the first listener casts no reflection upon the quality of woman's imagination. Quite the contrary. An audience frequently puts into a drama more than the creator intended, or was capable of intending. Moreover, it could easily be assumed that this first teller of tales dealt with facts — facts which he knew at first hand but which it was necessary for the woman to translate into realities by her own capacity for invention.

To attempt to reconstruct the scene of the first tale told is almost to prove this point. A cave man going forth to his kill encounters a she-bear with cubs. His fight is long, furious, and thrilling. Returning at dusk to his mate, somewhat the worse for wear, he must perforce explain the broken finger, the gash in his cheek, the torn shoulder. Fired by the sympathetic response of an audience, his brooding speech suddenly becomes winged. He not only lives the encounter over again but he shares it with another. He brings action and quickened heartbeats to blood grown stagnant by the dull routine of childbearing and campfire tending. His story loses nothing in the telling, and under the spell of this strange, new loquacity he finds facts growing elusive and fanciful.

A fresh pleasure has come into his life, but it is too soon for him to realize that it is a pleasure that holds elements of thralldom. To set oneself upon a height is one thing; to keep oneself there is quite another. When next our hero is driven to further killings by the rumblings of an empty belly and a shrilling brood, he may have only dull encounters. He returns to find his mate expectant and eager for another wonder tale. In his extremity he invents a story out of hand. The woman hangs parted-lipped upon this recital, believing, or pretending to believe. It is a scene that has been repeated before hearthstone fires over and over again these many centuries: the great, big, beautiful male fictitiously expanding his capabilities for the delight of a mate avid for romance to a point that suffers any imposition.

Man has ever longed for fresh worlds to conquer, and our precursor of Alexandre Dumas and Rafael Sabatini, having strutted his stuff successfully in the home circle, casts his eyes about for a more extended audience. About the tribal campfire are striplings not yet hardened to adventure and old men who relive valiant exploits only in memory. To these our hero-narrator comes with his carefully rehearsed tales. Again he meets success. His fame grows, and likewise his audience. He is on his way to being a best seller. But competition springs up — there are other cave men with exploits and imagination. Brag-fests become the order of the day.

Gradually the discovery is made that not only the adventure but the manner of the telling scores. The man with the greatest exploits to his credit is not always the man who shakes his audience the most profoundly. There are even those without the strength or capacity for thrilling action who can repeat a tale concerning another with greater effect than those who have enacted it. Tales of wonder pass from lip to lip, are inherited, so to speak, become legendary. The minstrel is born. With creative daring men touch not only the fingers of heroes but the brow of the gods themselves. Humanity discovers that there is room upon the heights for everybody who wishes to scale them through the imagination. Weakness, old age, childbearing, cowardice, timidity — nothing stands in the way of vicarious achievement, of romantic escape from things as they are. And the race sees in a flash that the fruit of the tree of knowledge eaten by the first man and woman was in reality the fruit of imagination releasing them from the boredom of a cut-and-dried Eden, giving them the gift of identification with the very gods themselves.

* * *

THIS escape into a romantic world by the process of identification with a legendary figure is particularly marked in primitive folk, especially children. Without the slightest trouble or preparation, a primitive can walk headlong into vicarious achievement, majesty, power. The unsophisticated find no difficulty in identifying themselves with the salt of the earth, and even Olympus is within their grasp. Primitive stories are stories of gods and demigods to power and majesty born, an aristocracy of glory which a childish simplicity can enter at once. But, as civilization advances, humanity sheds this simplicity. It is not so easily beguiled from its boredom. It requires a bridge to carry it over the chasm that separates life from fancy. It cannot, in an eye's twinkling, become of the stuff of which pomp and splendor are made. At this point the Cinderella myth is born. Here the approach to eminence is through the channels of obscurity. The man who cannot conceive himself a god out-of-hand can imagine a rise to power by a set of fortuitous circumstances.

Most folklore is a modification of the Cinderella myth. Teutonic folk tales, Old Testament stories, and the best sellers of Laura Jean Libbey are all founded upon the Cinderella theme. Practically every one of Grimm's fairy tales begins: "Once upon a time there lived a poor woodcutter and his wife" — or words to that effect. It is the child of these wretched folk who achieves beauty and wealth and power. And even the stories that have an opening scene laid in the courtyard of a castle do so with the avowed purpose of ultimately enthroning a commoner.

The Bible story of Jacob, the second-born, is a Cinderella story, emanating as it does from an emerging civilization that laid all its stress upon the prerogatives and rights of the first-born son. That Jacob's rise to power was due to sharp practice against Esau, his God, and his father-in-law is beside the mark. Joseph, with his coat of many colors, had neither the distinction of being the eldest nor the youngest. And who does not remember the dialogue between Samuel, the prophet, and Jesse, the father, concerning a successor to the throne of Israel after seven unacceptable sons of Jesse had passed in review? "And Samuel said unto Jesse: 'Are these *all* thy children?' And he said, 'There remaineth yet the youngest and he keepeth the sheep.' " It was this forgotten shepherd lad who was fated to wear the crown.

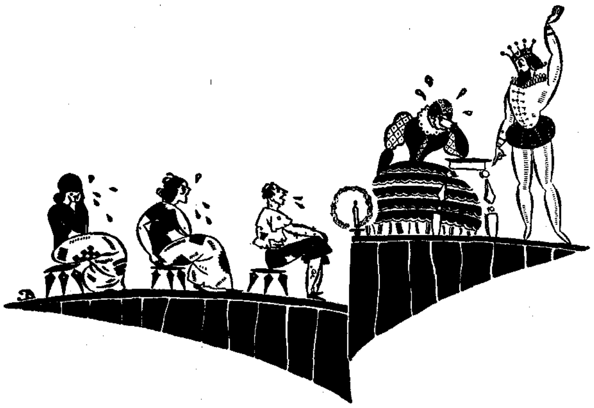
It is no accident that these patriarchs and warriors and kings spring from the ranks of the humble. The initial pangs of skepticism over, the race must have turned avidly to the first rational beguilement that appeared. Though it had become impossible to identify oneself outright with kingship and godhead, there still remained the possibility of achieving both by a bridge of reason. From that moment, every Cinderella in the world, picking the peas out of the ashes while her sisters disported at the Prince's ball, was presented with a rational escape from the soot and grime of her kitchen. Second sons, youngest sons, sons between, sons of woodcutters, lame sons, halt sons, blind sons — there was an approach to greatness for every one. Humanity, cut off from imaginary glory through a sense that all the pinnacles were occupied by gods to Olympus born, solaced itself with the sophistry that the pinnacles could be achieved. The twilight of the elect made way for the sunrise of the elected, and in its enthusiasm mankind dreamed the copy book dream that there was room at the top for everybody.

## IV

Disillusionment is ever the companion of progress. The race has invented its Cinderella myth as an approach to beauty and power. What then? Like that most modern of all Cinderellas — Tillie, in *Tillie's Nightmare* — the race wakes up to the raucous voice of its mother rising above the rattle of pots and pans. And, like Tillie, it exclaims, "Gee, it was only a dream!" It has learned that the boast of heraldry and the pomp of power are as subject to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune as any other condition in life. No matter how sweet the dream there is always the alarm clock set for dawn. Was it by ignorance or design that weavers of Cinderella tales halted their narratives upon the assurance that the leading man and woman were married and lived happily ever after? And who was the first sardonic author to carry the story a step further to complete disaster by having the heroine awake to the peevish cry of "Cinderella! CINDERELLA!"?

If all is vanity, and if even the valiant battle their way to inevitable defeat, of what avail is it to identify oneself with tinsel heroes pulled hither and thither by the gods? This was doubtless the next question which mankind subconsciously raised. The answer was clear. When everything else was gone, courage still existed. One could still invent and identify oneself with the Ajaxes of the world, intent on defying the lightning. Dimly the race perceived sportsmanship, which is nothing more nor less than a well-mannered acceptance of defeat. From this sense of sportsmanship sprang pity — the mainspring of the drama. Previously mankind's romantic escape had concerned itself with victory and laughter. Now it could conceive the glorious pathos of defeat and tears. It was better to lose sublimely than to succeed meanly.

Drama is the form of literature that most



completely captures our sympathies, that most easily transforms us for the moment into the hero, victorious or defeated, strutting his brief hour upon the stage. Hebel says: "The theater is the only possible pause in a man's life." This is another way of saying that it is the only escape we have from our own dull existences through the personality of another. For the moment we cease to be, so completely do we enter into the suffering and joy of the characters passing in review before us. The fall of the curtain is the alarm clock that starts arrested time on its way again, sending us forth refreshed not only by our laughter but by our tears; for monotony is broken as much by tragedy as by comedy, whether we achieve it through literature or life itself. The only hopeless state is boredom.

Upton Sinclair has made the point that most of the literature of the world has been produced by sycophants intent upon flattering aristocratic and plutocratic powers. It is to this base end, he declares, that Shakespeare put his talents. Because Shakespeare and the Greeks tricked out their protagonists in robes of state and clothed them with authority, Mr. Sinclair assumes that they had no real sympathy with the common people. As a matter of fact, whether these mighty dramatists knew it or not, they had every sympathy with the common people. Did the common people crowd the pit of the Elizabethan theater and the open stadiums of Athens to see dramas woven about the petty and ignoble sufferings of their kind? If they came at all to see characters built upon incongruous lines, it was to hurl laughter and obscene jibes at them. Comic interludes in any classic tragedy are concerned with the antics and griefs of rank-and-file characters — bakers, shepherds, tavern keepers, bawds, soldiers, and wretched scriveners. Cat-o'-nine-tails are never laid upon the sacred persons of the Lord's anointed.

The explanation of this is found in a statement of Philip Guedalla's to the effect that the world is curiously unmoved by the tragedies of weaklings. This holds as good to-day as it did in Shakespeare's or Sophocles' time. There is one difference, however. To-day the writer and dramatist have discovered that bakers, shepherds, tavern keepers, bawds, soldiers, and wretched scriveners are not of necessity weaklings. Which proves that the audience has discovered the same thing. The Cinderella myth has done its bit in educating men to a realization that many a slender-footed princess is picking peas out of the ashes by virtue of a scant supply of princes and the lack of a publicity bureau. Thousands of movie queens are still adorning the basements of Woolworth's stores, and the Lindberghs doling out oil, air, and water at the filling stations are legion.

But in Elizabethan days the public was not so sure of this, and greatness of soul was compelled to wear the outward symbols of distinction. A queen without her ermine and a king lacking his scepter were incomprehensible to the multitude. Shakespeare would have been glad to clothe a wretched, drunken bumboat woman with glory, as Eugene O'Neill did in *Anna Christie*, if his audience had been ready for it. But he would have tossed aside with contempt the tedious Babbitts of Sinclair Lewis, the wretched weaklings of *An American Tragedy*, the petty, cheap officers striking at each other below the belt in *What Price Glory*. For he would have known instinctively that no one in his audience would care to identify himself with such inadequates, and furthermore, that they are not even of the stuff of which good clowns are made.

## V

ONE CANNOT dismiss the public's lack of interest in underdogs by the Upton Sinclair formula of blaming it on literary fare provided by authors who bend pregnant knees before thrones. The obscure man, to quote Shylock, has eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, and passions. He is fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as his more distinguished brothers are. If you prick him he bleeds, if you tickle him he laughs, if you poison him he dies. But who cares? To whom is he anything but faintly ridiculous, as Shylock himself is faintly ridiculous?

If you analyze Shylock, you will discover that he is far from an ignominious person; but the man in the street deals in surfaces, not analyses. Shylock is a Jew, an underdog; he wears the garments of inferiority. Put a crown upon Shylock's head, authority in his hand, make him a Doge of Venice, and see how the audience will suffer with him. As it is, there are only a precious few who are touched by his miseries, who can understand his long suffering, who do not laugh when his worthless daughter deserts him, or exult at the humiliations imposed by a biased court. If this seems heartless and cruel, remember that the rank-and-file man has been betrayed and spit upon and stripped these many centuries.

Slaves of circumstance have no wish to identify themselves with failure. If they identify themselves at all with suffering, it is with the suffering of the great. If, in the end, they die vicariously, it is the death of a hero, not the death of a sniveling coward. It will be time enough to die ignominiously when their own hour comes. Macbeth is a base character ranged against Shylock. With all the Jew's shortcomings we cannot imagine him as the murderer of his guest. Even his revolting contract for a pound of flesh is open and above board. His sly and treacherous Christian clients need not accept it. But accept it they do, with tongue in cheek. There is everything to be said in favor of Shylock, but precious little for the scurvy Gentile breed that took his terms and then crawled slyly out of them. Macbeth, on the other hand, is a regicide, a murderer of a sleeping guest, a man in league with gangsters who butcher widows and their children for a consideration. But in the end he comes clean. When Birnam Wood moves upon Dunsinane, he stands his ground and meets his fate nobly, sword in hand. There is no surrender, in the manner of Shylock taking his beatings like a docile dog. Both men are defeated, but the rout of one is called tragedy, the rout of the other comedy.

We suspect that Shakespeare's artistic conscience must have been sorely pricked by the intolerance of an age that he knew would never suffer him to deliver poetic justice into Shylock's hand. But Shakespeare was a practical dramatist with his eye on the box office. He would not have dared to give his public a Jew triumphant even in defeat, such as Mr. Feuchtwanger presents to us to-day in his stirring book, *Power*.

That mankind at large has no wish to identify itself with ridiculous, defeated, or even grotesque characters is abundantly proved by the personal reactions of the reading public to such literary inventions. Any writer who builds up such a character from life is sure of escaping the wrath of the man caricatured. For the simple reason that, left to himself, the caricatured gentleman is blissfully ignorant of the libel. Kind friends may recognize the portrait, and kind friends may conceivably communicate their discovery to the victim, but even then it will take a lot of persuading, crowned with the hope of collecting substantial damages, to make a man recognize his own reflection in the mirror of literature.

The gentleman who contends that he is the original of Andy Gump has taken an incredible number of years to discover the affront. And we have reason to suspect that, left to his own devices, he would never have recognized the resemblance. We would go further and wager that the natural trend of his self-recognition would have been along the lines of Armand in *Camille*, or Sir Launcelot in *Idylls of the King*, or Tom Mix in one of his starry-skied adventures. The Pecksniffs and Dogberrys and Babbitts of literature are always recognized — but by the *other* fellow.

For no more will audiences have villains for their spiritual affinities unless they are presented in a dashing Robin Hood manner. But let the heroine languish picturesquely on a chaise longue, or the hero take his friend's place on the scaffold, and each one of us settles back with the smug satisfaction that such loveliness of body or soul is of the same stuff as ourselves.

## VI

THAT there is a tremendous vogue at the present time for stories of rank-and-file life cannot be denied. The novels of Sinclair Lewis, with the exception of *Arrowsmith*, deal, for the most part, with inadequates who never escape from the ashes of the hearthstone. And even Mr. Lewis's villains are without the grace of plume or unsheathed sword. To imagine a reader escaping into the clouds via the Elmer Gantry route is inconceivable. And yet these books have been read by thousands. More than this, Mr. Lewis is the father of a school of alleged realism that dwindles in an ever-decreasing scale toward mediocrity and dullness.

The stage, too, has become infected and hardly a theatrical season goes by that does not present a number of successes with the scenes laid in the dining rooms of flats in Yonkers or the Bronx. This would be encouraging if the dénouement led the actors Cinderella-wise out of the dining room. But the plays have no such saving grace. They are concerned with dull and blatant people who remain dull and blatant to the final fall of the curtain. If the man in the street reads to touch fingers with the great, why does he crowd to these performances? If the world is curiously unmoved by the tragedies of weaklings, what interest can rank-and-file audiences have in these yokels born of dreary imaginations?

Literature, like everything else in life, has grown complex. We have come a long way from the cave man and the wonder-tales he told his wife. The mainspring of literature has been supplemented by other forces and other hungers. The impulse that leads the public to stories of cheesemongers who never escape their calling is a sort of inversion of the craving for vicarious heroics. Many of us have developed a dour satisfaction in contemplating other condemned souls, in realizing that one is not the only fly in the syrup jug, in acknowledging that it is the lowlands and not the pinnacles that provide room for everybody. But, however misery may love company, it is scarcely thrilled by it, and the dreariest piece of realism in the world is always in danger of rout at the point of the first glistening sword. Even in the daily press, window-weight murders and sordid oil scandals yield front page columns to the Fitzmaurices and Lindberghs of the world.

One may read for amusement, one may read in the name of curiosity, one may even conceivably read for edification; but, in the end, one will always read to escape life, to lift up one's eyes unto the hills. Books that concern themselves with any but this primary function may be clever books, interesting books, sophisticated books, but they rarely will be *great* books. The great books of the world deal with kings and princes and knights-at-arms moving in their transient glory against a sky blood-red with battle. It may not be as necessary as it was in Elizabethan days for them to wear the crowns and trailing robes of their calling, but they must bear on their brows the unmistakable signs either of nobility or of force. For it is only through them that mute, inglorious Miltons and guiltless Cromwells and even the hopeless inadequates of the world enter for a brief eternity into kingdom and power and glory.

# The Human Crucible

## *Francis Bacon Award of $7500 for the Humanizing of Knowledge*

**by BERNARD JAFFE**

BETWEEN the ancient alchemists' fanatical search for gold and the modern applications of industrial research in chemistry stretches a vast, unexplored no-man's land. The layman, frightened away from this forbidding field by the highly technical aspects of the subject, has never dreamed that behind the formulas of chemistry lurks a wondrous romance — the romance of heroic men working to push back the frontiers of knowledge. He is too prone to think of these men as Chaucer described them centuries ago:

> Men may hem ken by smell of brimstone,
> For all the world they stinken as a gote.

The stupendous advance of modern chemistry is itself a tale of a magic lamp more potent than that of Aladdin, yet greater still is the human story — the saga of men groping for the causes of things and struggling to frame the laws of nature, of men leading intellectual revolutions and fighting decisive battles in obscure laboratories. As John Dewey has well expressed it: "We are just now beginning to realize that the great heroes who have advanced human destiny are not the politicians, generals, and diplomats, but the scientific discoverers who have put into man's hands the instrumentalities of an expanding and controlled experience."

To most of us the workshop of science is as unreal as the cloistered cell of the Middle Ages. Few of us have any real conception of the spirit in which the pioneers of chemistry worked. During centuries of incessant labor they were impelled by an all-consuming curiosity to discover the inner workings of the matter-of-fact world which lay about them, and to this search they sacrificed all the common pleasures of life. Yet these saints of science, as they have been called, were supremely happy men: their lives were full. They trembled at each new discovery and never ceased to dream of new conquests.

Such lives were the human crucible out of which has issued the perfection of modern chemistry. Like the alchemists of old, let us then peer into this human crucible and watch for the golden grains of truth as they separate themselves from the leaden dross of ancient errors and superstitions.

### I — TREVISAN

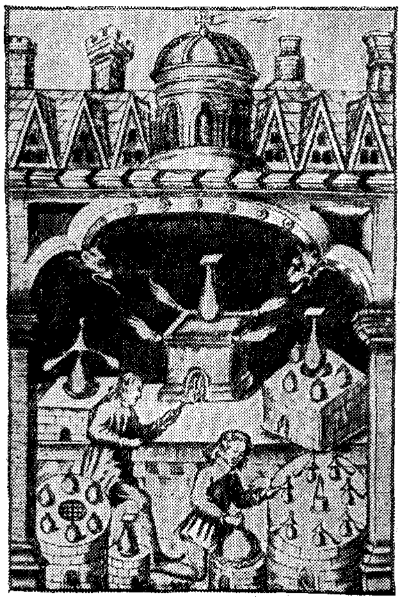
#### *He Looks for Gold in a Dunghill*

IN THE DARK interior of an old laboratory cluttered with furnaces, crucibles, alembics, stills, and bellows, bends an old man in the act of hardening two thousand hen's eggs in huge pots of boiling water. Carefully he removes the shells and gathers them into a great heap. These he heats in a gentle flame until they are as white as snow. Meanwhile his colaborer separates the whites of the eggs from the yolks and purifies them all in the manure of white horses. For eight long years these strange products are distilled and redistilled for the extraction of a mysterious white liquid and a red oil. With these potent universal solvents the two alchemists hope to fashion the philosophers' stone.

At last the day of final testing comes. Again the breath-taking suspense, and again — failure! Their stone will not turn a single one of the base metals into the elusive gold.

As far back as he could remember, Bernard Trevisan had thought and dreamed of little else but the quest of the Golden Grail. Born in 1406 of a distinguished family of Padua, he had been brought up on his grandfather's stories of the alchemists. Stories of disappointments and disillusionments, all, but he would succeed where others had failed. Encouraged by his parents, Bernard began his great adventure at the age of fourteen, for his family hoped to multiply his patrimony a thousandfold. But as the years of failure passed and his fortune slowly dwindled, they lost faith as others had done. They pitied him and attributed his continued pursuit of alchemy to madness.

But discouragement could not dampen his hopes. Through ten more long years he followed the will-o'-the-wisp teachings of Rhazes and Geber. He dissolved and crystallized all kinds of minerals and natural salts. Hundreds of times he worked with alum, copperas, and every conceivable animal and vegetable matter. Herbs, flowers, dung — all were treated with the same painstaking care. In alembics and pelicans, by decoction, reverberation, ascension, descension, fusion, ignition, elementation, rectification, evaporation, conjunction, elevation, sublimation, and endless other strange operations he tried everything his tireless ingenuity could conjure up.



THE ALCHEMISTS*

"Gold is the most perfect of all metals," he murmured. "In gold God has completed His work with the stones and rocks of the earth. And since man is nature's noblest creature, out of man must come the secret of gold." So he worked with the blood and the urine of man, and in these operations he consumed twelve more years and six thousand crowns. He was surrounded by a motley group of pretended seekers after the stone — by men who, knowing that he was rich, offered him secrets which they neither understood nor possessed.

Finally, when these knaves had reduced him almost to penury, he cast them aside and turned his attention to the obscure and mystic works of two other masters of alchemy — Johannes de Rupecissa and Sacrobosco. This time he allied himself with a monk of the Order of St. Francis. This friar had told him how Pope John XXII, during the "Babylonian Captivity," maintained a famous laboratory at Avignon where he himself labored to make gold, and, while he piled up a fortune of eighteen million florins, issued bulls against the competition of other alchemists.

Thrice ten times Bernard Trevisan rectified spirits of wine "till," as he said, "he could not find glasses strong enough to hold it." Surely this liquor would not fail him. Again the test was made; again the stone proved as elusive as ever. But the fire still burned hot within him. He buried himself in his dark dungeon of a laboratory, sweating and starving for fifteen more years in the search for the unattainable.

By now he had spent ten thousand crowns, and his health was very poor. Almost maddened by failure, he betook himself to prayer, hoping that God in His goodness might select him as the deliverer of man from poverty. But the favor of the Lord was not visited upon him, and his friend, the Franciscan, died in the quest. Bernard Trevisan was left alone once more.

After he had wandered through Germany, Spain, and France in search of the true alchemists, word reached him that Master Henry, confessor to the Holy Roman Emperor, Frederick II, had discovered the secret formula of the stone. He started off to Vienna at once and found a man after his own heart. Master Henry had been working all his life to solve the supreme riddle of transmutation. He was no deceiver, but a man of God, sincerely searching for the germ of gold. The two dreamers vowed eternal friendship, and that night Bernard gave a banquet in honor of his new partner, to which he invited all the alchemists of the vicinity.

At the banquet table it was agreed that forty-two gold marks should be collected from

---

*The two engravings are reproduced through the courtesy of the New York Public Library from *The Ordinall of Alchimy* by Thomas Norton "of Bristoll" (Fifteenth Century).

the guests, and Master Henry promised to multiply the coins fivefold in the crucible. In a glass vial of strange design Henry mixed yellow sulphur with a few drops of mercury. Holding the vial high over a fire, he slowly added a few grains of silver and some pure oil of olives. Then he placed in it the forty-two gold marks and a minute quantity of molten lead, and sealed the glass container with hot ashes and clay.

### 42×5=16

THIS strange mixture was put in a crucible and buried in a red-hot fire. And while the alchemists ate and drank heartily, and chattered volubly of the great search of the centuries, the concoction in the vial bubbled and boiled in the furnace. Patiently they waited until the vial was broken. The experiment was a failure. Master Henry could not understand. "Perhaps," he ventured, "some ingredient has been wanting." Others suggested that the phase of the moon and the position of the planets were not propitious for such a momentous experiment. At all events, when the crucible was emptied, only sixteen of the forty-two gold marks were salvaged.

This infuriated Trevisan and he vowed to abandon the quest of the philosophers' stone. For two dull and weary months he kept his pledge, but again the burning in his heart overcame cold reason and his mind was set once more on retrieving his vanished fortune through the stone. Now his thoughts turned to the cradle of alchemy — to Egypt, Palestine, Persia, Greece, Turkey, the Isle of Cyprus. For was not the father of alchemy identified with the grandson of Noah? Had not Sarah, the wife of Abraham, hidden an emerald tablet engraved with the cryptic directions for making gold? Had not Alexander the Great discovered it in a cave near Hebron? Had not Jason and the Argonauts gone in search of the Golden Fleece, which was nothing but a book of alchemy made of sheepskin? And had not the Roman Emperor, Diocletian, ordered all books which treated of the admirable art of making gold committed to the flames, "apprehensive lest the opulence of the Egyptians should inspire them with confidence against the Empire?"

Perhaps some of these books had escaped destruction, thought Bernard. There, in the Greek colony of Alexandria, he would rummage through the scrolls of the ancients. So for four more years he made his pilgrimage. "In this affair," he wrote, "I spent upwards of eleven thousand crowns, and in fact, I was reduced to such poverty that I had but little money left, and yet I was more than sixty-two years of age."

At this time he met another monk, who showed him the recipe for whitening pearls. The pearls were etched in the urine of an uncorrupted youth, coated with alum, and left to dry on what remained of the corrosive. Then they were heated in a mixture of mercury and fresh bitch's milk. Bernard watched the process, and behold — the whitest pearls he had ever seen! He was now ready to listen to this skilled adept. Upon security of the last remnant of his once great estate, he persuaded a merchant to lend him eight thousand florins.

For three years he worked with this friar, treating a rare iron ore with vinegar in the hope of extracting the mystic fluid. He lived day and night in his dirty laboratory, losing his fortune to multiply it. So obsessed was he by his experiments that he had no time even to wash his hands or his beard. Finally, unable to eat or drink, he thought he had been poisoned by some of the deadly fumes in which he had been working. He was haggard and thin, and the last of his estate was gone.

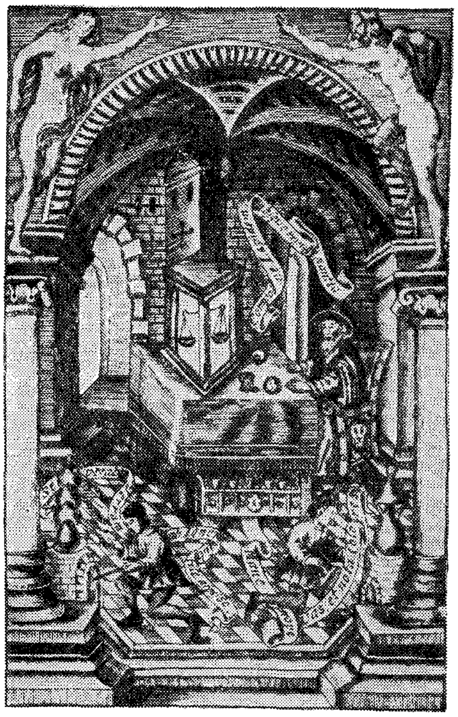
### DEATH OF TREVISAN

SO ALONE, friendless, penniless, weary in mind and physically broken, Bernard Trevisan returned to his home in Padua, only to find that his relatives would have nothing to do with him. So he retired to the Isle of Rhodes where he continued his work with yet another monk who professed to have a clew to the secret. But always the great object of his search eluded him. He had now spent three score years grappling with nature and had lost thousands of crowns. He no longer had the strength to stand before the furnace. And in 1490 Bernard Trevisan died.

As we peer down the long vista of the past, we find the delusion of transmutation holding the most prominent place in the minds of thinking men. Frenzied alchemy held the world in its grip for seventeen centuries and more of recorded history. In the records of intellectual aberrations it holds a unique position. Even

Roger Bacon, easily the most learned man of his age, the monk who seven hundred years ago foresaw such modern scientific inventions as the steamship and the flying machine, believed in the possibility of changing the baser metals into gold.

Sir Isaac Newton, one of the clearest scientific thinkers of all time, bought and consulted books on alchemy as late as the eighteenth century. In his room in Trinity College, Cambridge, he built a little laboratory where he tried various experiments in transmutation. After leaving the university he was intensely interested in a secret recipe with which a company in London sought to multiply gold, and Robert Boyle, president of the Royal Society, was also so impressed that he helped procure the repeal of an act of Parliament against multipliers of gold.



The power and influence of many of the alchemists during the Middle Ages can hardly be exaggerated. In nearly every court of Europe men were appointed by kings and emperors to advance the financial status of their kingdoms by transmuting base metals like lead and iron into gold. Monarchs even traded in alchemists and loaned them from one court to another. Many were raised to the nobility. In Prague, near the beautiful castle of Emperor Rudolph II, a number of little houses which were used as laboratories bear witness to that monarch's intense interest in this strange science; and in Vienna one can still see the leaden bars which Rudolph tried to convert into gold.

While there were among the alchemists some genuine enthusiasts like Bernard Trevisan, they were greatly outnumbered by the charlatans who turned alchemy into one of the most popular frauds in history. The writings of these avaricious devils and honest fools are a meaningless jargon of cryptic terms and strange symbols. Their public demonstrations were often clever enough to deceive the most cautious. In many European museums one can still see shiny yellow metals which are reputed to have been produced by these gold cooks of the Middle Ages. Some of these samples came from specially prepared crucibles with false bottoms of lead beneath which the tricksters had placed genuine gold. When the ingredients were all melted down, the gold would of course be found and the experiment hailed as a genuine discovery.

History records the exposure and punishment of more than one impostor. Marco Bragadino was hanged by the Elector of Bavaria. William de Krohnemann met the same fate at the hands of the Margrave of Beyreuth. Marie Ziglerin, a female alchemist, was burned at the stake by Duke Julius of Brunswick. Frederick of Wurtzburg maintained a special gallows, ironically painted in gold, which he used solely for those unfortunate alchemists who could not fulfill their promises to make real gold. On the gibbet the hangman posted an inscription to mock his victims: "I once knew how to fix mercury, and now I am fixed myself."

### MODERN ALCHEMISTS

We are inclined to think of alchemy as a peculiar delusion of the Middle Ages, yet, strange to say, it still persists in some quarters down to our own day. During the summer of 1867, three clever rogues — a Roman priest, a Spanish grandee, and a Neapolitan chevalier — went to Vienna and offered their services to Emperor Francis Joseph, claiming that they had a secret process for turning silver into gold. Francis Joseph made an initial payment of $10,000 for the secret and assigned Professor Schrötter, discoverer of red phosphorus, to supervise a small-scale experiment in the laboratory of the Polytechnic. Two iron pots and two glass retorts were filled with silver amalgam and heated for four months. The vessels then cracked. No gold was found. Meanwhile the adventurers had disappeared.

Only thirty years ago an alchemical enterprise was started by a Dr. Stephen H. Emmens. This English poet, novelist, logician, chemist, and metallurgist claimed to have discovered "argentaurum," a modern philosophers' stone which could augment the amount of gold in an alloy of gold and silver. Many fanciful stories about this undertaking appeared in the press, but this much we know: the syndicate formed by this English adventurer sold to the United States Assay Office six ingots of an alloy weighing ten pounds which upon analysis showed the presence of gold and silver. The government paid him $954 for the metals, and Dr. Emmens immediately advanced this payment as proof of his astonishing success. For a moment the affair seemed to promise a recrudescence of alchemy. Emmens even went so far as to say that he would give a public demonstration at the World's Fair in 1900. This, however, he never did, for it was soon discovered that the scheme was a fraud.

Only recently, in Germany, a former plumber named Franz Tausend was arrested on a charge of having swindled a number of prominent men, including General Von Ludendorff, of more than $100,000 through asserting that he could make gold synthetically from lead. From his cell in a Munich jail Tausend insisted that his discovery was based on modern scientific principles, and he demanded a chance to show his methods. Finally he was taken to the state mint and in the presence of its director, two detectives, the state's attorney, and the examining judge, he began his experiments. Every precaution was observed to prevent fraud. He was minutely searched, and all apparatus and chemicals were supplied him from a carefully guarded safe.

Then came the official announcement: "After experimenting for two hours, Tausend produced a grain of the purest gold weighing one-tenth of a gram, which was smelted from 1.67 grams of lead. Experts describe the result as surprisingly favorable and contradictory to scientific knowledge." The cost of production of this alleged synthetic gold was estimated at five dollars a kilogram as against seven hundred dollars in the current world market. The following day, however, the director of the mint discovered that in spite of all their precautions, Tausend had smuggled in some gold in a cigarette, and this had accounted for the remarkable result. Tausend was returned to prison, and from his cell he is still challenging the world to try his process.

## THE DAWN OF CHEMISTRY

WHAT, THEN, is the significance and value of this strange search for the philosophers' stone? Was it just a meaningless, childish reaching for the moon? Was this long tragedy and farce of alchemy all in vain? Surely not. Francis Bacon compared the alchemist "to a man who told his sons that he had left them gold buried somewhere in his vineyard; where they by digging found no gold, but by turning up the mould about the roots of the vines, procured a plentiful vintage." Likewise, out of the delusion of alchemy came many valuable discoveries.

Nitric, hydrochloric, and sulphuric acids, the three most important acids employed by the modern chemist, and aqua regia, the powerful solvent of gold formed by mixing the first two of these acids, were introduced by these early gold searchers. In their quest for the seed of gold in the dirt and dross of centuries, new elements like antimony, arsenic, bismuth, and phosphorus were unearthed. Many of the common chemicals of to-day owe their discovery to the alchemists — alum, borax, cream of tartar, ether, fulminating gold, plaster of Paris, red lead, iron and silver salts, and heavy barium sulphate.

Some of the apparatus and utensils which are the tools of chemists in our scientific laboratories were first introduced by alchemists — cupel, distilling flask, retort, water bath, and even the balance in its crude form. The extraction of gold by amalgam with mercury, the preparation of caustic alkali from the ashes of plants, and many other new processes were developed by the gold cooks in their manifold operations.

This heritage is indeed a rich one, for in their blind gropings for a new way to make gold these medieval alchemists paved the way for the modern science of chemistry. Synthetic gold, however, never came. And as Bernard Trevisan lay dying on the Isle of Rhodes four hundred years ago, he uttered with his last breath the conviction which spelled the doom of alchemy: "To make gold, one must start with gold."

**Next month, "A Man of God Discovers the Breath of Life — Oxygen."**

# A movie camera that understands amateurs

## Anybody who can press a lever can operate it!
## Even the moderate purse can afford it!

*A remarkably simplified Home Movie Outfit, developed by the people who made still photography so easy that picture-taking became a game for children*

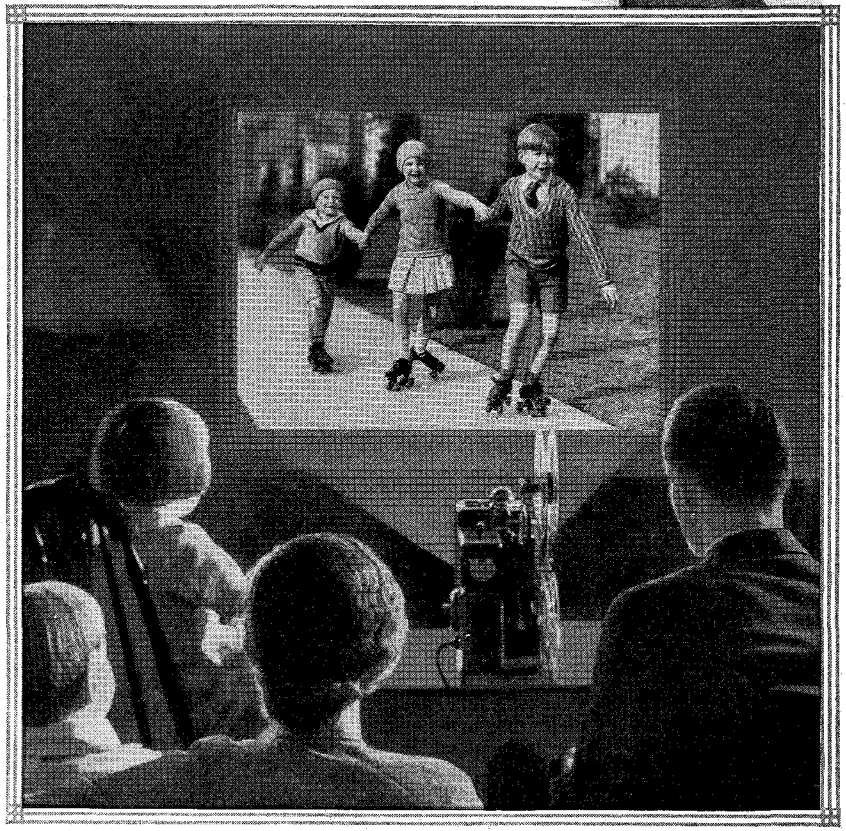
ITS simplicity is amazing. For it is made *for amateurs*, by people who understand their requirements. A home movie camera for those who know but little about picture-taking.

Look through a finder and press a lever; and you are taking movies . . . in black-and-white or *full color*. You can operate it, even if you have never had a movie camera in your hands before—as easily as taking a snapshot with a Brownie!

*And . . . you can afford it,* even if your income permits only the minor nice things of modern life.

Don't deny yourself the great thrill of seeing the ones you love most in the ways you love most to see them, never to be lost, never to be forgot.

With the Ciné-Kodak, all you do is press a lever and take movies.

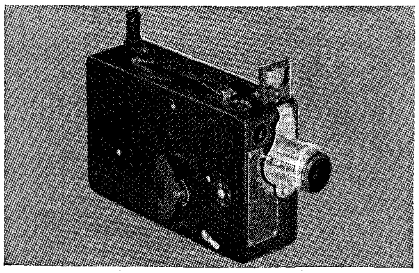


*Today you can buy a complete outfit for taking and showing Home Movies for as little as $143.00*

Next, send the film to any Eastman processing station—developing is included in the price of the film. Then, with the Kodascope, you project the pictures as easily as playing a phonograph.

With Ciné-Kodak Safety Film, regular or panchromatic, it takes black-and-white pictures. By using Kodacolor Film and the Kodacolor Filter, Ciné-Kodak B or BB *f*.1.9 takes beautiful pictures in full, natural color—every color that the eye can see is recorded for your screen.

Any Ciné-Kodak dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. As a help to easy buying, many offer an attractive deferred payment plan.



Above, Ciné-Kodak Model BB, with *f*.1.9 lens. Makes movies in either black-and-white or full color

**Ciné-Kodak**

*Simplest of Home Movie Cameras*

---

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

---

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

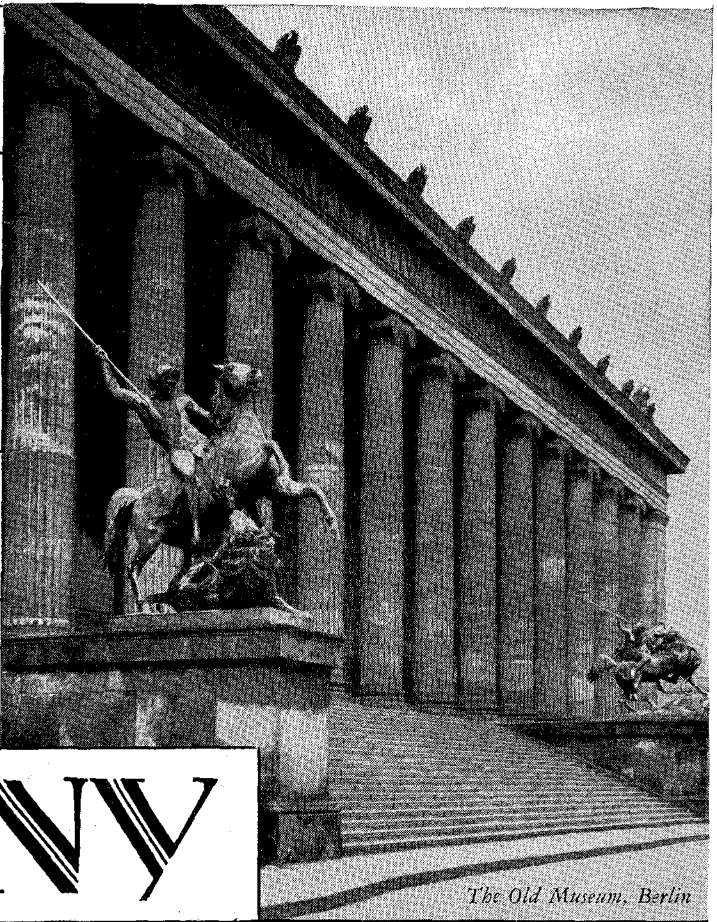
*Name*......................................

*Street*......................................

*City*.........................*State*.........

F. 5

# WELCOME TO BEAUTIFUL GERMANY


The Old Museum, Berlin

THE splendors of art and science glitter vividly in Germany's great cities where the old and new architecture appears in public buildings, opera houses, trade fairs, and dwellings thrilling in rich and varied wonder. Just around the corner the undying past gleams in salons where the limpid ripple of old music catches the very accent of history. Oberammergau presents its ancient Passion Play. The Mozart and Wagner festivals ring with golden cadences; while jazz operas and musical comedies enliven cities gay with modern life. Rivers wind by storied castles; and sea and mountain resorts sparkle with casinos, tennis, golf, and yachting. The traveler finds new adventure every day, at the cost of moderate prices for perfect modern comfort in hotels, cafes, and express trains thundering by enchanting vistas.

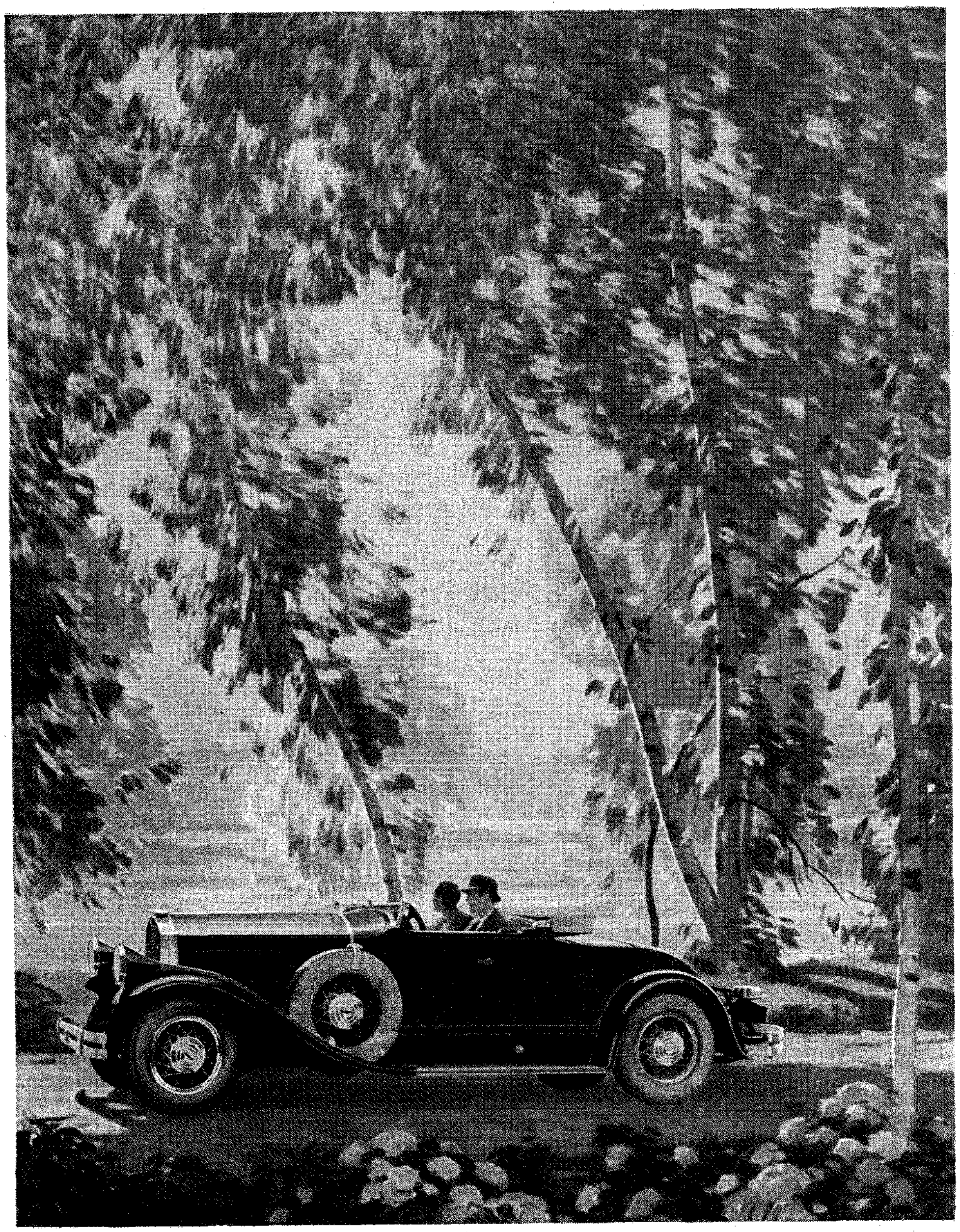
*"Going to Europe" means going to Germany*

GERMAN TOURIST
INFORMATION OFFICE
665 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

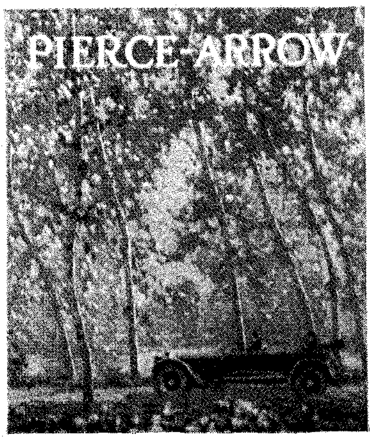
Please send me Illustrated Travel Brochures on Beautiful Germany. 12

*Name* ..........................................................

*Address* ......................................................



*Many Spring seasons and many Pierce-Arrows have passed between the two portraits by Chichester on this page . . but the season brings back the same fresh beauty to the scene each year, and the car continues to be America's finest motor car.*



# Pride of Craftsmanship

## *Builds America's Finest Motor Car*

A little less than two years ago, a group of earnest men took over the management of Pierce-Arrow. The task was approached with the confidence of long experience—but also with a great reverence for a fine name, a distinguished achievement.

What makes Pierce-Arrow fine is something more than engineering genius, more than excellent materials, more even than its own high ideals. It is the effort of men whose pride is in the work of their hands.

Today, in the great Pierce-Arrow plant, are builders of automobiles who work to standards that their fathers followed—standards of fineness and precision that are regrettably rare in this machine age.

And if that sounds like foolish idealism, Pierce-Arrow is proud of the distinction—and of the approval of men who work to a tradition that forever bars the unworthy.

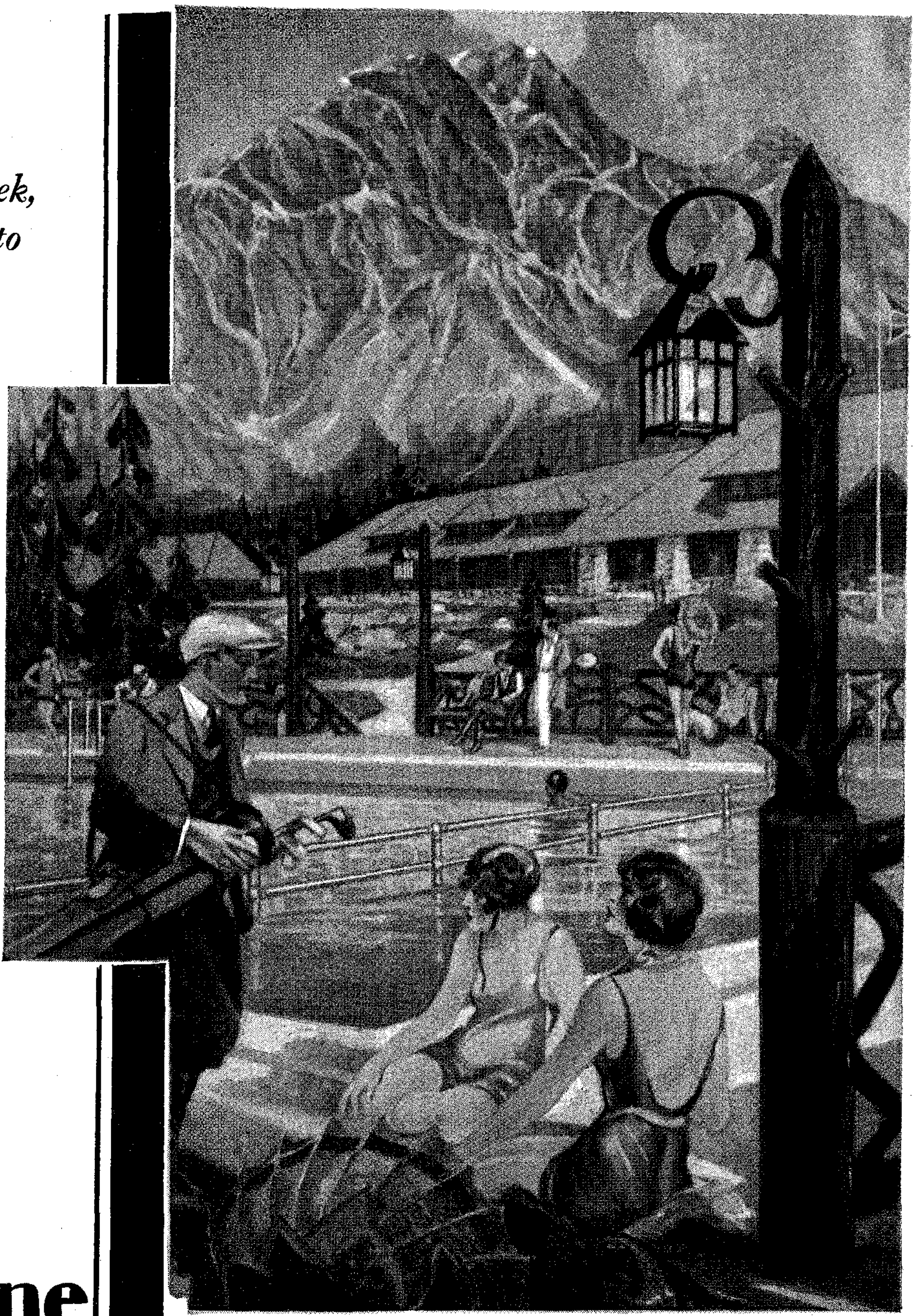
It isn't a problem in such circumstances to build America's finest motor car. It would be difficult to do otherwise—and, in the presence of its builders, to call it Pierce-Arrow.

THREE NEW GROUPS
132 to 144-inch Wheelbases
$2695 to $6250 at Buffalo
*(Custom-built Models up to $10,000)*

PIERCE-ARROW

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

*Jasper Golf Week, Sept. 13 to Sept. 20*



*Full information from any Canadian National Office.*

BOSTON
186 Tremont St.

BUFFALO
420 Main St.

CHICAGO
4 So. Michigan Ave.

CINCINNATI
49 E. Fourth St.

CLEVELAND
925 Euclid Ave.

DETROIT
1523 Washington Blvd.

DULUTH
430 W. Superior St.

KANSAS CITY
705 Walnut St.

LOS ANGELES
607 So. Grand Ave.

MINNEAPOLIS
518 Second Ave. So.

NEW YORK
505 Fifth Ave.

PHILADELPHIA
1422 Chestnut St.

PITTSBURGH
355 Fifth Ave.

PORTLAND, ME.
Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.

PORTLAND, ORE.
302 Yamhill St.

ST. LOUIS
314 No. Broadway

ST. PAUL
83 East Fifth Street

SAN FRANCISCO
689 Market St.

SEATTLE
1329 Fourth Avenue

WASHINGTON, D. C.
901—15th St., N.W.

# In Alpine JASPER

All the thrills of the Matterhorn, Jungfrau and Mont Blanc await you in the Canadian Rockies. The glaciers and canyons of Jasper National Park challenge exploration—Swiss guides complete the Alpine picture, and crowning all is the famous Championship Golf Course in glorious mountain setting.

Here days are varied with trail riding, motor trips to scenic wonderspots, tennis, swims in a warm outdoor pool, and the restful informal luxury of Jasper Park Lodge with its evenings of bridge, music, dancing and social contacts with friendly folk from all the world.

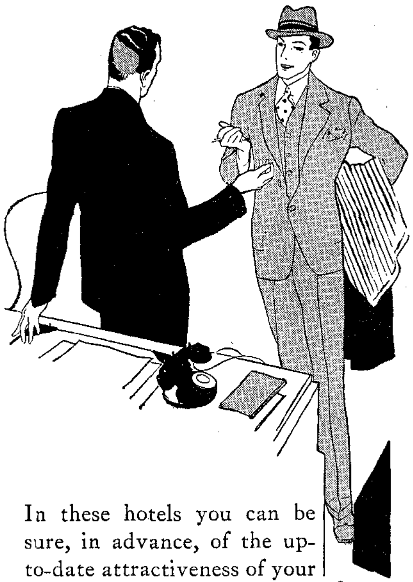
## CANADIAN NATIONAL
*The Largest Railway System in America*

"You'll be

ALL RIGHT

at a

Statler"



In these hotels you can be sure, in advance, of the up-to-date attractiveness of your room — and of such comforts as radio which awaits the turn of a switch, running ice water, bed-head reading lamp, your own private bath, a morning paper under the door when you wake; and excellent restaurants, in a variety which ranges from formal service to a lunch-room or cafeteria.

You can be sure of "Statler service," and that every Statler guest's satisfaction is guaranteed.

Depend upon the experience of thousands of travelers who'll tell you, if you inquire in a Pullman, or a ship's lounge, or wherever travelers congregate, that "you'll be *all right* at a Statler."

HOTELS STATLER

BOSTON DETROIT
BUFFALO ST. LOUIS
CLEVELAND NEW YORK
[*Hotel Pennsylvania*]

## Forum Definitions

### What is Sentimentality?

Sentimentality has gone out of style during the last decade. It has become fashionable to poke fun at it. Yet it appears that no one is sure what it is.

Many of the critics who saw and praised Noel Coward's operetta "Bitter Sweet" added a little shamefacedly that they were afraid it was a trifle sentimental. Others had the same qualms about "Journey's End." Clearly there is a difference between the two — the distinction, probably, between sentiment and sentimentality — that ought to be defined.

The definitions this month attempt to do that. The following received prizes.

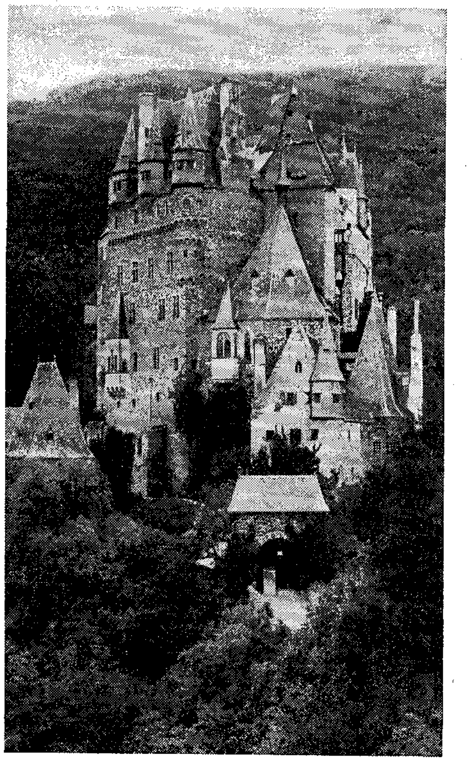
1. Sentimentality is emotion carried to such a degree as to produce an effect of mawkish exaggeration, of unbalance, or of insincerity. (*Julia Ann Hopkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.*)

2. Sentimentality is an exaggerated response to average emotional stimuli; a tendency of the gentle emotions to react in an unoriginal, naïve manner, and a corresponding tendency to express these reactions in a mawkish, unpleasantly obvious way. It is often a trait of the practical, unimaginative person of limited emotional range, who, because of the resultant repression of emotional desires, achieves a catharsis through responses which, to a person of mature culture, are childish, inappropriate, and unsatisfactory. (*M. Huhn, New York, N. Y.*)

3. Sentimentality is exaggerated feeling, whether of admiration, love, sympathy, grief, or piety, which lacks true perspective. It is, though unconsciously, a petty imitation of true emotion — the greatness of love or the dignity of sorrow — clinging to external associations and symbols, enjoying sentiment for its own sake, mistaking the trivial for the essential. (*M. Pamelia Clough, Palo Alto, Calif.*)

4. Sentimentality is emotion aroused without sufficient cause. It is antipathetic to appreciation, a function based upon analysis. Sentimentality is in fact too easy loving. The emotions of the sentimentalist are released without pain; he does not ponder, weigh the merits, nor investigate the truth of anything. He reacts immediately. His interest is really more in the emotion that suffuses him than in the situation that aroused it. Because the sentimentalist seeks comfortable joy, his emotions become used to frequent, little shocks, but miss the savor of the sudden rare delights. (*Anna C. Roberts, Philadelphia, Pa.*)

Next: — *What is* HUMANISM? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by May 24. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*



ON YOUR VACATION IN EUROPE--

You will wish each precious day to be marked by enriching hours of worthwhile and enjoyable things. You will wish to remember your stay in each country—in each city—by its foremost treasures of art, architecture and scenery.

And you will want to visit many of the quaint and beautiful out-of-the-way places — linger among the historic glories of London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, and enjoy their bright gaiety.

Cook's can help you do best what you yourself want to do. There is the individual, independent service to meet your budget—your special convenience. Or you can choose a Group Tour out of an immense variety of itineraries.

A special feature this summer is the Passion Play at Oberammergau; applications for seats and other accommodations should be made now.

Cook's maintain 200 offices in Europe alone, waiting to serve you and give you the benefit of their 89 years' experience.

*Study our suggestions. Private or General Airplane Travel — Private Automobile and de luxe Motor Tours. Steamship tickets by all lines. Cook's Travelers' Cheques.*

THOS. COOK & SON
585 Fifth Avenue, New York
Philadelphia Boston Baltimore Washington
Chicago St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles
Toronto Montreal Vancouver
in co-operation with
WAGONS-LITS CO.

**FRANCE**

**the moment you cross "the longest gangplank in the world"**

A NAME like a star, a name like light . . . brilliance, gayety, sophistication, the elegance of the *ancien régime*, the chic of the moment's mode, the artistry that turns a market-place into a pageant, a bit of silk into a creation, food into something fit for gods, a smile and a shrug into a whole philosophy of life . . . France! ∞ Every French Line ship is France herself, complete to the smallest detail, and manned by Breton seamen whose ancestors tamed the Atlantic before Columbus . . . passengers become *part of its scintillant background* . . . sparkling, vital, dancing its vivid way between the three great world capitals on board the weekly express liners "*Ile de France*," "*Paris*," or "*France*."

**Five and one half days to Plymouth, England**

From the heart of Manhattan across the "longest gangplank in the world," a waiting express for London, a few hours later the covered pier at Havre, three-hour express to Paris ∞ Cabin liners, the "*Lafayette*," the "*De Grasse*," and the "*Rochambeau*," slightly slower, equally gay, make economy smart.

**French Line Services**

. . .

De luxe express:
"Ile de France"
"Paris"
"France"

. . .

**Cabin Steamers:**
to England and France:
"Lafayette"
"De Grasse"

. . .

**Spanish Cabin Service:**
"Rochambeau"
"Roussillon"
"La Bourdonnais"

. . .

**Pacific Coast Service:**
"Oregon"
"Wyoming"
"Wisconsin"
"Washington"
"Winnipeg"

. . .

**Gulf Ports Service:**
"Cuba"-"Niagara"
"Guadeloupe"
"De la Salle"

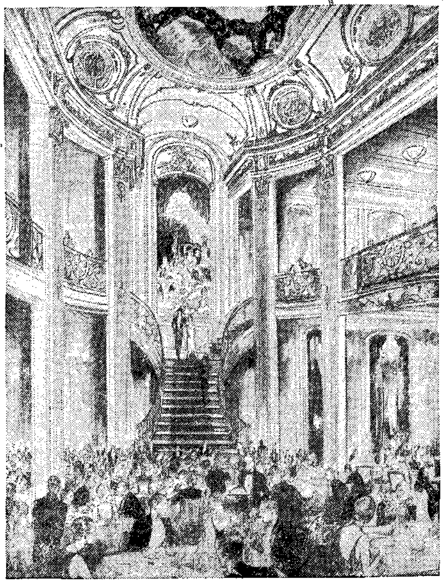
. . .

Mediterranean-Moroccan Cruises: "France" four winter cruises

. . .

North African Motor Tours and 46 "Transat" Hotels

*Dining Salon "France"*



**French Line**

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write to 19 State Street, New York

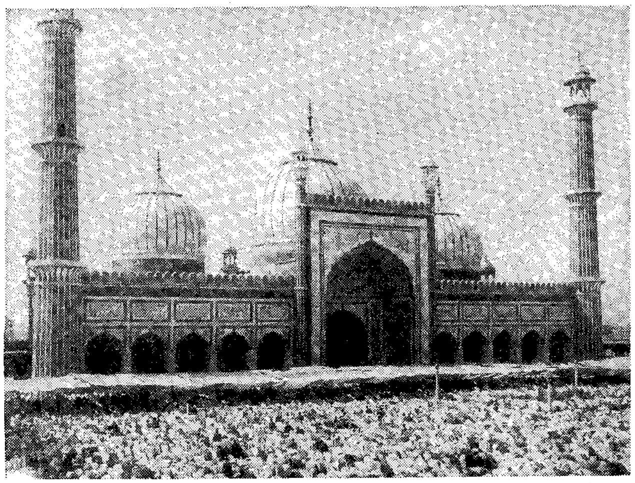
TRAVEL
JOHAN BULL

# The Pageantry of INDIA

### *by* HUBBARD HUTCHINSON

If distance lends enchantment, it also contributes anxiety. The traveler who thinks of visiting far-off India is often dissuaded by the apparent difficulties of the trip. In a land where the architecture and the customs are so fantastic, he envisions something equally outlandish in the way of travel facilities. Consequently he is often induced to curb his impulse and turn to other trails no more comfortable but only more familiar.

My experience proves that he is misguided. In a two weeks trip that whisked us from Bombay to Calcutta, thence to Darjeeling and back to Bombay, there were many days on the train, but let no one believe that they were dull. In compartment cars, built for coolness, equipped with shower baths and shutters, we were certainly as comfortable as we would have been crossing the southern United States. And always there was the new and strange to divert us.



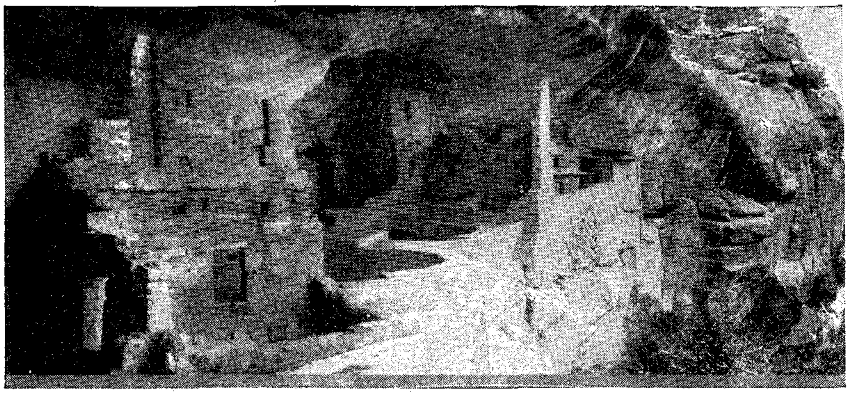
Courtesy Indian State Railways

*Jumma Musjid, Delhi*

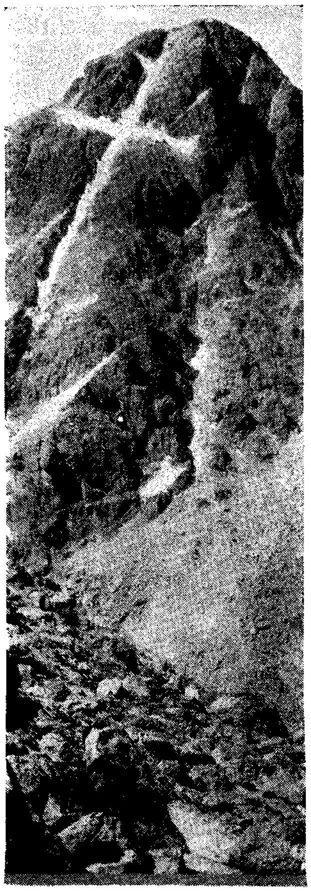
Consider, for example, the matter of food. Whenever the train stopped at some country station in the thin, level light of an Indian dawn, our compartment door would rattle open to the tune of "*Chota Hazri, Chota Hazri*," and forthwith would appear an individual in bulbous white turban and a roller towel fashioned into casual trousers. He would deposit a tray with tea, toast, and jam. Ere the train pulled out he would return, confident of annas and empty cups. By eight o'clock breakfast proper appeared in the "restaurant car" — an astounding meal of cereal, eggs, chicken, vegetables, jam, toast, and fruit. At lunch they substituted four kinds of meat for the cereal and added curry. Curry followed us through India like a major theme whereon each cook wove variations of his own, with a bass of rice and overtones of mushrooms, herbs, and other delicate, pungent ingredients. Dinner exceeded lunch, and between the two came an ample tea.

Indian trains do not furnish bedding. The traveler must take it with him. It may be purchased or rented at any of the great terminals like Calcutta or Bombay. As night approaches the native servant — also rented at the rate of a few rupees a day — emerges from the servants' compartment in which he dwells, whisks out sheets and blankets (it is cool enough for them at night in northern India) and makes up bunks which during the day serve as couches.

All this gives to traveling through India a pleasant sense of always being in one's own household. One servant can take care of two to four people, and they are quiet, willing, and equipped with sufficient English. Our "John" punctuated our days with small gifts: a flame-



# COLORFUL COLORADO



UPPER LEFT: A Grand Valley Apple Orchard.

UPPER RIGHT: Balcony House, Mesa Verde National Park.

LOWER: Mount of the Holy Cross in the New Holy Cross Nat'l Mon'm't.

## The HIGHEST State of Enjoyment Invites You to Learn What the JOY OF LIVING Really Is

IT doesn't take riches to "live high" in Colorado. All that's needed is a zest for life. In Colorado you live abundantly, at less expense, than anywhere else in the country. And you make friends here, too, friends you like.

In Colorado you get a vertical two miles of choice as to how high you want to be. Altitudes vary from 3,400 feet in the lower Arkansas Valley to the 14,400 feet of Mt. Elbert, Mt. Massive and other peaks of the upper Arkansas Valley—11,000 feet on a single watershed. Forty-eight of the country's 62 named peaks above 14,000 feet are in Colorado.

That altitude is the key to the joy of life out here. It means cool summers; it means cool, dry, sparkling air. The protective wall of Rockies gives shelter that, coupled with brilliant sunshine, means warm Falls and balmy Winters in most of the state. It is the high-altitude growing conditions in mineral soil that make Colorado fruits and vegetables so delicious that they are demanded everywhere. It is the Rockies that give Colorado such vast natural wealth in precious and specialized metals and minerals: 250 minerals and compounds have been found.

It is in the air, the sunshine, the forests, the mountain formations and the mineral deposits that give Colorado its endlessly varied display of colors—its dazzling display of the most enthralling scenery—its unlimited facilities for every form of outdoor recreation—its charm of a permanent home in a land of real business and professional opportunity.

When you know and understand Colorado you'll probably want to live here, and you'll find it's a matter that can be easily arranged. Meanwhile, however, you'll want to see it—and begin to know it. And that's very easy, too. Overnight from half the nation, two nights from almost anywhere, Colorado is naturally "The Playground of the Republic." So start seeing Colorado on your next vacation. It doesn't matter what special kind of vacation you want—Colorado can provide it—with perfect relaxation.

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION

*Bring Colorado sunshine into your home by getting more vitamins and better flavor in Colorado fruits and vegetables*

THE
KEY STATE OF
THE NEW WEST

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION, 505 Kit Carson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

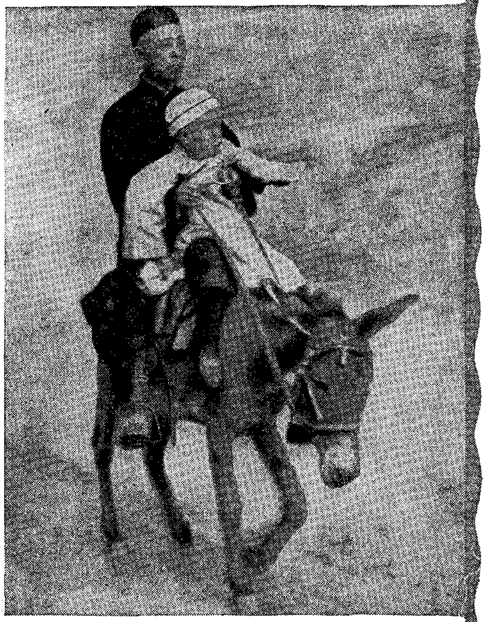
COLORFUL COLORADO

Send "Colorful Colorado: Opportunity's Playground."
Include specific information about the subjects checked or written in below:

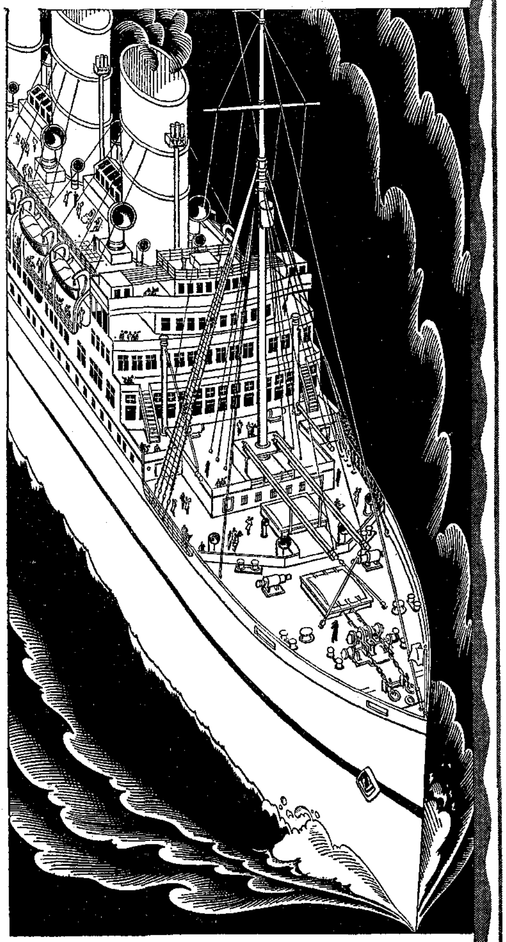
Name ................................................

Address ................................................

Agriculture ..... ☐
Live Stock ...... ☐
Industries ...... ☐
Health ........ ☐
Merchandising ... ☐
Mining ....... ☐
Summer Resorts ... ☐
Winter Sports .... ☐
Summer Schools .. ☐



*Hip Sing, Jr., is taken for a ride...*



*...the mammoth new Empress of Japan speeds you there.*

FAR EAST

*turns into*

NEAR WEST

NEARER...by two days...by 1000 miles! The old mystic Far East now suddenly becomes the new glamorous "Near West"...simple, easy for you to reach.

Hawaii is now only a casual trip away. A great white Empress has sped to Yokohama in 8½ days...record Pacific dash. Shanghai, gayest, largest port in the Orient, waits 3 days farther on. 5 short days more, and you are in Manila...gateway to the exotic South Seas. *This* is the miracle of the Pacific!

● **THIS YEAR... EMPRESS OF JAPAN**

You go on one of Canadian Pacific's great white Empresses . . . queenly giantesses of this Pacific miracle. This year comes the 26,000 gross-ton Empress of Japan . . . new standard of size and speed. Swimming pool, period lounges, imperial ballroom, continental cafe, expansive sports deck. Equally superior second-cabin. She, Empress of Canada, Empress of Russia and Empress of Asia comprise this fleet of international resorts-on-keel. All catering to those who prefer a congenial, do-as-you-please shipboard atmosphere.

● **CHOICE OF ROUTES**

Which way will you go...the paradise route via Hawaii or the express route straight from Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama? Ask for booklets telling about the new, simplified way of touring the Orient. Information, reservations and freight inquiries from your own agent, or from any Canadian Pacific office: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Montreal, and 29 other cities in the United States and Canada.

TO THE

Canadian ORIENT Pacific

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

## Travel

of-the-forest (an immense flower like an orange tulip), a gawdy little clay image of Ganesh, the elephant-god who brings luck to travelers, a spray of jasmine.

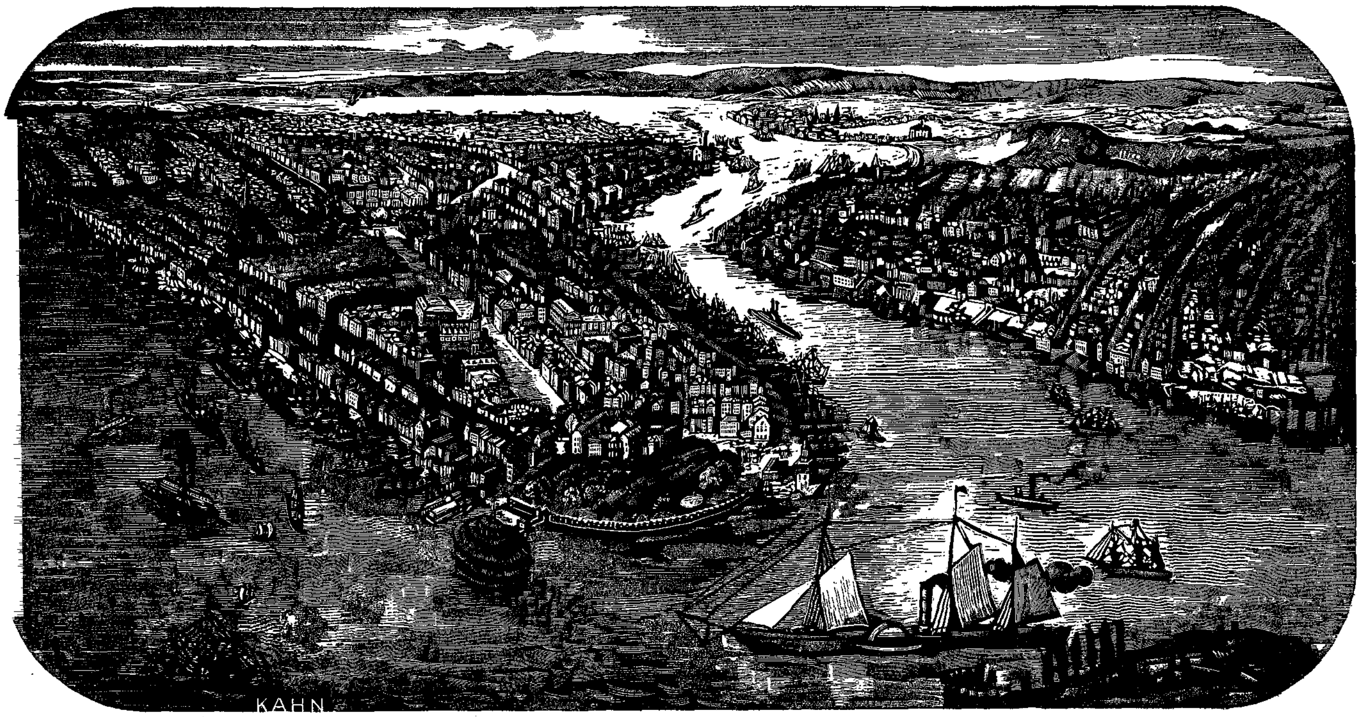
Even had the trains proved uncomfortable and the food poor, I doubt that we would have been much aware of it, so endless and fascinating was the pageant of people at the stations. A family bathing at the station well, another squatting around a charcoal brazier cooking their meal between trains; Sikhs in beards and turbans, rapier-thin in blue uniforms; fat Parsees in European dress; women in flowing *saris* of rose, orange, or amethyst; a sick man in a litter, his sons waving palm branches to keep off the flies; two bald-shaven Hindu priests in saffron colored robes. Whenever the train stopped the vendors of brass were upon us with a melodious jangle and a clamor of tongues.

BY GREAT good luck we reached Benares, the sacred city of the Ganges, the night of the total eclipse of the moon. All India seemed converging upon the great river for this holy festival. Our train halted at dusk beside the bridge which spanned the Ganges some miles below the city, and from the rear cars the herded pilgrims piled down the embankment. On the plain, lines of people, black against the twilight, were gathering from all directions. Cooking fires sparkled in the growing dark like fireflies, for the vale was one vast pilgrim camp. Slender pillars of blue smoke upbore the sharp aroma of burning camphor wood. As the moon arose, there filled the great valley a low, humming roar. A whole continent was giving voice to its deepest emotion.

We hurried from the hotel through streets jammed with people, most of them, like ourselves, bound for the river. The crowds bore us through narrow, inky streets filled with voices and rustlings. Torches flickered sometimes over dark, intense faces, and high above flares picked out clusters of domes. We glimpsed a shrine narrow as an oven, with black silhouettes praying before the glaring eyes of Kali, glowing red in a charcoal fire.

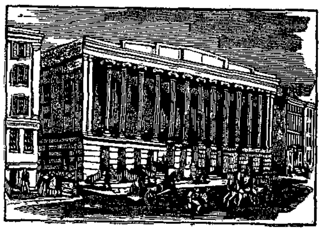
Then the street opened and the low roar grew louder. We came out upon a densely crowded terrace jammed with people to the river's very edge. Under the white gasoline flares the people shone like bright, moving jewels: Bengalis in crimson and white, Thibetans in mountain-blue and grey, Madrassai in purple; naked Yogi's smeared with ashes and garbed in false hair — the holy men who sit on spikes, whose ascetic practices extract money from the pious and the foreigner. We stepped over whole families huddled round fires, pushed through the crowds and out upon the pontoon bridge. As the shadow crept over the moon the tension grew. The low roar thickened and there

# THE HIBERNIA-1847



# NEW-YORK

## ELEBRATES THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST CUNARDER


Merchants' Exchange

"HAIL to the Hibernia"—Huzzas that fairly rent the sky in twain. New York's great day. Decemer 29th, 1847—when an entire opulace swarmed to its waterfront to heer the coming of the First Cunarder o the harbour of New York . . .

What an event, what history was nade this day, the New York Herald ells the story—

"This steamer will be the pioneer of the unard steamers to run between Liverpool and ew York... The arrival of the Hibernia . . . is nly the beginning of the revolution that is going n in ocean steam navigation, which will ultimatey result in drawing all steamers to this port. ur geographical position, our immense commerial advantages, and the tendency of travel to his city, point to that result. Our merchants ught to welcome Capt. Ryrie to New York. Why not give him a public dinner, on Friday next?"

And what a dinner Manhattan gave to the ood Captain Ryrie! "In the name of the city nd of the merchants, we welcome you to the city of New York, Captain Ryrie" . . . said Depeyster Ogden, Toastmaster. "The establishment of this new Cunard Line is the commencement of a new era in steam navigation. The Cunard steamships have been attended with undreamed-of success . . . the skill and science displayed in their navigation is deserving of praise, and reflects the greatest credit on all concerned."

Seven years previously, to be exact, on the 19th of July, 1840—another *first Cunarder*—the famous BRITANNIA* had sailed into Boston—had opened the first regular steamship passenger and mail service with the Old World—and had initiated a new era in human intercourse.

## *And now-after* 90 YEARS

from the handful of passengers carried in 1840—to almost 300,000 carried in 1929. From the quaint, miniature Paddle wheel Britannia—to the magnificent colossi of the Seas—The Berengaria, the Aquitania, the Mauretania.

C. S. S. Co.

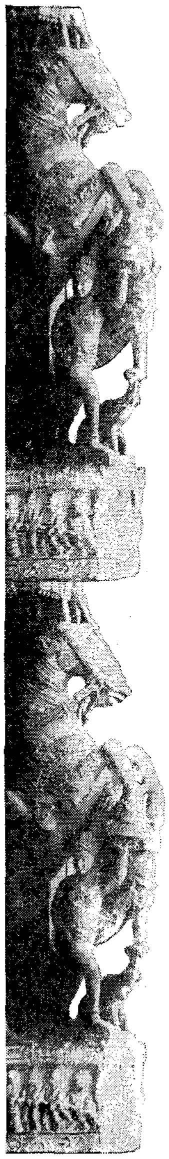
# CUNARD

840 · NINETY · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1930

* Facsimile copy of the sermon, Ezra Gannett preached in old Federal Street Meeting House in Boston upon "The Coming of the Britannia", as originally printed in 1840, will be sent free upon request. Write for it.

THROUGH SINGING INDIA IN SUITES-ON-WHEEL

Do you know that travel in India is now luxuriously modernized? Do you know about these "apartment" pullmans, with your own Indian servants in fare-exempt quarters? Take these salon-bedroom-bath-and-kitchen suites over India's 41,000 rail-miles. Live in them during stop-overs . . . or at any of India's excellent European hotels. Stop to hear Brahmin chants at Benares' burning ghats . . . harvest songs in Kashmir's iris hills . . . the throbbing love-song of Agra's Taj Mahal . . . and soft-throated Bulbuls singing through the pierced marble screens of Gwalior's gardens. Go from Bengal's tropic jungles to Everest's snows . . . from Nautch rhythms to tea-dancing in smart Darjeeling. Regular weekly steamers. Booklets, complete tour service by Indian State Railways, 342 Madison Avenue, New York. Or, consult principal tourist agencies (any office) or your own agent. Freight inquiry also solicited.



*Between dances . . . in Delhi*

India

was a clangor of temple gongs and bells. While the moon dulled to copper and vanished there arose a prolonged, mighty cry and all down the vast sweep of river front, surge after surge, the people poured down the flights of steps and into the sacred waters. The festival had begun.

The next day it still continued. Caste forgotten in the ecstasy of worship, Brahmins and Pariahs bathed side by side, ducking thrice under the cold water and holding out ritual-bent fingers toward the sun. We made our way to the Golden Temple, and thence to the temple of Hanuman, where pilgrims fed the big grey monkeys that came down from the trees.

We were permitted to enter the court-yard of the Kali temple. A priest was chanting; a goat was tethered before a half naked man with a gigantic knife.

"You represent the unclean desires of man," chanted the priest. "With your death let them be extinguished."

Pilgrims in brilliant robes, their hands full of sun-colored marigolds, stopped to watch the sacrifice. They prostrated themselves on the temple steps and then went in, prayed, made their offerings, and came out with quiet joy in their faces.

If Benares is most significant of the spirit of India, "that God-intoxicated country," the Taj Mahal most magnificently embodies its outward splendor. It is a monument, not to romantic passion, but to the enduring love of two middle-aged people, ripened through many years. The Mogul Emperor Shāh Jahān devoted his life to raising a fitting monument that would embody the spirit of his wife, Mumtāz Mahal, and in some measure fill the emptiness of his own.

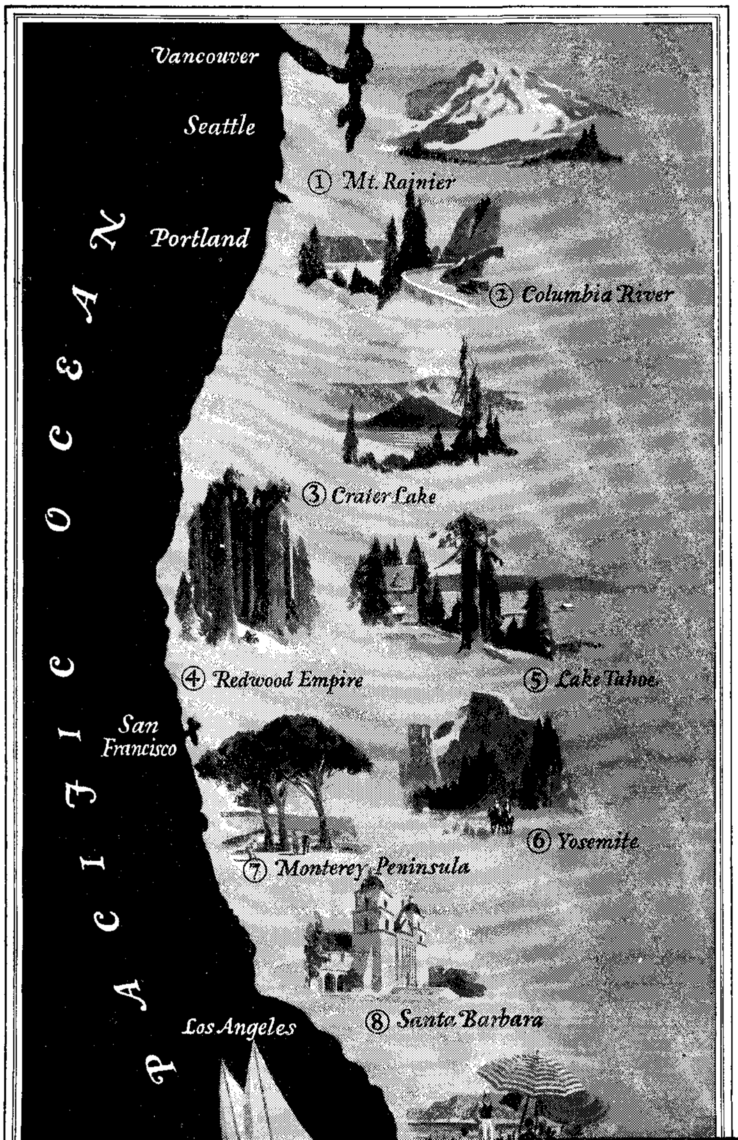
Most buildings rise from the earth The Taj Mahal hovers lightly upon it. We watched it turn from palest gold to deep rose as the sun set, and then fade insubstantially into evening blue. As the moon came up across the plain it emerged like an echo of itself, not in austere northern silver, but in phantom sunlight.

Of all the shifting drama of the railroad, one event stands out as most representative of the fantastic contrasts of India. At Jaipur, while waiting one evening for our train, we noticed two Nautch girls, or professional entertainers, pretty, dark-eyed, with their headress of bangles. They stared at us; we stared back. A man with them whispered; they smiled shyly, ventured to a cleared space on the platform, and began to dance. Under the hard lights, with itinerant families encamped around, brakemen oiling wheels and train guards bawling, they postured and turned.

No, the days on the Indian railroad were not dull.

# Can any other great vacation offer you all this.

*The full sweep of the world's most varied playground on a regular roundtrip ticket—at summer excursion fares*


Vancouver
Seattle
① Mt. Rainier
Portland
② Columbia River
③ Crater Lake
④ Redwood Empire
⑤ Lake Tahoe
San Francisco
⑥ Yosemite
⑦ Monterey Peninsula
⑧ Santa Barbara
Los Angeles
San Diego and Agua Caliente
⑨ Famous Beaches
PACIFIC OCEAN

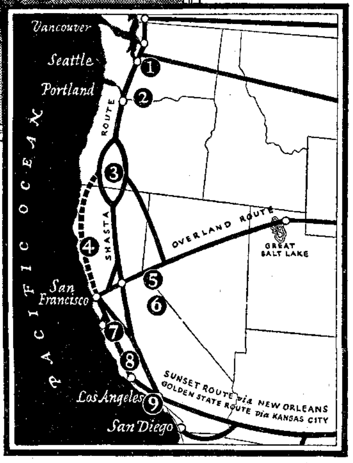
To you who have already singled out one gorgeous spot for a Pacific Coast vacation, this railroad of the West offers the thrill of *all the rest.*

As famous trains bear you swiftly, smoothly to your destination and back again, the whole broad panorama of the West, its breath-taking contrasts, its endless variety—unfolds before your eyes. Southern Pacific offers you a choice of four great routes that cross the continent to meet and run along the whole Pacific Coast—and Southern Pacific allows you to go one way, return another, just so all this glorious out-of-doors can be included in a single trip.

Stopover privileges are liberal. And to take advantage of them need cost but little extra time. Study the map and thrill to the idea of new experiences that you would never dream a single roundtrip ticket could enfold.

You can go west by any northern United States or Canadian line. Then by SHASTA ROUTE down through the Pacific Northwest to California. You will see Puget Sound, Mt. Baker and Rainier National Park. Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. Crater Lake National Park. Mt. Shasta, Lassen Volcanic National Park. You can vary the trip by a motor coach tour through the Redwood Empire. Cosmopolitan San Francisco.

Then southward along the bluest Pacific—old Spanish Missions, Monterey, Del Monte. Lovely Santa Barbara. Or, by alternative route, the inland valleys with their access to Yosemite, General Grant and Sequoia National Parks; and the high Sierra. Next, Los Angeles; Hollywood with its movies. Pasadena, Long Beach, San Diego and Agua Caliente. Finally, homeward by either SUNSET ROUTE via San Antonio, Houston and New Orleans; GOLDEN STATE ROUTE via El Paso, Kansas City and Chicago; or OVERLAND ROUTE, San Francisco to Chicago, across Great Salt Lake by rail. Or you can reverse this order, going west by southern or central routes, returning via northern lines. *Low fares West in effect May 15.*


Vancouver
Seattle
Portland
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
SHASTA ROUTE
OVERLAND ROUTE
GREAT SALT LAKE
San Francisco
Los Angeles
San Diego
SUNSET ROUTE via NEW ORLEANS
GOLDEN STATE ROUTE via KANSAS CITY
PACIFIC OCEAN

"HOW BEST TO SEE THE PACIFIC COAST" —*an illustrated book that will help you plan. Write* H. H. GRAY, 531 Fifth Ave., New York City *or* O. P. BARTLETT, 310 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

**Southern Pacific**

✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢ ✢

FOUR GREAT ROUTES FOR TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL

There's Adventure on our Menu and Romance in our Kitchen....

SINCE we all eat anyway, let's get some fun out of it. Come to the Cleveland on your next trip to Cleveland, and let's go adventuring. Forget the usual dishes you order from deadly habit, and say to the waiter—

"Brook trout amandine." (We don't care how you pronounce it—it's fresh Colorado brook trout with almonds.) Then sit back and wait for the thrill.

Here it is. A beauty that would bring joy to the heart of any fisherman. Broiled to a turn, every bone removed, sizzling with golden creamery butter—and literally covered with crisp, baked almonds!

If ever there was food for the gods, this is it.

Along about noon some day if you catch a whiff of mountain pines and tang-y mountain air, follow the trail to Hotel Cleveland—Main Dining Room or Bronze Room—and treat yourself to an adventure in eating.

Hotel Cleveland

*Public Square Cleveland*

*1000 rooms, 150 of them at $3*

*The new Union Passenger Station is directly connected to Hotel Cleveland by enclosed passageway. A Red Cap will take your baggage the few easy steps to the Hotel desk.*

## Travel News

### ENGINEERING STUNTS

LONG FAMOUS for its natural wonders, Colorado boasts man-made marvels as well. Such resorts as the Rocky Mountain National Park and, in the southwestern part of the state, Mesa Verde National Park continue to act as powerful magnets in drawing Easterners, but there are several engineering feats which merit a place in any catalogue of the state's attractions. One of these is the highest suspension bridge in the world, spanning the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River. This bridge is near Canon City, and not many miles away is another admirable example of man's conquest over what might appear to be insurmountable obstacles — the cog railroad, and also motor highway, leading up to the fourteen thousand foot altitude of Pikes Peak. Still another is the new highway out of Denver, which will be opened this summer, running to the top of Mount Evans, even higher than the more famous Pikes. Each season finds more tourists coming to inspect these achievements of pick and shovel which make the beauties of Colorado more accessible for motorist and horseman.

### SOUTH AMERICA

IN OCTOBER the Los Angeles Steamship Company will send its flagship, *City of Los Angeles*, on a seventy-one day cruise around South America. Twenty ports will be visited and more than seventeen thousand miles will be covered. The membership will be limited to three hundred. Arrangements have been completed enabling those desiring to join the tour from the eastern seaboard to sail from New York on October eleventh, or from New Orleans a few days later, on liners which will take them to Balboa, Canal Zone, where the *City of Los Angeles* will make its first stop after leaving California. This is the third of such excursions sponsored by the Lassco line and, like the first two, will be particularly valuable for business men who want to learn something about South American countries. To this end, there will be an interesting and comprehensive program of shore trips under the management of the American Express Company.

### BOAT TRAIN

THE PAST WINTER saw the successful introduction of a feature of Continental travel — the boat train — into this country, and on a larger scale than it has ever been practiced in Europe. Having announced the chartering of two trains, one to run in December and the second in February, the Matson Line offered its Hawaii-bound patrons a through route

## Travel News

from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. The fast schedules of such crack specials as the Broadway Limited and the Overland Limited were employed, thus making it possible for the traveler to leave New York on a Tuesday, board the *Malolo* in Golden Gate harbor on Saturday, and to land in Honolulu on the following Wednesday. The innovation has been so popular that hereafter boat trains will be permanent midwinter features.

### TWO WEEKS

Southern California in a two weeks vacation? Yes, it is possible — and it is actually being done every year by hundreds of people whose homes are so far distant from the Pacific that the plan at first seems incredible. Yet the All Year Club of Southern California has devised schedules whereby one may come from afar and still have time to see the high points of interest without overstaying the fortnight. If one lives in Chicago or the nearby territory one may leave on a Friday night, arrive in Los Angeles on Monday morning, and have eleven days for sight-seeing, after which an eastward train may be taken so as to get the tourist home on Sunday and ready to go to work the following morning. The programs vary from a concentration on one point — the mountains, the sea, the orange groves, the golf links — to a survey of most of the attractions offered by this very attractive country. Whichever plan one chooses — and of course some will prefer to arrange their own schedule — the two-week vacation will be a full one.

### ALASKA

Ketchikan, Skagway, Juneau — unusual names dotting a land which offers possibilities for an unusual vacation. Alaska in the summertime has all that the tourist seeks — beauty, romance, sites of historic interest, and, of course, a cool climate. The American Express Company lists a number of tours any one of which should send the tired worker homeward refreshed and invigorated. The duration of these tours is from forty-four to sixty-seven days, depending on how far north one wishes to go. The usual route taken is by way of the famous Inside Passage — a trip which is a vacation in itself. It is possible to vary one's return journey by a stopover at one of the several Canadian National parks. Skagway, the end of the northbound inland passage route, was, at the height of the gold rush, one of the wildest, wickedest places on earth, chock full of gambling halls, saloons, and other lurid temptations that can now be seen only in the movies. Now the town is a model of propriety, with hotels, stores, and the peaceful air of ordinary business.

Just a Few Days Away Is Hawaii's Restful Bliss

BUSY men of Commerce find in Hawaii the freedom wearied nerves demand . . . the freedom of drowsy days under dreamy palms . . . of screaming-reel paid out from lazing launch or bobbing outrigger . . . of blissful days on sporty greens.

In increasing numbers they seek the soothing calm of the few days at sea that lead to the Island Paradise . . . the exhilaration that quickly comes with the salt-sea tang . . . the restful ease of magnificent liners whose standards are those of club and home.

They were the first to shatter seasonal distinctions. A climate as free from heat as it is from cold extended Winter into Spring then stretched it into Summer. Now they go to Hawaii the year-round.

The element of time is no longer an obstacle. Swift ships go from the four gateways of the Pacific in four to six days, depending on the liner selected. Today an utterly different land offering an utterly different vacation is at your threshold.

Write for descriptive literature. It tells why the discomfort of heat is unknown in Hawaii.

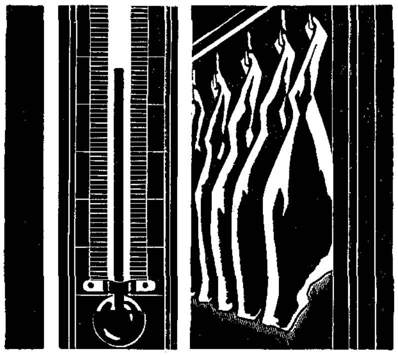
Hawaii Tourist Bureau
(HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.)
*for full information write to*
1115 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Calif.
655 P Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
*or communicate with*

LASSCO Line *from* LOS ANGELES
in Southern California
730 South Broadway - - - - - Los Angeles
521 Fifth Avenue - - - - - - - New York
140 South Dearborn - - - - - - - - Chicago
685 Market Street - - - - San Francisco
213 East Broadway - - - - - - San Diego
609 Thomas Building - - - - - - - Dallas

MATSON Line *from* SAN FRANCISCO
Portland and Seattle
535 Fifth Avenue - - - - - - New York
140 South Dearborn - - - - - - Chicago
215 Market Street - - - - - San Francisco
723 West Seventh Street - - Los Angeles
1319 Fourth Avenue - - - - - - - Seattle
271 Pine Street - - - - - - Portland, Ore.

*Any travel agent will gladly give you full particulars and arrange your bookings*

THIS YEAR...IT'S EUROPE



IT IS THIS

...on White Star...Red Star...and Atlantic Transport ships that accounts immeasurably for the delectable delicacies of their cuisine. An awe-inspiring refrigerating plant...kept at an unvaried, scientific temperature...opened but twice a day ...jealously guarded, scientifically inspected at frequent intervals during the voyage. That's why the fruit is chilled to a perfect degree...why meat retains a deliciously rich flavor... the fish, ravishing piquancy. There are any number of just such obscure things that contribute to making ship life an adventure in the art of living. And, smooth sailing...express schedules maintained by effortless speed...are additional delights to voyagers. No matter what your travel budget there is an accommodation via I.M.M. that will fit it. Write for the booklet "And So She Sailed For Europe." You will find it interesting and informative.

WHITE STAR LINE • RED STAR LINE • ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

30 Principal Offices in the U.S. and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York City. Authorized agents everywhere.

UTMOST OCEAN SERVICE IMM

# OUR ROSTRUM

*These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

### Religious Lobbying

To the Editor:

When I picked up the March Forum and read Mr. F. de Mieux on so-called "Protestant Meddling in Foreign Affairs," I was compelled to wonder whether I had not picked up the *American Mercury* by mistake. A man as incapable of understanding the existence of honest and disinterested motives as this author apparently is, does not deserve the advantage of the sounding board which The Forum puts behind his opinions.

Henry Smith Leiper

*New York City*

To the Editor:

Thank God I am turning my back, for a time at least, on those wretched, self-elected super-governments of which I have just read in "Religious Lobbying" in the March Forum. What a curse and scourge they are to all liberty-loving people. I am in favor of a revolution "agin 'em."

What I really meant to say is that Mrs. McGoldrick did *not* stop Mrs. Sanger's movietone picture. It just went its natural time and when Fox heard that Mrs. McGoldrick had compelled them to stop it, he called on Margaret Sanger for another, which was made and shown. I think it is only fair to let your readers know the truth.

Thank God for The Forum, and long may it fight the good fight!

Kitty Marion

*R.M.S. Ascania, in mid-Atlantic.*

### Mata Hari's Love

To the Editor:

In your February number you permit Major Coulson to say of Mata Hari, "How liberally she loved!" I believe every right-minded person will join me in protesting such utter degradation of the word "love."

Edward Bray

*Brainerd, Minn.*

### "Pollyanna Klein"

To the Editor:

The Julius Klein article in March was on a par with those earlier ones you published in praise of plumbing and other ideals of the hundred percenter. I tire easily of these regurgitations. There is a pussy arrogance about them that quickly palls. The trouble about American life as a whole is that the cook is captain of the ship. In no other land than ours has the fundamental motive of men been so "nakedly economic" from the outset. No amount of gibing at indigent Europeans, no girding at expatriates, no gloating over $800,000,000 Yankee trips of "homage and inspiration" to shrines of culture, no gurgles over concert tickets and mausoleums of art will disguise the fact that money is our master's first consideration, and all good else a by-product. America is a plutocracy. So long as we honor the means above the ends of life we shall remain a plutocracy, and shall never lack "practical dreamers, idealists, and scholars" to be plutocracy's apologists.

T. J. Mosley

*Madison, Wis.*

To the Editor:

"The Dividends of Honesty in Business" is a most delightful subject for an altruistic essay, but what about the dividends of subversion of the law, of coercion of citizens, of conspiracy to defraud, of racketeering in big business and small? A timely article, my word! — with the whole country on the *qui vive* as to what disaster will be the next to happen. And propaganda, propaganda, propaganda — "Forward America. Business is good; keep it good. Nothing can stop us." Silly, sickening, absurd, useless, satanic — the disguise of falsehood.

George C. Stokes

*Streator, Ill.*

[Editor's Note: —*You forget that all you say and more besides was said by John T. Flynn in his article on "Dishonest Business" in the December Forum. In publishing both sides we are merely making this magazine the forum that its name implies.*]

### Prison Blight

To the Editor:

Just a word of thanks for your publication of Ralph Chaplin's "Prison Blight" in the March issue. It is the most searching and the sanest article on one of our most vexing social problems that has yet come to my attention. It is a national disgrace that Chaplin and his fellow politicals should ever have had to go to prison because they had too much sense to fall for the war hysteria. But paradoxically the whole nation will benefit by the experience that he gained thereby. The gentleman who wrote so slightingly of Mr. Chaplin's previous article is probably not aware of the author's high standing in the realm of literature. He is a genuine poet, a forceful prose writer, and by this latest article proves himself anew a sound thinker. The March number was the best issue of The Forum I have ever read.

Miriam Allen de Ford
*San Francisco, Calif.*

### Justice and the Chief Justice

To the Editor:

Little has been presented in your magazine concerning the administration of justice. The controversy over Chief Justice Hughes should give an opportunity to those holding liberal and conservative views to air them. I look forward to seeing an article on the subject in the near future.

Benjamin Naumoff
*New York City*

[Editor's Note: — *You shall not look in vain. Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School will discuss this important question in our next issue.*]

### The Philippine Naval Base

To the Editor:

In Carter Field's article, "National Greed and the Philippines" (January), the author states that the Philippines are of no strategical value. Again he says: "From the standpoint of national defense, the Philippines are admitted by every strategist in the Army and Navy to be a liability. Every war plan this country has contemplates their immediate abandonment." These statements are not only surprising, but I strongly question their reliability.

Ellis M. Zacharias
*Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Navy*
*Washington, D. C.*

### Stock Market Mysteries

To the Editor:

In John T. Flynn's article, "Mobilizing Deflation" (February), I notice that the author's ideas are somewhat self-contradictory. For if the credit absorbed in stock exchange speculation drew so much money away from the market for second mortgages, then it must ultimately have landed in the hands of that same "mysterious, non-spending entity somewhere" about which Flynn is so snooty in the lower right-hand corner of page 66.

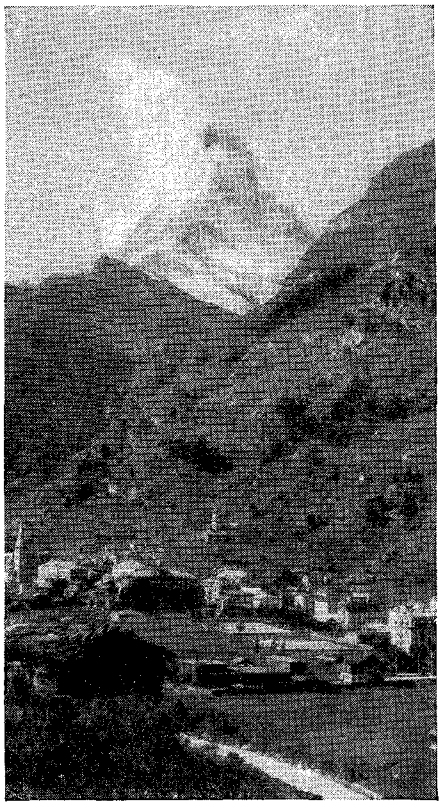
I should like to have Flynn answer the question whether there was any real money lost in the recent stock market crash. Some authorities say no, and of course they must be right, for the loss of forty to fifty billions — just a couple of

HERE'S HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

SWITZERLAND! — so close to the heart of every beauty lover . . . and so close — in point of miles — to wherever you may be in Europe. As near to Paris, for example, as Boston to New York.

When nerves cry for rest, head toward Switzerland. Here lies an enchanted country nestled in the midst of scenic grandeur beyond compare. To those who are tired it is like a dream come true. Beauty in reckless profusion . . . a climate without extremes . . . contentment and ease in every whisper of bracing Alpine breezes.

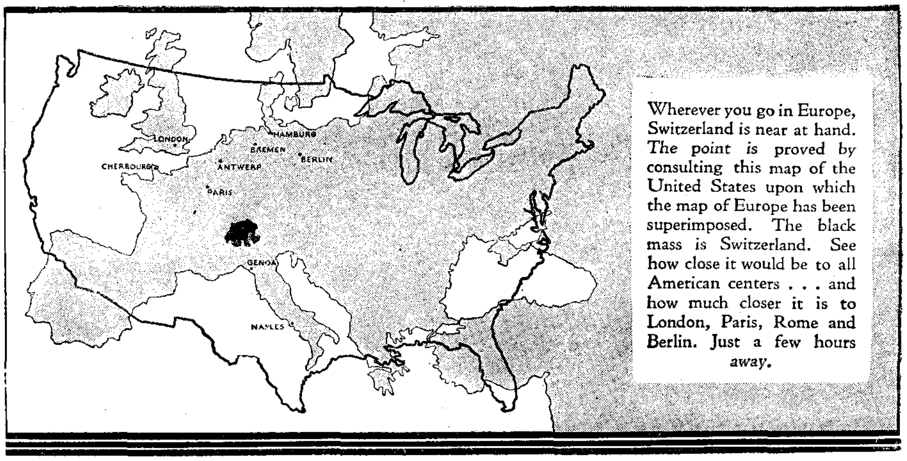
Switzerland is ready to welcome you. Hotel accommodations to meet the demands of the most discriminating. Transportation facilities without peer. Travel everywhere! see everything — on a season ticket which is issued for 8, 15 or 30 days. Send for our Packet No. 216 containing complimentary travel literature and complete transportation detail.



Be Sure to Visit

*Zurich* *Lake District of Lucerne*
*Berne* *Thun* *Interlaken*
*Bernese Oberland* *Jungfraujoch*
*Loetschberg* *Zermatt-Gornergrat*
*Furka-Oberalp* *Zweisimmen*
*Montreux* *Lausanne-Ouchy*
*Geneva*

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS, 475 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Wherever you go in Europe, Switzerland is near at hand. *The point is proved by* consulting this map of the United States upon which the map of Europe has been superimposed. The black mass is Switzerland. See how close it would be to all American centers . . . and how much closer it is to London, Paris, Rome and Berlin. Just a few hours away.

SWITZERLAND

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
CRUISES

To NORTHERN WONDERLANDS AND RUSSIA
on the
S. S. RELIANCE

Iceland, North Cape, Norway, Scandinavian and Baltic Capitals and a 4-day stay in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Magnificent scenic beauty — awesome glaciers, the Midnight Sun, snow capped peaks, winding fjords and misty waterfalls. Places and peoples whose history and legends date back for centuries. And a wonderful opportunity to study the world's greatest social experiment.

FROM NEW YORK—JUNE 28th

Duration 36 days to Hamburg—Rates $800 up including return passage to New York on any steamer of the Line prior to December 31, 1930. Also six cruises from Hamburg—from 11 to 24 days—by the S. S. Resolute and S. S. Oceana.

AROUND THE WORLD
on the
S. S. RESOLUTE
*"Queen of Cruising Steamers"*

A vast vivid panorama of the world unfolds before you on the "Voyage of Your Dreams". In 140 days you visit the famed ports and cities of 33 countries, arriving in each country at the ideal season. Among the scores of fascinating features are Egypt and The Holy Land—Somaliland—an included Tour Across India—Indo-China and Siam—Angkor Wat and the Island of Bali—Java and Borneo —China and Japan.

EASTWARD FROM NEW YORK, JAN. 6, 1931

Rates $2000 and up include an extraordinary program of shore excursions.

To the MEDITERRANEAN-ORIENT on the luxurious
S. S. HAMBURG

The most comprehensive itinerary ever offered on a Mediterranean Cruise. All the usual fascinating ports of call together with a number of delightful additions.

Sailing from New York Jan. 31, 1931, for 72 days (New York to New York). The price, including a great program of shore excursions, is $900 and up, with return passage from Hamburg, Cherbourg or Southampton by any ship of the Line up to Dec. 31, 1931.

*Write for descriptive literature*

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
39 Broadway New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, or local tourist agents.

## Our Rostrum

times what the World War cost — would otherwise have utterly ruined and devastated this country. But, at the same time, there was evidently some actual loss somewhere, for we have seen its effects. Flynn just ships the whole matter, trying to straddle both theories.

Flynn overlooks another question when he says that the bankers were spoofing Lord Birkenhead by telling him that everything was well in the stock exchange. Maybe Flynn is spoofing us when he does not at all mention the possibility that there may be actual overspeculation in the industrial and commercial situation. But that would mean that Hoover also is out on a spoofing party — perish the thought! Before I get any closer to lese majesty, I had better stop.

Axel Nelson

*New York City*

### The New Freedom

To the Editor:

I am amazed that a magazine as supposedly modern and liberal as The Forum should print such a worthless article as "Freedom in the New Schools" by Edna Yost in the February issue. Why should Miss Yost be characterized as "an unbiased investigator" when she is so obviously a disciplinarian of the old type?

Amelia M. Carter

*Caldwell, N. J.*

[Editor's Note. — *That's just the point. Miss Yost is not a disciplinarian of the old type.*]

### Sex and Superstition

To the Editor:

It was with some indignation that I read in Our Rostrum a certain high school principal's protest against your policy of "frank discussion of sex problems." For every such protest you receive, I hope there are two which take sides with The Forum. I like to believe that sex superstition is beginning to fade in the light of science and research.

John K. Crippen

*Chicago, Ill.*

### Is Prohibition Constitutional?

To the Editor:

In your March Rostrum, Mr. Lawrence G. Williams, Attorney, in attempting to answer this question, refers to the case of Feigenspahn vs. U. S. in which "the United States Supreme Court disposed of this question without argument." There is the crux of the matter. It was disposed of "without argument."

It was obvious to the court at that time that there was a desire to make the "experiment" of attempting to force people to change a diet of immemorial antiquity.

Whatever may have been its inception, the Supreme Court to-day primarily exists to strengthen the position of the political party in power. Therefore, in accordance with its practice, it sidestepped the issue by avoiding argument and temporarily confirming the action of the elected ones. To-day we are merely staving off this inevitable issue as long as the people will stand for it.

WALTER STANTON, *Attorney*
*Berkeley, Calif.*

### Time the Great Enforcer

To the Editor:

Fabian Franklin hits below the belt in his April article, "Prohibition Ten Years After." The dry amendment was not enacted by the Anti-Saloon League, but by votes that talked like cannon balls. All social order is prohibition, and to ban booze or drugs is to limit personal liberty as do the traffic lights. If you blame prohibition for our crime, then credit it for our prosperity. No wrong should be condoned because it flaunts the law. If booze is a bootleg anarchist, then greater is the reason for its elimination. Give us time! Reforms are not accomplished when enacted into statutes. It takes another generation or two. Let the old soaks die off and then we'll clean up on Volstead.

ALEXANDER CAIRNS
*Newark, N. J.*

### We Don't Get Many Like This

To the Editor:

I just feel as if I must send you a word of thanks for as lovely a little rejection slip as I ever had the displeasure to receive. In saying "displeasure," I merely use an Irishman's privilege; but in your letter I could not help feeling happy. Thanks for a sympathetic, kindly, encouraging reply.

MARY MORRIS
*New York, N. Y.*

### The Good and Bad of Romance

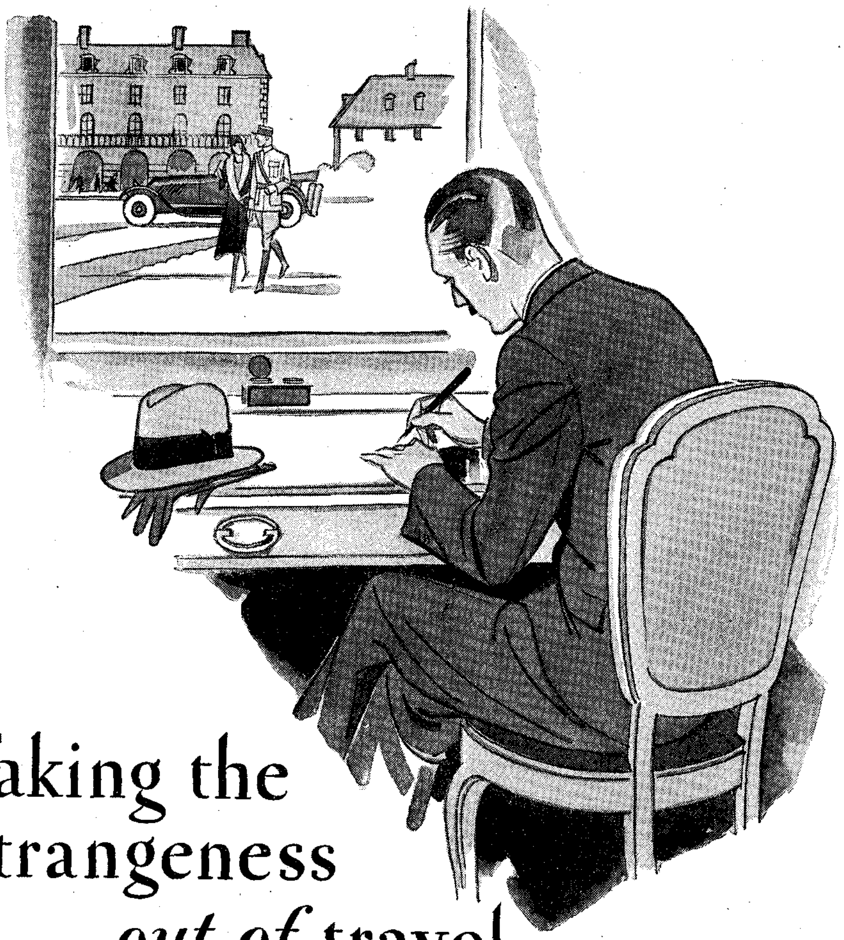
To the Editor:

Robert C. Binkley is right on the question of romance in marriage (February FORUM). It should be left out both before and after marriage. Romance is just a simple case of illusion, and when the real character of husband and wife is learned by each after marriage, trouble begins. As Shaw says, "The lot of the man who sees life truly and thinks about it romantically, is despair."

J. E. SPEAKMAN
*Chicago, Ill.*

To the Editor:

Every successful marriage is the joint result of romance and sex appeal. If, in the passage of the years, all romance should vanish from the home, the life of the average husband and wife would sink to the level of the relations which nor-



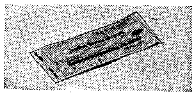
Taking the strangeness *out of* travel

You are never a stranger in any land if you carry American Express Travelers Cheques. Each Cheque tells others who you are because it carries your signature. You prove who you are by writing your signature a second time on the little space at the bottom of each Cheque when you spend it.

Your name on a Travelers Cheque gives you the equivalent of a checking account at over 60,000 banks, American Express branches and correspondents. Ordinary checks from strangers are seldom honored, but when you present American Express Travelers Cheques you are no longer a stranger no matter where you may travel.

Your name on an American Express Travelers Cheque automatically introduces you to the service of American Express uniformed representatives whom you see at ports, stations, and frontier points. It also opens to you the doors of American Express offices where 90% of all American travelers in foreign lands assemble to greet each other—to get their mail or helpful personal service.

To take the strangeness out of travel, try carrying American Express Travelers Cheques. Now the size of the new dollar, they are issued in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100. Cost 75c for each $100. *Now on sale* at 22,000 Banks, American Express and Railway Express Agency offices.

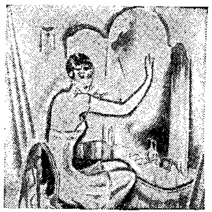


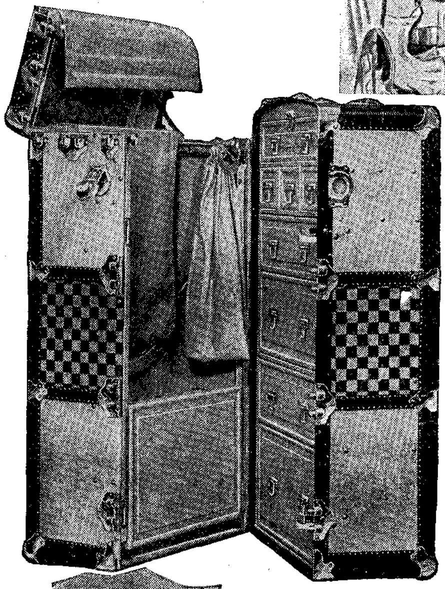
*the new, dollar size*

**AMERICAN EXPRESS**
*Travelers cheques*

*Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, itineraries, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department.*

*As Dainty as Milady's Boudoir*

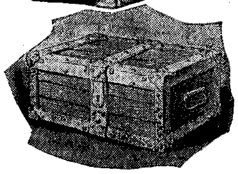




**B**EAUTY and durability! . . . You get both of these qualities in a Neverbreak. Even the moderate priced models are fashioned with elegance. Attractive fabrics . . . finesse in interior finish . . . delightful color schemes.

To this is added the stamina that defies hard knocks sustained through years of travel.

*And convenience!* . . . it's a joy to travel with a Neverbreak. A place for everything . . . and everything easy of access. Handy drawers and compartments to guard the small requisites. Protection for the filmiest articles of feminine apparel . . . or the wardrobe of the particular male dresser.



**As rugged as a "Strong Box"**

*Leading department and luggage stores will show you the newest Neverbreak models, in styles to suit all tastes—at prices to suit all purses. Write for illustrated booklet.*

**NEVERBREAK TRUNK CO., Inc.**
**171 Madison Avenue New York City**

**NEVERBREAK Trunks**

STANDARD *for* SIXTY-ONE YEARS

**BELGIUM BECOMES EUROPE'S CENTER**

Both tourists and business chiefs are making a bee-line for Antwerp this year. The great International Maritime, Colonial Transport and Flemish Art Exhibition is now open until October — under the patronage of their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians and supported by the Belgian, British, French and German Governments. Exhibition literature and full information from Dorland, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, or from any travel bureau.

***April*** ***October***

**ANTWERP EXHIBITION**

+ 1929 +

**Forum Index**

NOW AVAILABLE FOR BOUND COPIES

The complete **FORUM** index for Volumes 81 and 82 is now available, free of charge to subscribers. The index is separated into two six-months periods for the year, January to June, and July to December, inclusive.

In other words, you may now have your **FORUM** copies for the year conveniently bound in a two-volume set, complete with an index by title, author, and subject. The cost of binding is: $3.00 per volume of six issues in buckram (any standard color); half-leather, $5.00 per volume; full leather, $10.00 per volume.

***Copies should be sent postpaid to: Circulation Department, FORUM, 441 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.***

## Our Rostrum

mally exist between a virtuous man and his office stenographer. Through the evil forces of Nature and those ills of life from which all suffer, marriage would become an intolerable thing if it were not relieved by those ethereal elements which flourish under the protecting ægis of romantic love.

Russell Duane
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

### Living Philosophies

To the Editor:

I have read with both interest and amusement the so-called "living philosophies" printed in the last two or three issues. Continue by all means to get more of them. Perhaps after a bit we shall find out what to believe. Let us hope so.

A. David Johnson
*Minneapolis, Minn.*

To the Editor:

The series of articles on "What I Believe" is very interesting. It seems to be agreed that religion is an organized form of human experiences. Three of the finest souls I ever knew were a Methodist minister, a Catholic priest, and a Christian Science practitioner. All that could be desired of man was individually manifested in this trio — each sure that the others were all wrong. Personally, I could read Mary Baker Eddy in a Catholic church facing Mecca, and feel no sense of disloyalty to the one God who lovingly embraces the world whether it will or no.

Zoë Leary
*Hampton, N. H.*

To the Editor:

Congratulations to The Forum on publishing John Dewey's credo. To my mind it is by far the soundest of the series to date, and the only one that will hold much water under a rigorous scientific scrutiny. I wish you could find more articles of the same high quality.

Justus F. Müller
*Syracuse, N. Y.*

[Editor's Note: — *Just wait until you read Einstein's credo, to be published shortly.*]

### Our Jaded Appetites

To the Editor:

Apropos of Marcia Clarke's diatribe on "Tinned Food For Tin Gods" (February) — how I long for the good old days when food was food and the winter diet of overcooked cabbage, salt pork, lye hominy, and slushy potatoes could be gulped down. The lucky ones of long ago were blessed with an occasional bitter orange; we poor moderns struggle along with canned grapefruit containing all the sweet, natural flavor and priceless food

What a place to tone up

A FEW days out for rest and recreation will make the whole world a better place.

Come to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. Snooze on the Ocean Deck. Breathe the tonic ocean air. Ride. Golf. Play squash. Take an all-over sun-bath, or a health-bath under the supervision of an expert.

You will be amazed at your new capacity for food. And a little ashamed of your capacity for sleep.

New Haddon Hall is bright and modern. Here you will find that informality that makes perfect relaxation possible, that air of things well done that produces a sense of perfect well-being. Haddon Hall is the sort of temptation it might be profitable to indulge in. We will be glad to send you more information. There is a place for your car in the Motoramp garage.

American and European Plans

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall
ATLANTIC CITY

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

## Our Rostrum

elements of tree-ripened fruit. A few minutes of pressure cooking gives us unpleasantly green, crisp, and healthful cabbage or spinach where our fortunate forbears could stew their greens beyond all recognition and nutrition. What a shame to eat a variety of canned vegetables which have been cooked under steam pressure to retain all the vitamins and minerals which once went into the slop barrel to fatten hogs for the winter supply of salt pork! Oh, we poor moderns!

TED LEITZELL

*Chicago, Ill.*

### Yo Yo-ing in California

To the Editor:

I have enjoyed reading many issues of THE FORUM, but none of them ever brought keener delight than did the January issue containing the article by E. B. White.

But as a loyal Californian I must protest one statement (just one) made by Mr. White. He said, "Right now the craze seems to have got hold of the State of Georgia, and not got anywhere else." Mr. White, apparently, has lost almost three years of that peace of mind which nothing but the Yo Yo can give, for, had he been living in Southern California, he would have Yo Yo-ed in 1927.

MARIANNE CARTER

*Carmel-by-the-sea, Calif.*

### Debts and Reparations

To the Editor:

In the February FORUM, Madariaga seemed to me to be trying to befog the subject of reparations. Should nations not pay their debts in cash as individuals have to, and would it be any more difficult in the one case than in the other? Germany can and should pay each yearly installment. If the installments are too large, extend the time and reduce the yearly amounts.

H. D. EASTLY

*Kennebec, S. D.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE. — *The subject of reparations is not as simple as it may appear on the surface, and we don't pretend to be competent to pass judgment. But you should remember that German reparations are not exactly the same thing as a simple debt; they are a form of indemnity imposed by the victor nations upon the vanquished — as a penalty, one might say, for having lost the war. You may be sure that Germany would have paid nothing had she won; the boot would then have been upon the other foot. There is no question that the Allies had the right to demand reparations, but there may be some question of the wisdom of such a policy, which perpetuates the hatreds born of the war and calls upon an unborn generation to pay for the sins of its fathers.*]

Shrines of England's History.

Begin with Exeter, with its white stones drenched in peace. Glastonbury Abbey lifts its broken arch above the grass in perpetual supplication. Beaulieu, founded by King John, standing like a white spectre in the fields. Exquisitely feminine Wells, a gothic sermon in stone. Winchester, where Edward the Confessor was hailed as king. Canterbury and its priceless relics of early Christianity, the tomb of the Black Prince, the shrine of Thomas a Beckett, and the very stone on which Henry II knelt in penance. Perfectly proportioned Salisbury. Tewkesbury Abbey, named the melancholy, and tragic Tintern, kneeling in a meadow of daisies like a saint at prayer, is an unforgettable sight. The evening sun now falls into the roofless church and the Chapter House is a woody dell with clusters of primroses and forget-me-nots.

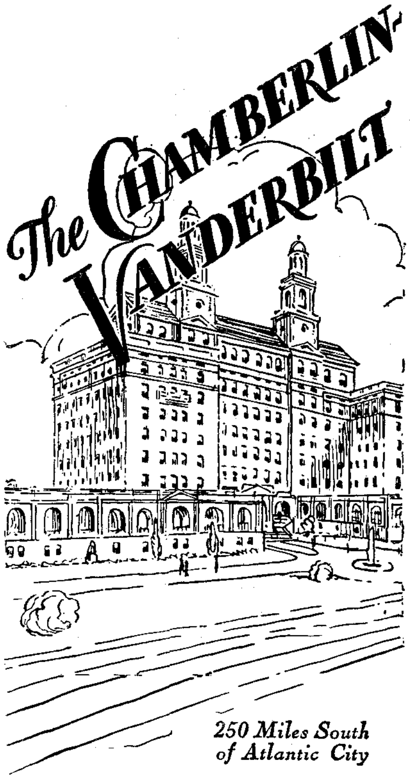
There are many more of these glorious shrines—Chester, Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, each a gem of loveliness and interest that will lend fragrance to days ever afterward.

*Guide No. 17 has been specially prepared for American visitors and will be mailed free to you upon request*

G. E. ORTON, *Gen. Agent,* 505 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Great Western and Southern Railways of England.

·NOW·
OPEN



*250 Miles South of Atlantic City*

BASKING here, in more sunshine than has even the famous Riviera, you can drink the elixir of clean, invigorating salt air. Carefree days will pass unnoticed, either in the exploration of the nooks and crannies of the Tidewater section of Virginia—which teems with historic and interesting places—or, perhaps in a round of golf—a short canter—a brisk walk on the hard white beach, or a more strenuous fling at tennis.

You will enjoy the freedom from the usual overcrowded, commercialized resort atmosphere. Your stay at the Chamberlin-Vanderbilt will be a pleasant and beneficial experience—one which most repeat.

REASONABLE RATES

*For Reservations and detailed information write*

CHARLES TALBOTT, *Manager*,
Old Point Comfort, Virginia

·OLD·
POINT
COMFORT

## Our Rostrum

### The Durant-Jones Debate

*Last month we reported that readers had awarded the victory to Will Durant in his debate with Howard Mumford Jones on the question, "Are the Outline Books Softening Our Brains?" Letters have continued to come in, but the ratio of eight to one for Durant is still maintained. We are glad to publish below the best letters submitted on both sides.*

### Outline Books Are Bad

To the Editor:

The outline pretends to be a mental *hors-d'œuvre*, but it makes its chief appeal to the mind which can never hunger. It substitutes opinion for analysis. It dictates rather than interprets. It is to human knowledge what the tabloid is to accurate journalism. It mocks the research of the ages by its assumption that any or all learning can be dried, shredded, and put up in convenient package form for the retail trade.

LYNN MONTROSS
*Woodstock, Vt.*

To the Editor:

The rapid disappearance of the "cultivated" and "civilized" person, by which was once meant a ripe and urbane attitude of mind, is probably as much due to other "speeding up" processes of modern society as to the prevalence of outline books. For the cultivated person would never have used such textbooks. It is due, rather, to all the phenomena of our life to-day which kill meditation, leisure, and the artistic reaction to life.

ROBERT HERRICK
*Winter Park, Fla.*

To the Editor:

It seems to me that the outline books are part of the fundamental error that life, or any part of life, can be reduced to a syllogism or a phrase.

JOHN D. MEYER
*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

To the Editor:

It is my opinion that the chief benefit of the outline books accrues to the author and publisher.

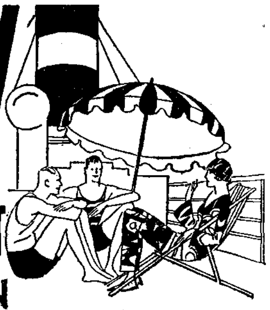
EDWARD D. PERRY
*New York City*

To the Editor:

There are three general classes of education — the cultural, the scientific, and the superficial. The first two have no need of the outline book; it is fertile soil for the third, encouraging the development of the "get educated quickly" class, and, in its more regrettable phase, of the quack and the charlatan.

J. P. JERVEY
*University of the South,*
*Sewanee, Tenn.*

ITALY
AND THE
CONTINENT
VIA THE
SOUTHERN
ROUTE



"LIDO all the way"

*Where sunny days and silvery nights bathe the decks*

GIBRALTAR, NAPLES AND GENOA

AUGUSTUS AND ROMA

May 17, June 7, June 21, July 8

*Most direct route to*
*Seville and Barcelona Expositions*

Sitmar De Luxe Connecting Line to
Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople and Athens

*For illustrated booklets, and information apply to*

N. G. I. Italia America Shipping Corporation,
General Agents, 1 State St., N. Y.,
or local steamship agents.

SOUTH AMERICA! FIRST CLASS
60 DAYS—$650.
on the luxurious
S. S. VAUBAN

VACATION TOUR
Barbados
Trinidad
Pernambuco
Rio de Janeiro
Sao Paulo
Santos
Montevideo
Buenos Aires

Leaving N. Y. June 19, 1930
Returning August 18, 1930

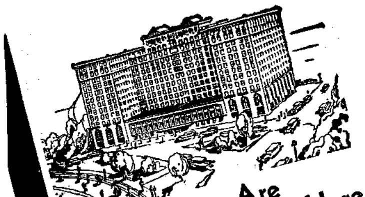
Rates include Round trip transportation, Conducted sightseeing, Hotel accommodations, etc.

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE
26 Broadway, N. Y. or local agents

*At All Good News Stands*

THE FORUM

25 cents a copy



Summer Days Are Comfortable . . . Here

SUMMER days in Chicago are comfortable . . . at THE DRAKE. Pleasant . . . spacious . . . airy rooms and an ideal location . . . overlooking Lake Michigan . . . Beach, bridle paths . . . Lincoln Park . . . and other attractions immediately accessible. *Rates begin at $5 per day. Permanent Suites at Special Discounts.*

THE DRAKE
HOTEL, CHICAGO
*Under Blackstone Management*

"AN ADDRESS OF DISTINCTION"

## Our Rostrum

### Outline Books Are Good

To the Editor:

I am of the opinion that the level of the world's intelligence has been very appreciably raised by the publication of various outline books. Had they not been published, hundreds of thousands of readers who have enjoyed them would never have been enticed into the various fields covered by these books. The man who refuses to give you half an apple on the theory that you should eat a whole one is not only misguided, but is doing you a distinct disservice. Let us have more outline books, if by that method we can get more people interested in acquiring more knowledge.

W. F. Bigelow, *Editor*
*Good Housekeeping*
*New York City*

To the Editor:

The outline books, if they have any merit whatever, seem to me far more likely to stimulate readers to further study on their own hook. Even if they don't, the moderate amount of knowledge they disseminate is a damned sight better than no knowledge at all.

Burton Kline
*Department of Labor,*
*Washington, D. C.*

To the Editor:

I consider the demand for popularized science a symptom of functioning democracy. In the South here, nothing could do more to stop absurd anti-evolution propaganda than a résumé of the sciences; nothing could go further toward allaying the friction between black and white than a smattering of anthropology. As for the supposed case of a reader who feels he has acquired the whole field of knowledge in a nutshell, the brain of such a reader wouldn't be worth saving.

T. S. Stribling
*Clifton, Tenn.*

To the Editor:

The mass of knowledge which has been accumulated is so vast that the mind of man cannot encompass it all. It is axiomatic that there must be an introduction to knowledge. This the outline books give. Those who are so inclined may later follow up the subject or subjects which appeal most strongly to them. But at the worst, a "quick-lunch" repast is better than no food. That man is most thoroughly educated who knows "everything about something and something about everything."

Dr. Warren Coleman
*New York City.*

To the Editor:

In a city like this there are many thousands of intelligent persons who have the intellectual curiosity which leads them to desire a general knowledge of a subject without pretending to become experts on it. An outline, properly presented, is exactly what such people need. We ought to have more good interpretations of all sorts of subjects rather than less in order to help satisfy a very genuine hunger for knowledge.

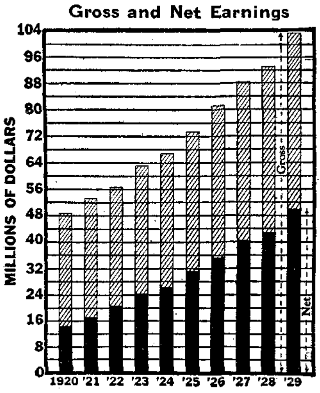
Samuel H. Ranck
*Librarian*
*Grand Rapids, Mich.*

To the Editor:

It all depends on what you wish to accomplish. If you merely want to develop champions, then Mr. Jones has the best of the argument. If you want to induce all the crowd to play ball, then Mr. Durant has the best of it. So far as the general public is concerned, Mr. Jones' idea is about the same as feeding roast beef to babies. Few could take it, and still fewer could digest it. Give them something that they can digest and will voluntarily take, and they will grow. Their children will get the benefit of it and start life on a higher mental plane, and so on until ultimately we reach a generation in that family which has culture and understanding. That is the way the race has been improved, and it is probably the only way in which it can be improved.

Griffith Ogden Ellis, *Editor*
*The American Boy*
*Detroit, Mich.*

Associated Gas and Electric System
Founded in 1852



*The Largest Earnings in History*

Surely and steadily Associated Gas and Electric System gross and net earnings grow — a result of the usefulness and value of the service rendered.

Significant of Associated System stability were the earnings for the month of December, 1929. While other industries reported declines, the Associated System continued its forward movement with earnings 7% greater than for the same month of 1928.

*Write for our illustrated booklet E-6 on the Class A Stock*

Associated Gas and Electric Company
Incorporated in 1906

61 Broadway • New York City

Today His Wife Is Looking for a Job

You know what happened . . . he went quickly and left nothing for his wife and children . . . his wife, of course, is going to work . . . she's a "good sport" . . . so will your wife if she has to . . . but what kind of sport is a man who neglects to provide for that kind of woman?

Don't send your wife to work! . . . safeguard her future with a systematic investment in 5½% PRUDENCE-BONDS . . . guaranteed by more than $16,500,000.

May we send you descriptive literature? *It will interest you.*

The PRUDENCE COMPANY, *Inc.*

*Under Supervision of N. Y. State Banking Dept.*

331 Madison Ave., at 43rd St., N.Y.
162 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
8931-161st St., Jamaica, N. Y.

MAIL FOR BOOKLET
F.M. 1547

Name__________
Address__________

© 1930, P. Co., Inc.

Bank of New York & Trust Co.

48 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

NEW YORK AND TRUST COMPANY · BANK OF NEW YORK · NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO · 1784-1830

*CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $20,000,000*

SHORT STORY WRITING

**One pupil won a $2000 prize. Another pupil earned over $5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.**

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

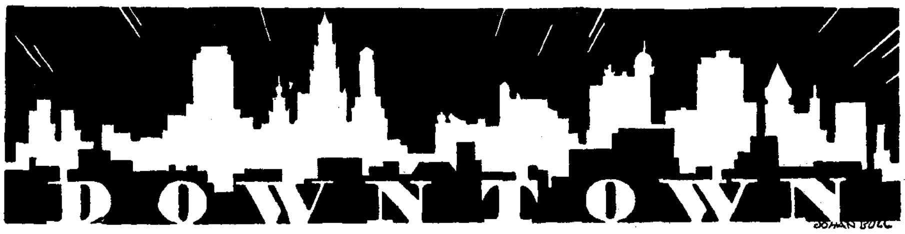
Dr. Esenwein

**The Home Correspondence School**
**Dept. 17 Springfield, Mass.**

COLLEGE COURSES AT HOME

Carry on your education. Develop power to initiate and achieve. Earn credit toward a Bachelor degree or Teaching Certificate *by correspondence*. Select from 450 courses in 45 subjects, including English, Mathematics, History, Education, Psychology, Economics, the Languages, etc. Write for catalog.

The University of Chicago
439 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.



# Choosing an Investment Banker

### *by* DONALD REA HANSON

One of the essential requisites of a successful investment policy is that of establishing a good financial connection. When an individual or a group of individuals, starting out in business on a small scale, form a new company, they immediately try to establish a good banking connection. The business man fully realizes that the time will come when he will require the services of a bank. He knows that when he reaches the point where he is going to have to borrow money it is pretty good business to deal with a bank that is familiar with his own particular problem. And only by becoming acquainted with his banker can he form a connection that later will serve him well.

Much the same problem arises for the investor. The investor forms two financial connections. First, there is the contact with his investment banking house. Second, there is the contact with the securities of the corporation in which he invests his money. The quality of these connections will have a great deal to do with his success or failure in investments.

At the outset it is necessary for the investor to decide clearly on his purpose. If it is speculation in securities, pure and simple, that calls for one connection; if it is primarily investment, that usually calls for a somewhat different connection. It is just as well to realize at the beginning that it costs no more to do business with the highest type of investment banking organization than it does with an inexperienced concern or one of doubtful character. And in the long run much will be saved by doing business with houses of established reputation.

## PLACING SMALL ACCOUNTS

Assuming that the individual contemplates speculating in securities on margin, as a general rule the size of the initial sum to be placed at risk makes a difference in the establishment of a connection. Those with less than $1000 on which to start will probably find that not every member of a recognized stock exchange is willing to accept a small account. The result is that the individual, in his impatience to be in the procession rather than watching the parade go by, is tempted to do business with non-members or even disreputable outfits which are glad to obtain his business.

As most of the speculative business in this country is done upon the New York Stock Exchange, the New York Curb, or on such out-of-town exchanges as the Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston stock exchanges, it obviously behooves the newcomer to give the preference, in opening a speculative account, to a member of one of these exchanges. Most of the members of the New York Stock Exchange are in a position to deal in securities listed in any market, and accordingly a New York Stock Exchange house has a standing that is unquestionably preferable.

There was a time, not many years ago, when an account could be opened with as little as $100 with a stock exchange house, for the purpose of trading in ten-share lots. Conditions have changed considerably in recent years. Margin requirements are higher and the minimum transaction that will be handled, on open account, is much larger. Comparatively few houses will handle ten-share lots on margin to-day. The minimum for the majority of houses is twenty-five shares. And as 40 per cent margin requirements are now more the rule than the exception, the purchase of a stock selling around $100 a share requires at least $1000 for an initial deposit.

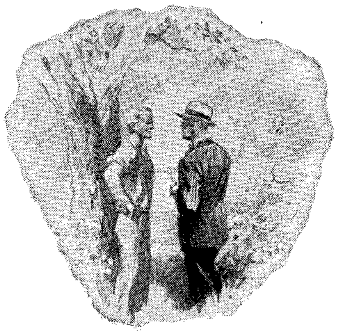
Many stock exchange houses will not handle margin accounts in less than one hundred-share lots, which obviously requires a minimum deposit of $4000 to $5000. And there are some, chiefly among the investment banker type, which will not handle any margin business. Stocks purchased for trading purposes, in these cases, must be paid for in full. However, for outright purchase of stocks, where the full amount is paid for and no margin transaction is involved, the chances are that no member of the stock exchange will refuse any order, even if it is a one-share lot. But in such cases there is usually a minimum commission charge of about $5.

It is with an investment banking connection, however, that we find ourselves

# "He made his own test—now he puts *all* his surplus in sound, income-yielding securities"

**FRANK P. DOYLE, President of the Exchange Bank of Santa Rosa, tells of a young rancher who found out for himself something about how—and how not—to invest.**

FRANK P. DOYLE, *President of the Exchange Bank of Santa Rosa, has taken a leading part in activities connected with the bridging of the Golden Gate. He is a Director of the Golden Gate Association and also of the Redwood Empire Association.*



*"We worked along until these orchards showed a profit, in bad years as well as in good."*

WHEN this young rancher — let's call him Jack—came to Santa Rosa about ten years ago, he was just out of college.

"His father owned large apple orchards and a dehydrating plant, but they were in a decidedly run-down condition.

"I have always been interested in our ranches and our ranchers and this young fellow fell into the way of consulting me about ways and means to build up the family property.

"We worked along together until both the orchards and the plant showed a profit, in bad years as well as in good.

"Then one day about two years ago he came into the bank to talk about investing a few thousand dollars he had accumulated. He wanted to invest it in a highly speculative stock.

" 'Now Jack,' I said to him, 'We can't make a $10 bill out of a $5 bill. At least mighty few of us can.'

" 'Oh, but Mr. Doyle, this stock has already gone to almost twice what it was a year ago,' he protested.

" 'Well, the bubble is sure to burst eventually,' I told him.

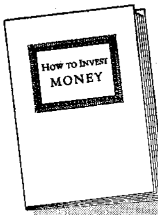
"He listened to me and admitted most of my arguments—and yet he couldn't quite resist taking this chance of a quick profit. Finally, he decided to put part of his money in the speculative venture and part in the substantial investments I suggested. He wanted to try it out for himself.

"A few weeks ago he came in looking rather rueful, and told me the bubble *had* burst. His speculative stock is gone—but his sound investments he still has, with principal intact and interest coming in regularly. Now he puts *all* his surplus in sound, income-yielding securities."

Bankers who have the confidence of their communities, as has Mr. Doyle, will invariably be found the most ardent advocates of safety as the first and most important principle of investment.

These bankers throughout America know favorably the offerings of S. W. Straus & Co., and choose from them for recommendation to investors and for their own reserves. From these offerings thousands of investors have made their selections, many of them exclusively, for twenty years and more.

***Send for this booklet*** "How to Invest Money" explains all the popular types of investment securities, in easy-to-understand terms. Every serious investor should own a copy. Simply send the coupon below to the office nearest you.



**S. W. Straus & Co.**

565 Fifth Avenue, New York City; *or*
Michigan Ave., at Jackson Blvd., Chicago; *or*
79 Post St., San Francisco.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of Booklet E-1103

I am considering investing $..............................

*Name*..............................

*Address*..............................

*City*..............................

## S. W. STRAUS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1882 INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDINGS... *In New York,* 565 Fifth Ave., *In Chicago,*
Michigan Ave. at Jackson Blvd., *In San Francisco,* 79 Post St.
Other Offices in 36 Principal Cities.

© 1930, by S. W. Straus & Co.

For your gross profits—and net—
Metropolitan New York

Whatever your line, your gross profits are likely to be far bigger in this rich metropolitan territory than in any other local market in the world—for New York has in a hundred-mile radius 8 to 20% of the sales possibilities of the whole United States.

But will your costs be so high that the net will not be worth the effort? When this question remains unanswered, a good product is kept out of this supreme market. But it has been answered, is being answered, by several hundred concerns—big, little, and middle-sized—selling in every price range, products from canned soup to motor boats. They get from New York

a net profit as good as the gross

These successful merchandisers in Metropolitan New York turn over to Bush Distribution Service the entire task of receiving, storing and delivering goods. Bush saves them money on physical distribution—and physical distribution by Bush is so good, so steady, so sure that it's an actual and potent aid to sales, holding old customers and making their accounts constantly more profitable, and helping salesmen and advertising to create new and additionally profitable accounts.

Ask us for "More Profits"

Our booklet with that title should mean increased gross and increased net for you. When you write for it, tell us your product and your method of distribution—we will write you a special service letter telling just how Bush Distribution can help you in this major market.

BUSH DISTRIBUTION SERVICE
Bush Terminal Company
100 Broad Street New York, N. Y.

*Please mention this issue of Forum*

## Downtown

concerned here. Some investment banking houses are members of the New York Stock Exchange or other exchanges, but not all of them are. In fact some of the very best houses maintain no memberships in stock exchanges. A New York Stock Exchange house, for instance, cannot be a corporation. That eliminates a large group of reputable investment banking houses at once; among them, for example, the security divisions of national banks and trust companies. To the extent that orders taken by these houses must be executed on the stock exchanges, arrangements are practically invariably effected between such non-members and stock exchange firms so that the order of the small investor can be executed.

A good investment banking connection offers a number of advantages, some that are apparent, and many more not so apparent. The matter of information is most important. A house with widespread connections in the financial field, whose firm members are directors of a large number of corporations in widely diversified industries, doubtless has access to information which will prove a good guide to the customer. If such a house does not make the small investor a fortune, it at least offers a good prospect of saving him a loss on his investment. Practically all dealers in investments keep up-to-the-minute information on all listed securities and many that are not listed and there is not a great deal to choose between in selecting a connection on this basis.

But houses with broad financial connections offer a certain direct advantage over one that does not have them. This, however, need not necessarily be a reason for refusing to deal with a given house, for there are often small houses which are headed by a man peculiarly gifted in his judgment for the selection of securities. Other factors must be taken into consideration. However, once a connection has been formed with an investment banking house, the name of the investor is usually placed on the mailing list. Most houses keep their customers posted upon the trend of financial affairs as they see them and from time to time point out securities which have merit.

### SPECIAL ADVANTAGES

Scores of other minor services are offered in a good banking connection of this sort. Some houses go so far as to keep a record of purchases and sales for the account of their customers, greatly simplifying reports for income tax purposes. Many are prepared to hold the certificates of bonds or stocks purchased for the account of their customers for safekeeping and through agency services are prepared to take care of such details as the collection of coupons and exercising of rights when they are offered.

# CITIES SERVICE

## pays monthly dividends to more than 359,000 owners of its Common Stock

THIS month CITIES SERVICE COMPANY paid dividends to more than 359,000 holders of its Common stock. It was the 210th dividend paid Common shareholders.

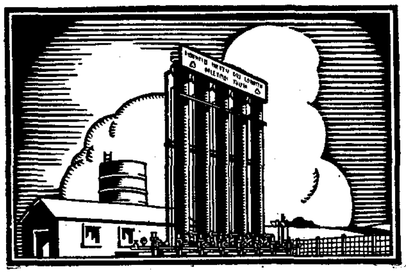
CITIES SERVICE is one of the largest and most profitable partnership enterprises in the world. Since its formation in 1910, CITIES SERVICE COMPANY has paid in interest and dividends to its security holders more than $225,000,000 in cash and stock. The organization now has more than 600,000 security holders.

Because of the essential nature of CITIES SERVICE enterprises—the production and distribution of electricity, gas and petroleum products—earnings grow with the country, without the wide fluctuations inherent in less essential businesses. The products and services sold by CITIES SERVICE are becoming each year in greater demand, because they are necessities of modern life.

At the current market price, CITIES SERVICE Common stock yields, annually, over 6½% in stock and cash—payable monthly.

When you invest in CITIES SERVICE Common stock you become a partner in one of the largest industrial organizations in the country, with a record of 19 years of growth—and an assured future of greater usefulness.

Mail the coupon below and we will send you, without obligation on your part, an interesting booklet describing CITIES SERVICE and its investment securities.



*Natural gasolene extraction equipment at the Magenta, Louisiana, Plant of Arkansas Natural Gas Corporation.*

ARKANSAS NATURAL GAS CORPORATION

THIS corporation, directly or through its subsidiaries, produces, transports and distributes (both at wholesale and retail) natural gas; produces petroleum and owns and operates natural gasolene plants. The Arkansas Natural Gas Corporation, directly or through subsidiaries, owns 2,900 miles of natural gas transmission and distribution lines in Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. 71,500 customers are supplied at retail, and the territory served has a population estimated at 475,000.

## HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY

**60 Wall Street New York City**

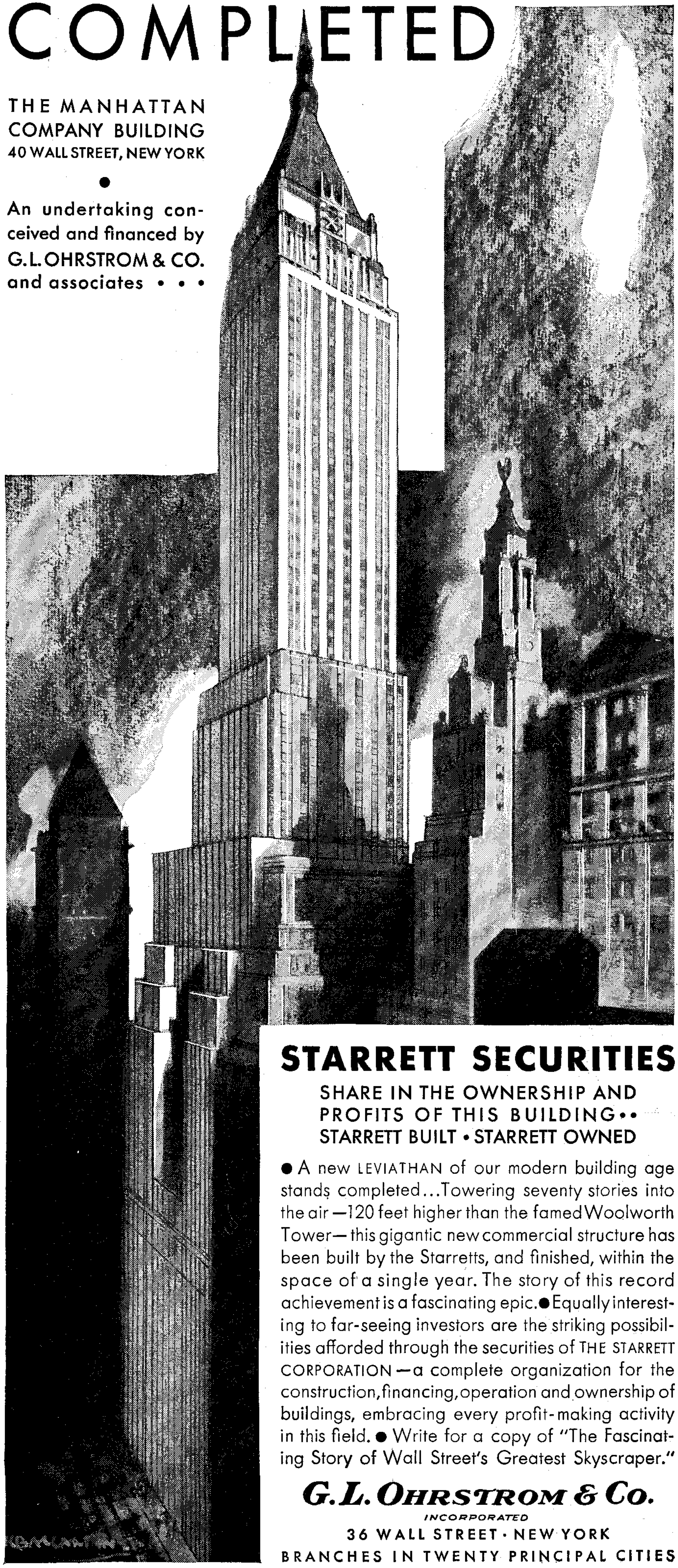
*Branches in principal cities*

*Cities Service Radio Program—every Friday, 8 P.M., Eastern Standard Time—N.B.C. Coast-to-Coast and Canadian network —33 Stations.*

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY 00007
60 Wall Street, New York City

Send copy of booklet describing the Cities Service organization and the investment possibilities of its securities.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________



COMPLETED

THE MANHATTAN
COMPANY BUILDING
40 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

●

An undertaking conceived and financed by
G. L. OHRSTROM & CO.
and associates • • •

STARRETT SECURITIES

SHARE IN THE OWNERSHIP AND
PROFITS OF THIS BUILDING••
STARRETT BUILT • STARRETT OWNED

● A new LEVIATHAN of our modern building age stands completed... Towering seventy stories into the air—120 feet higher than the famed Woolworth Tower—this gigantic new commercial structure has been built by the Starretts, and finished, within the space of a single year. The story of this record achievement is a fascinating epic. ● Equally interesting to far-seeing investors are the striking possibilities afforded through the securities of THE STARRETT CORPORATION—a complete organization for the construction, financing, operation and ownership of buildings, embracing every profit-making activity in this field. ● Write for a copy of "The Fascinating Story of Wall Street's Greatest Skyscraper."

**G. L. OHRSTROM & Co.**
INCORPORATED
36 WALL STREET • NEW YORK
BRANCHES IN TWENTY PRINCIPAL CITIES

## Downtown

One of the outstanding advantages of a good banking connection is the access thereby offered to new issues and attractive offerings that bob up from time to time. On bond issues this advantage is more often temporary than permanent. However, it happens almost every month that when a high grade house brings out a new bond issue a premium above the offering price is quoted for at least a short time, as investors flock to subscribe to an attractive new issue. Sometimes this advantage is permanent, when the bond demonstrates an ability to stand on its own feet and command a premium. Eight years ago, when the bond market was just emerging from the 1921 slump, there were many instances where bonds offered by good banking organizations to their customers not only went to a premium, but afterwards advanced ten or twenty points above the offering prices.

In the recent past some convertible bond issues have proven just as attractive bargains from the standpoint of later appreciation. A good banking connection often enables a recognized customer of the house to secure a fair allotment in such cases. The small investor should not feel that his interests necessarily will be neglected because his account is diminutive. As a rule bankers prefer to allot a few bonds to a large number of customers, rather than a lot of bonds to a few customers. The problem of maintaining a market during the distribution stage is thereby simplified and a bond issue that is well placed in this manner usually commands a better market.

In the past two or three years many investment banking houses which rarely, if ever, had dealt in stocks, turned to new stock issues. The financial history of the past five years is filled with instances where people who had good banking connections were able to make investments on such a basis that they later paid for themselves. I will name but one bond issue. The Andes Copper Mining bonds were first offered at a price around par and were convertible into stock of the company. The company was later fully absorbed by Anaconda Copper and the bonds sold at 235. Instances too numerous to mention have occurred where preferred stock or bond issues have been placed by reputable houses, with common stock as a bonus. In one case, ten or twelve years ago, the bankers who financed an automobile company offered a bonus of one common share with each share of preferred stock sold at 100. The company was an immediate success; a few months later the common stock was selling at several hundred dollars per share; and later the preferred stock was redeemed at par, returning the original sum invested. Such cases are rare, but in the past five years there have been dozens of instances

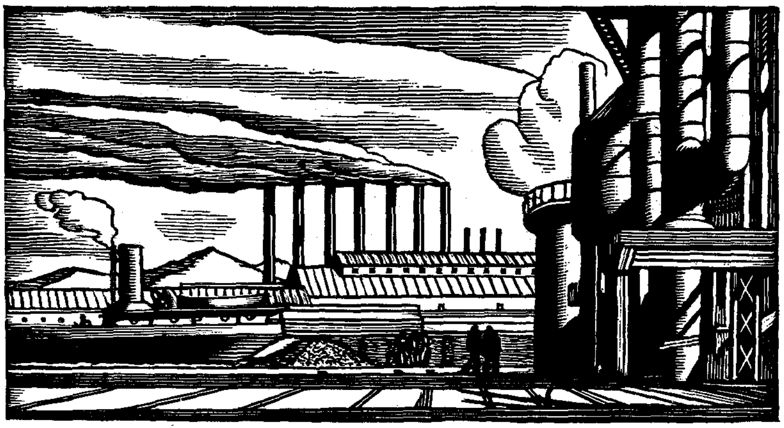
The strength of wide diversification ▲

WIDE diversification of investments contributes to safety of principal and stability of income. Such employment of capital in numerous and varied investments is only practicable with relatively large funds. Many investors are availing themselves of the facilities of well established investment companies for the distribution of risk in this way.

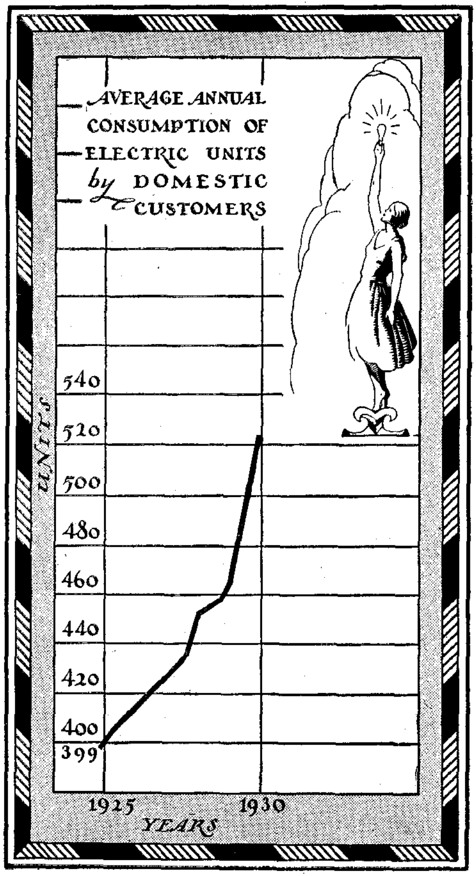
For years the American Founders group of investment companies has been diversifying its funds among bonds, preferred stocks and common stocks, and among securities representative of many types of business, domestic and foreign. United Founders Corporation, through its large stock interest in American Founders Corporation, shares the strength of this diversification. In addition, United Founders has substantial holdings in public utility and other important fields.

United Founders Corporation is owned by more than 60,000 stockholders.

DECORATIONS BY ROCKWELL KENT · CUT IN WOOD BY J. J. LANKES



UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION



# A Trend Without Visible Limit

THE increase in the number of customers is by no means the whole story of an electric utility's growth.

In 1925 our subsidiaries furnished about 399 units of electricity to each householder; in 1929 the average was about 524 units—31% more. . . . Nobody knows where the ceiling is.

The steady gain, not only in the number of customers, but also in the increasing use of electricity, furnishes investment stability for the securities of American Water Works and Electric Company.

Copy of 1929 Annual Report on Request

AMERICAN
WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED
50 Broad Street, New York

© 1930

where bonds or preferred stock have been issued with common stock as a bonus and where very substantial profits were realized on the common stock later.

## THE PERSONAL RELATION

KNOW YOUR HOUSE and be sure that your house knows you. Ten-strikes are not made every day in investment or speculation; certainly such killings as have been made in the above cases are infrequent. But over a period of years a steady customer of a good house will hear of many opportunities and will probably benefit by them to some extent. To err is human, and even the highest grade of investment banking houses have their disappointments once in a while. The investor who never puts all his eggs in one basket and diversifies his purchases can usually afford to take the bitter with the sweet when he has established a first class connection. One "sour issue," as such disappointments are colloquially termed, should not necessarily condemn a house which is acting in good faith. The best houses acquire their reputations on their ability to limit these to a handful in a lifetime rather than because of the killings they make for their customers.

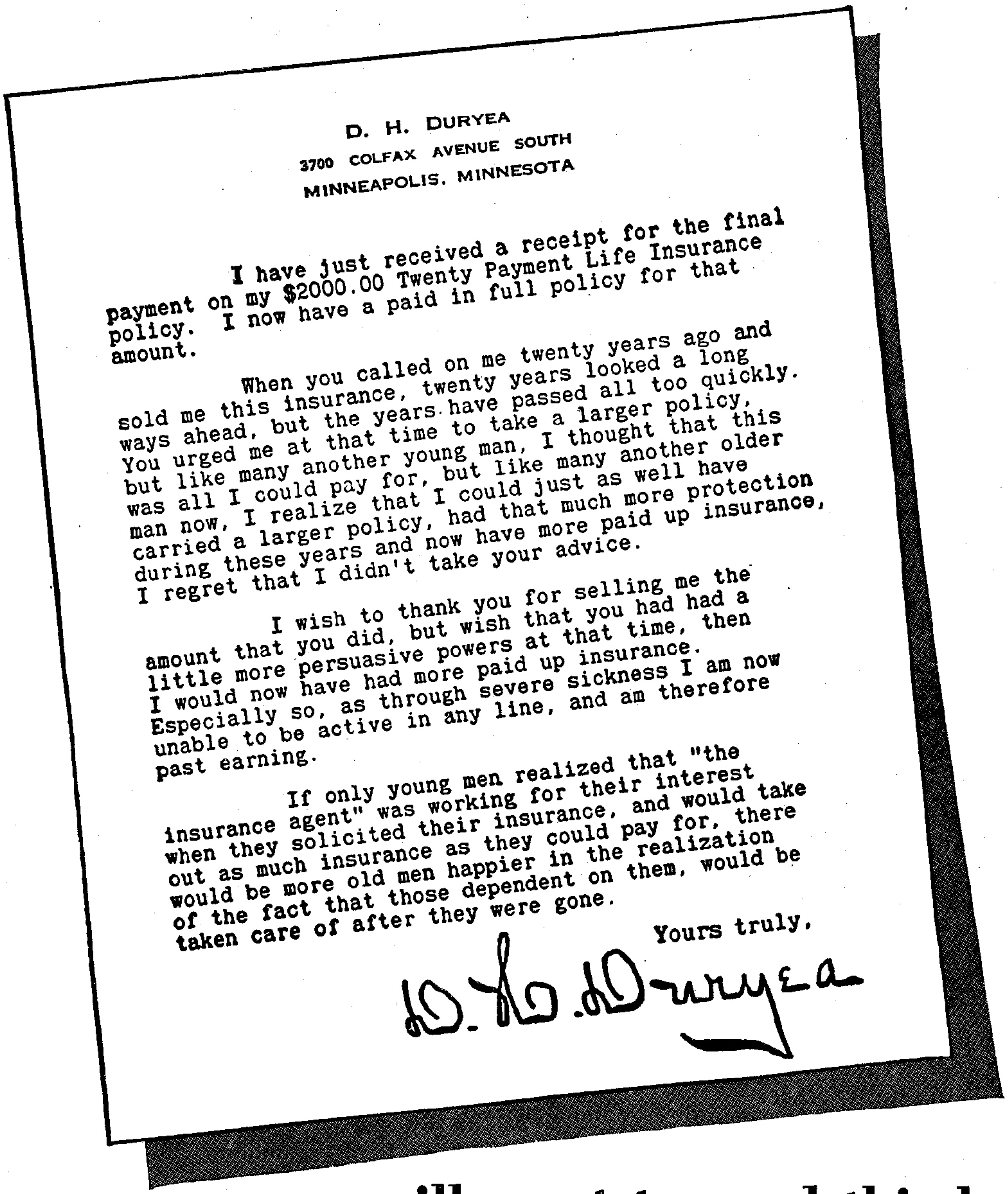
Many of the first class houses have a keen sense of moral obligation to their customers which goes far beyond any legal obligation. Instances are known where such houses, to their everlasting credit, have even gone so far as to make good the loss sustained by a customer on an unfortunate underwriting, even under circumstances for which they were not responsible in the slightest degree. Other houses have been known to pay the interest on bonds temporarily in default until a tangled financial situation was straightened out, in order to prevent hardship to a customer. One house recently went so far as to assume the preferred dividend payments on a stock underwritten years ago until the corporation was once more in a position to resume payments. In the event of a receivership for the corporation whose bonds have been sold to the public, the best houses are usually aggressive in the protection of the rights of their customers. Some years ago a well known house underwrote a small issue of steamship company mortgage bonds. The company failed, but by quick, aggressive work this house was able to foreclose, sell the ships and other assets securing the bonds, secure payment of one hundred cents on the dollar and 6 per cent interest as well, all in a period of two or three months.

## GOOD STOCKS MULTIPLY

SECOND TO the desirability of a good banking connection is a good equity connection in a stock. Some high grade stocks offer a continually broadening

JOHN HANCOCK SERIES

# Men who are still earning • •



D. H. DURYEA
3700 COLFAX AVENUE SOUTH
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

I have just received a receipt for the final payment on my $2000.00 Twenty Payment Life Insurance policy. I now have a paid in full policy for that amount.

When you called on me twenty years ago and sold me this insurance, twenty years looked a long ways ahead, but the years have passed all too quickly. You urged me at that time to take a larger policy, but like many another young man, I thought that this was all I could pay for, but like many another older man now, I realize that I could just as well have carried a larger policy, had that much more protection during these years and now have more paid up insurance, I regret that I didn't take your advice.

I wish to thank you for selling me the amount that you did, but wish that you had had a little more persuasive powers at that time, then I would now have had more paid up insurance. Especially so, as through severe sickness I am now unable to be active in any line, and am therefore past earning.

If only young men realized that "the insurance agent" was working for their interest when they solicited their insurance, and would take out as much insurance as they could pay for, there would be more old men happier in the realization of the fact that those dependent on them, would be taken care of after they were gone.

Yours truly,

D. H. Duryea

# • • will want to read this letter

THINK a minute. Can *you* afford to reach middle life with as little Life Insurance protection as you now have? ¶ Adequate life insurance can be secured by every man, whatever his income, at a price he can well afford. Let our booklet, "This Matter of Success" show you the way.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

INQUIRY BUREAU
197 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Please send me your booklet, "This Matter of Success."

*Name* ..............................

*Address* ..............................

F

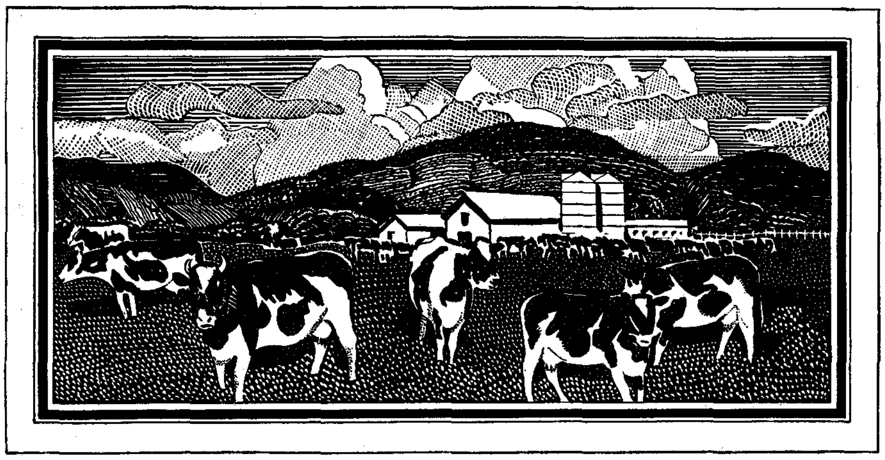
OVER SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS IN BUSINESS

## Downtown

opportunity for safe investment. American Telephone stock has been conspicuous in this sense. At intervals of about two years for the past decade this company has offered its stockholders the right to subscribe to new stock at about par. As holders of the stock accumulate a few hundreds or a few thousands for investment they are periodically being offered an opportunity to invest new money on an 8 or 9 per cent yield basis, a yield much more attractive than could be obtained with safety in the then current markets. Investors in General Electric have had their interest broadened by their participation in Electric Bond & Share, which was distributed to them as a stock dividend. And Electric Bond & Share has periodically brought out new stock. In the past three years a connection with New York Central has been almost as good as with American Telephone in the matter of offering profitable opportunity for the investment of new money. In 1927, 1928, and 1929 new stock was offered at par each year and the yield on that new stock was 8 per cent. Holders of National City Bank of New York stock have been especially favored with opportunities for investment of new money at an attractive yield basis, a situation that holds true for stockholders of most of the large banks of New York, Chicago, Boston, and other cities in recent years. Lately it has been quite the usual thing for some corporations to give stockholders privileged rights to subscribe to their new bond issues as financing becomes necessary.

SERVING THE EMPIRE OF THE WEST

MONTANA DAIRYING



THE West has fenced the ranges . . . Cattle raising grows less picturesque but more productive, reflecting the modern industrial trend of western agriculture. Dairying is typical of broadened, diversified farming in the eleven western states.

Montana—unsatisfied with wheat leadership, vast minerals, and swift expansion of cultivated acreage—more than tripled the production of butter during the past eight years. Forty percent of a 16,600,000-pound output is shipped out of the state to national consuming centers.

Two-fifths of this comes to California. Here, dairying leads the agricultural industry in the nation's leading agricultural state, but consumption and distribution exceed California's own output by 50,000,000 pounds yearly . . . Montana and other states of the Western Empire supply the extra demand, including over a million pounds for export.

★★★★★★ Montana products travel a thousand miles to California as a progressively great consumer market . . . to the Port of San Francisco as industrial capital of the West and key distributing center in domestic and foreign trade.

BANKING, in this pivotal city, sponsors regional development in the West . . . serves business nationally through banking correspondence . . . promotes foreign trade with lands bordering the Pacific Ocean.

AT THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO

CROCKER FIRST NATIONAL

BANK *of* SAN FRANCISCO ★ *Identical ownership with*

Crocker First Federal Trust Company ★ Crocker First Company

## *Investment Literature*

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

A STATEMENT OF CAPITALIZATION, EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS OF THE AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY, INC., will be mailed upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad Street, New York City.

CLASS A STOCK. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

INVESTMENT COMPANIES. Consolidated annual report of American Founders Corporation and four subsidiary general management investment companies. Offered by Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

*Continued on next page*

## *Investment Literature*

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

BONDS—QUESTIONS ANSWERED—TERMS DEFINED. A reference book for bond buyers, covering questions which experience indicates are most frequently asked; non-technical definitions of bond terms are included. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

THE FASCINATING STORY OF WALL STREET'S GREATEST SKYSCRAPER. An illustrated booklet describing the erection of the new 70-story Manhattan Company Building, New York; and Starrett Securities which share in the ownership and profits of this building. Also contains a brief history of New York's skyscrapers from the earliest days. G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Copy upon request. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT. A booklet outlining the advantages of life insurance as against other forms of investment for the regular and systematic saver. Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, 46th & Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRUDENCE-BONDS FOR PRUDENT PEOPLE. A brief description of how Prudence-Bonds are secured by conservative first mortgages on income producing properties and guaranteed by over $16,500,000 of the Prudence Company's capital, surplus and reserves. Copy upon request. The Prudence Company, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or*

***Financial Department***

**FORUM MAGAZINE**
**441 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK**

# F. & W. Grand Properties
Corporation

6% Convertible S. F. Gold Bonds, 1948

THE interest and sinking fund requirements of these Bonds are payable from rentals constituting direct obligations of F. & W. Grand 5-10-25 Cent Stores, Inc. This company, a leading factor in the variety chain store field, shows net profits after all operating charges, including *rentals*, depreciation, managers' bonuses and Federal taxes, as follows:

| 1929 | 1928 | 1927 | 1926 |
|---|---|---|---|
| $1,333,349 | $1,174,916 | $861,444 | $682,185 |

These Bonds are traded on the New York Curb Exchange, are currently selling at a discount and offer a liberal yield.

*Full information upon request.*

**George H. Burr & Co.**

57 *William Street, New York*

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL INVESTMENT CENTERS

# FORUM FINANCIAL SERVICE

*Mr. Donald Rea Hanson*, Editor of "*Downtown*," will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

*Address Editor "Downtown"*

**THE FORUM**
**441 Lexington Avenue New York, N. Y.**

# TOASTS

After graduating from Princeton in the class of '23, William C. White taught history for several years at the University of Pennsylvania. Then, having won the Frederick W. Penfield Scholarship for study at the University of Moscow, Mr. White spent three years in Russia. He traveled everywhere, talking with the peasants, the workers, and what remained of the aristocrats. With this experience as background, Mr. White has written a book on Soviet Law, which will soon be published. It was his observation that certain classes of people have been benefited and others hurt by the Soviet experiment. In his series of Forum articles he will show both sides of the picture.

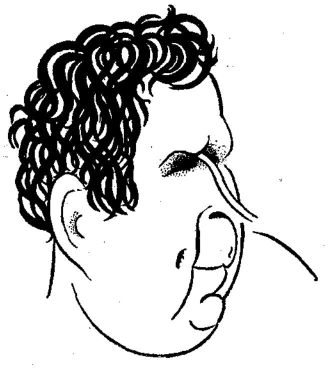
Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was born in 1864 and entered the ministry in 1888. The son of an active W. C. T. U. mother, he has fought the liquor traffic from boyhood. We quote from an admirer's biography: "Bishop Cannon's coolness in debate once brought from one of his Methodist conference opponents the appellation of 'that Methodist block of ice.' As if a normal Methodist could be anything like that!"

Bishop Cannon's intrepid opponent, Heywood Broun, is first of all a newspaper man. After a number of years as a columnist on the New York *World*, his and the *World's* ideas differing, Mr. Broun moved to the New York *Telegram*, where his views are aired daily. Aside from this column, Mr. Broun contributes a weekly page to *The Nation*, and is the author of many articles and books.

Even though he has written and edited several books on the subject, sex is not the chief concern of V. F. Calverton. Literary criticism is, and he is now at work on a long critical essay for the University of Washington Chapbook Series. In 1923 Mr. Calverton organized *The Modern Quarterly* and has been editor of it ever since. In addition, he is Literary Editor of the Macaulay Publishing Company and Book Review Editor of *The Book League Monthly.*

Dr. Logan Clendening was born and still lives in Kansas City. He has practiced medicine there for twenty years and for the same period has taught in the medical department of the University of Kansas. "A few years ago," he writes, "the old story happened. I fell among evil companions. I met a magazine editor and a publisher and they persuaded me to write a book. To this I ascribe my present disgraceful condition. However, I expect to reform shortly and, as Falstaff said, 'I'll purge, leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should.'"

Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck is the daughter of an American mother and an English father. During her early life she lived in so many places that scarcely a year was spent in a single school until the family moved to London, where she was in school for about six years. After their return to the United States, Mrs. Overbeck became secretary to Drs. Gildersleeve and Mustard at Johns Hopkins University. It was there that she met Robert M. Overbeck, a well-known geologist with the Guggenheim organization. They were married in 1915, and in 1924 they and their two children went to Bolivia, where they live at present.



Heywood Broun*

Wanda Ga'g was born in New Ulm, Minnesota, of Bohemian parents. She studied at the art schools of St. Paul and Minneapolis and later in New York. After several precarious years there she retired to a tiny shack in the country, where she found herself artistically. Three times her work has been chosen as one of the Fifty Prints of the Year.

First of all a professional teacher of American history and politics, Dr. Frank Bohn is also a special feature writer for the *New York Times* and other newspapers. His assignments have taken him to Europe during the World War and the Peace Conference, and to the South Seas and Mexico when crises arose there.

After nearly a year in Europe, James Truslow Adams has returned to this country to act as chairman of the Pulitzer Prize Jury. On his recent travels Mr. Adams wrote, "As an offhand judgment, I would place the Temple of Neptune at Paestum, the Aphrodite rising from the sea in the so-called 'Ludovisi throne,' the dome of St. Peter's, the bust of Nefertiti at Berlin, and the glass of Chartres as the five utterly perfect things I have seen in my life wanderings."

A career of varied pursuits in many cities has enabled Stuart Chase to get a broad and general perspective on economic questions in the United States. He started as a public accountant in Boston, then went to Chicago to investigate the meat industry and the packers. Now he is president of The Labor Bureau, Inc. Mr. Chase's most recent book is *Prosperity — Fact or Myth?*

After contributing to many American magazines, Charles Norman recently had his first book, *Poems*, published by Knopf.

Eleanor Baldwin does secretarial work during the day and devotes her evenings to teaching English to foreign doctors who have come to this country to study our public health service.

The friendly severing of the editorial team of George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken has caused some speculation as to what Mr. Nathan would now do. A former editor, with Mr. Mencken, of *The American Mercury*, and author of some seventeen books on the theatre, Mr. Nathan writes, "I am now preparing a new volume of dramatic criticism entitled *The Playhouse of the Western World.* I am also undertaking some critical essays for *The New Freeman* and figuring on the possible purchase of a small chateau in central France."

The following autobiography is Charles Caldwell Dobie's: "I am a child of the city streets and have led a life that has been about as romantic as an animal cracker's. I left school when I was fifteen. I worked at insurance (God forgive me) for more years than it is necessary to admit. On the side I wrote stories — for no reason whatever except sheer boredom and stubbornness. In ten years I got an acceptance. In fifteen years, I sold to *Scribner's* and *The Atlantic* on the same day. This resulted in chronic authorship."

Born in New York City, Bernard Jaffe has received most of his education there. During the war he was with the 27th Division in Belgium and France, attended the Gas School at Langres, and took part in the final drive on the Hindenburg Line. After leaving the army, Mr. Jaffe resumed his studies at Columbia and received his M.A. in chemistry. For four years Mr. Jaffe has been collecting material for a humanized story of the development of chemistry. He is now teaching chemistry in a Brooklyn high school.

---

* *Caricature by Eva Herrmann, from "On Parade."*